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Collier's

THE NA Y

April 22, 1939

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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT GIVES HER

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pril, 22, 1939

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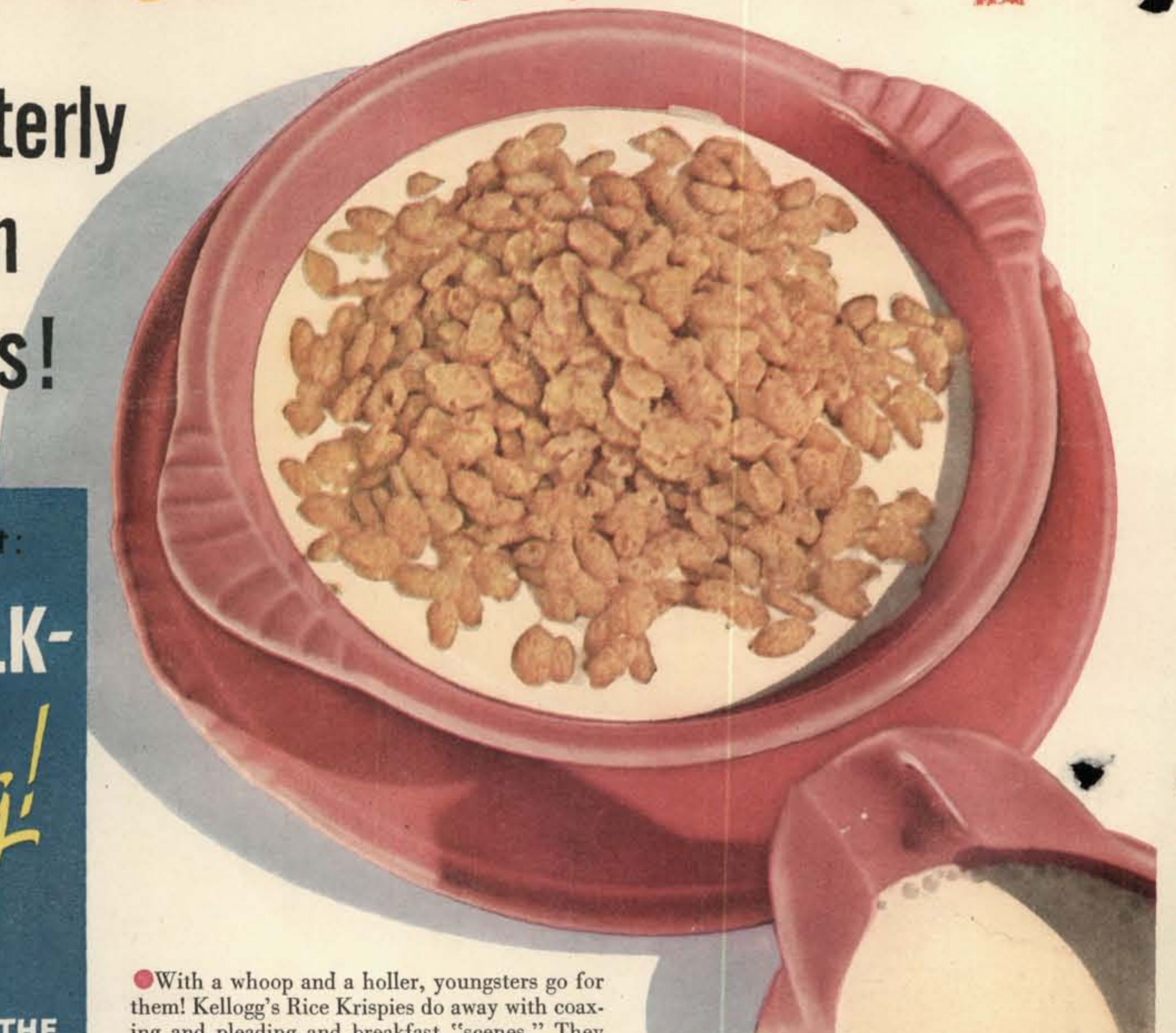
Delicious! Utterly different from mushy cereals!



Make this simple test:

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Still Floating!

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SNAP!
CRACKLE!
POP!

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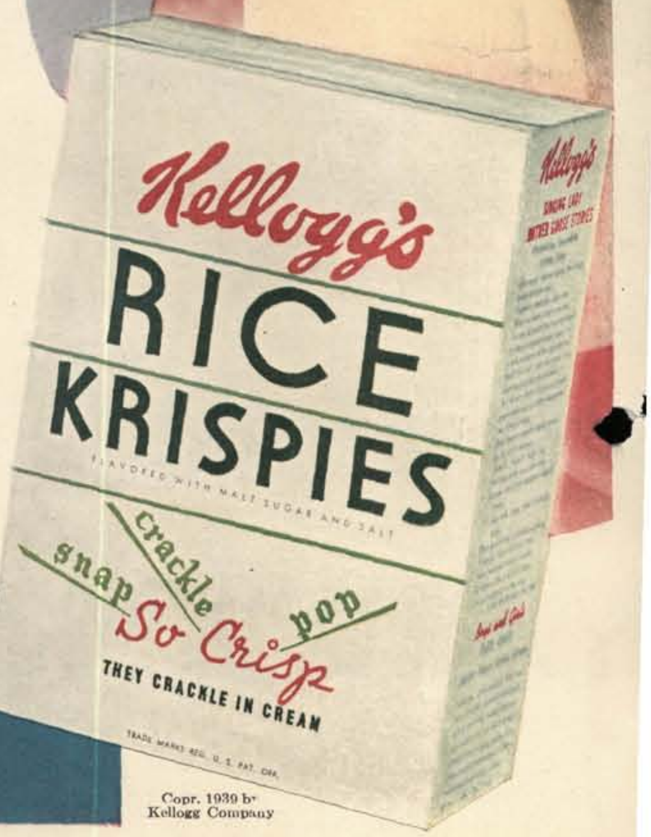
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So Crisp
THEY CRACKLE IN CREAM
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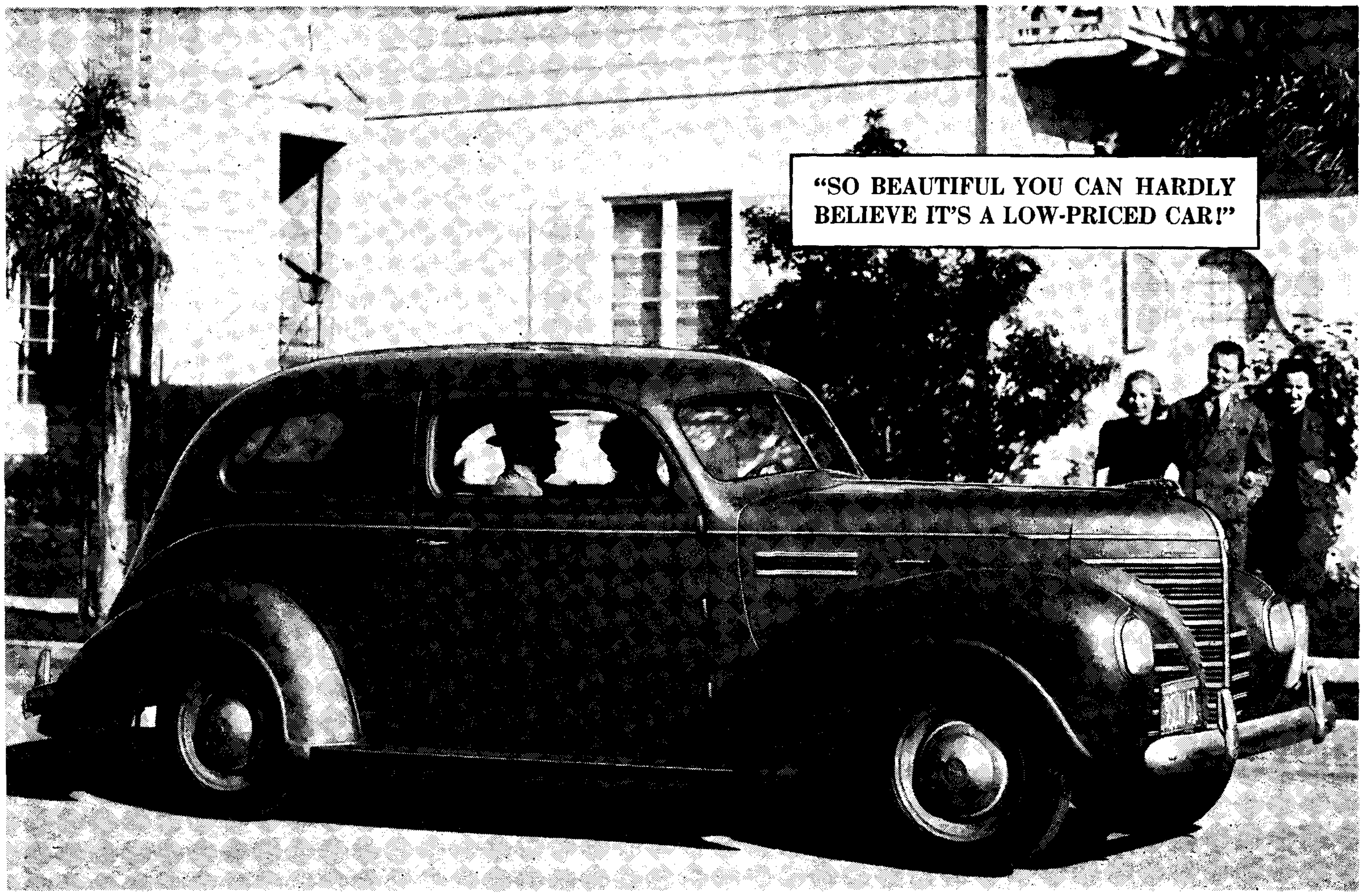

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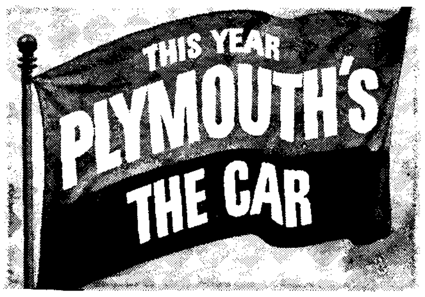

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Collier's

April 22, 1939

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JIM MARSHALL The Orient
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Next Week

THERE is no use frothing at the mouth and biting ourselves on the ankle. Still this matter of a new world war isn't exactly a joke either. Most of us believe that there is every likelihood that someday this country may have to go to war—that it is not impossible that many of us will live to hear the roar of enemy bombers sweeping up out of the horizon to drop new and terrible explosives on us, on our homes and on our places of business.

Knowing that modern science has made such things possible, what are we going to do about it? Well, we sounded out several experts on the subject. Some said we should build plane for fighting plane with every militaristic nation on earth. Others pooh-poohed the immediate danger, and pointed to the realistic dollars-and-cents side of such a program. Captain Eddie V. Rickenbacker, a World War ace and a practical businessman, offered what we thought was the sanest viewpoint of all. Take a look at his deductions in next week's Collier's.

CHINNING with the fiction editor the other day, we mentioned that Ernest Haycox's new serial, "The Border Trumpet," was on the schedule for next week. "That fellow Haycox," the fiction editor said, drawing on his pipe, "is one of my favorite writers. He's got a nice feel about human beings." We'd never thought about it just that way. But the more we thought about it the better it sounded. Maybe, in this cynical world of today, that's why Ernest Haycox seems to have something that many authors can't quite get. We hope you share our approval of "The Border Trumpet."

WHEN your thoughts turn to thoroughbred horses, you probably don't associate them with pigeon fanciers or Brooklyn hack drivers. Yet those three elements get thoroughly mixed up and they're stirred at a dizzy pace by Daniel Fuchs, who serves them up in a haywire story called "Crazy Over Pigeons."

FRANK D. MORRIS inquires into the thou-shalts and the thou-shalt-nots of a radio announcer's uncertain life, Frank Condon introduces us to the man who tamed George Bernard Shaw and led *him off to* Hollywood, and Frank J. Taylor baits our hook for tuna.

But look. We're way down here without having mentioned the Short Short Story of Nazi Germany by Frederick Mertz, or the distinguished offerings of Sax Rohmer, Freling Foster and others. Guess you'll just have to wait a week and see for yourself.

This Week

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●

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COVER RONALD McLEOD

Any Week

AFTER reading Miss Lu Twelling's letter we turned to the very pleasant task of re-reading a few back issues of this admittedly superior magazine. We find nowhere in text or advertisement a statement that anyone, following the suggestions contained therein, would be transformed. And yet we have a warm spot for the faint disappointment that Miss Twelling has experienced. From Little Rock, Arkansas, she writes: "From the neck down I'm not so bad, but my face is no bargain. Maybe it isn't for me to say but a more or less radical change in my map would put me up among the wows. Knowing this, I have tried all the facial treatments, all the cosmetics and all the creams you advertise. I have faithfully tried all the diets your writers write about. This has been going on for three years and I'm the same old Lu with the Miss America shape and the comic-strip pan. However, I will say this for you: I haven't lost any ground. And I'm still trying."

AND of course, we know that wooden shoes are not worn in Holland on all occasions. Yet we at once thought of the sabot effects when we got this one from Mr. G. A. Ortgiess of Rotterdam. Says Mr. Ortgiess: "Collier's is the most reading magazine in America! But *also in Holland.* Signer is a regular reader. Special the articles of swing dance music of America. . . . Perhaps it is possible to insert the articles of jazz and swing dance music each fortnight. Please don't forget it."

WE GOT to talking to a fellow who's just got back from Japan. He told us that a group of Tokyo young people, undergoing a process of education, were asked to translate a group of English language proverbs into Japanese. And this the students proceeded to do with rigid solemnity. The result was quite satisfactory until the teacher came upon one translation: "Invisible Idiot." After considerable research he discovered the Japanese schoolboy's inspiration. It was the English "Out of sight, out of mind."

OBVIOUSLY there's nothing we can do for Mr. Julius B. Aychin of Baltimore, Maryland, except to advise moderation. He says that he has "just turned seventy and has never taken a drink in his life. Maybe," writes he, "I won't live a lot longer although I'm as sound as a colt. So I figure to get a little excitement out of my remaining years. I am going to take a few drinks. Would you be interested in what happens to me? I will be glad to keep you informed because I am now determined to start drinking. What would you advise me to start with? I hear that bartenders are very unreliable and will sell the ignorant what they got the most of. Is there anybody who can tell me what is the best thing for a new drinking man to start in on?"

ANOTHER elderly gentleman—Mr. Ed. Wundler of Atlanta, Georgia—told us recently that when he was young he was awarded a framed picture of General Robert E. Lee by the superintendent of his Sunday school for attending twelve straight sessions. We said that twelve consecutive Sundays wasn't highly remarkable. "You didn't let me finish," protested Mr. Wundler. "It was twelve straight Sundays without getting into a fight before it was over."

THE harrowing intelligence about the Mexican Mrs. Cortes and her twenty-three children set forth in these columns inspired Mr. Benjamin Wallace Douglass of Trevlac, Indiana, to notify us that Mrs. Harrison Cressy of Terre Haute, "many times a grandmother at forty-three, has just given birth to her eighteenth child. Mrs. Cressy has seventeen grandchildren." And Mr. Douglass adds: "Yes, you guessed it. Mr. Cressy is on WPA."

AND Mrs. Jessie Works of Boston, Massachusetts, notifies us that she hasn't read a newspaper in thirty years. "Nothing has happened that I'm interested in," says Mrs. Works. "Reading newspapers destroys the nerves and fills the mind with much unnecessary trash. Journalism is the most obnoxious of the professions. The business of making a public show of private lives is criminal. Occasionally I glance through your publication and am invariably filled with disgust. I will say, however, that you are not as bad as the newspapers."

WONDER how she knows. W. D.

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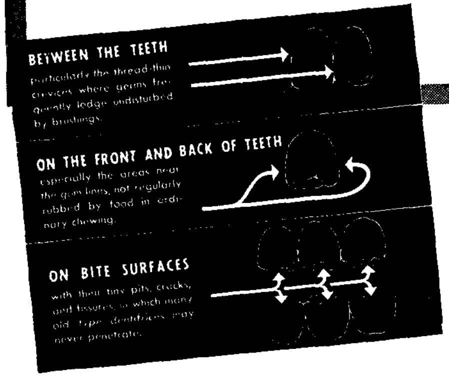
BETWEEN THE TEETH
particularly the thread-thin crevices where germs frequently lodge undisturbed by brushings.
ON THE FRONT AND BACK OF TEETH
especially the areas near the gum lines, not regularly rubbed by food in ordinary chewing.
ON BITE SURFACES
with their tiny pits, cracks, and fissures, in which many old type dentifrices may never penetrate.

SO STIMULATING, THIS LUSTER-FOAM "BUBBLE BATH!" ... MY MOUTH ALWAYS SEEMS SO CLEAN AND FRESH AFTER USING IT.

Amazing penetrating power makes gentle Luster-Foam "bubble bath" a super-cleanser . . . teeth flash and sparkle.

At last, a really *modern* tooth paste! So different, so quick to show results, that people all over the country have gone wild about it . . . to the staggering tune of 6,000,000 tubes in 90 days!

Luster-Foam detergent attacks decay-breeding film in a surprising new way. The instant you start brushing, it surges into a dainty, foaming "bubble bath" . . . safe, gentle, yet so penetrating it attacks even those hard-to-reach "danger zones" where some authorities say more than 75% of decay starts. You know these neglected decay areas . . . between the teeth, on front and back of teeth, and on bite surfaces,—with their tiny germ-packed pits, cracks and fissures.

Try this thrilling new *energized* tooth paste *now!* Feel it go to work on your teeth. You'll like its lively stimulation . . . the way it refreshes and awakens the mouth . . . the way it whisks away recent ugly surface deposits and attacks dirty, stained film. And above all, the way your teeth sparkle and gleam with wonderful new brilliance!

Get a tube of this New Listerine Tooth Paste, supercharged with Luster-Foam detergent, at any drug counter today.

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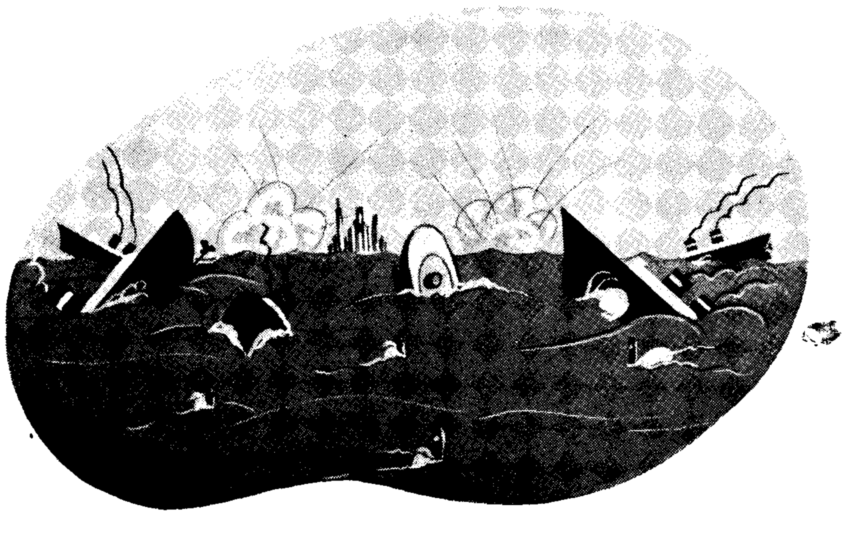


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In October, 1916, or six months before the United States entered the World War, German submarines gave this country "a little demonstration" by sinking four foreign vessels off Nantucket Island, Massachusetts. Again, between May 18 and June 20, 1918, they sank twenty others, including several American ships, almost in sight of our Atlantic seaboard.

Henry Clay Warmoth was elected military governor of Louisiana in 1868 by an overwhelming Negro vote through his campaign promise that, when in office, he would produce a machine that would pump out the "black" blood and replace it with "white" blood in all colored people.—*By A. S. Holbrook, Brooklyn, New York.*

Although all private American citizens have the right of free speech, any enlisted man in the Army who publicly makes a disrespectful remark about the President, Vice-President, Secretary of War or the Congress of the United States is subject to a dishonorable discharge and a maximum prison sentence of one year at hard labor. —*By C. W. Court, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.*

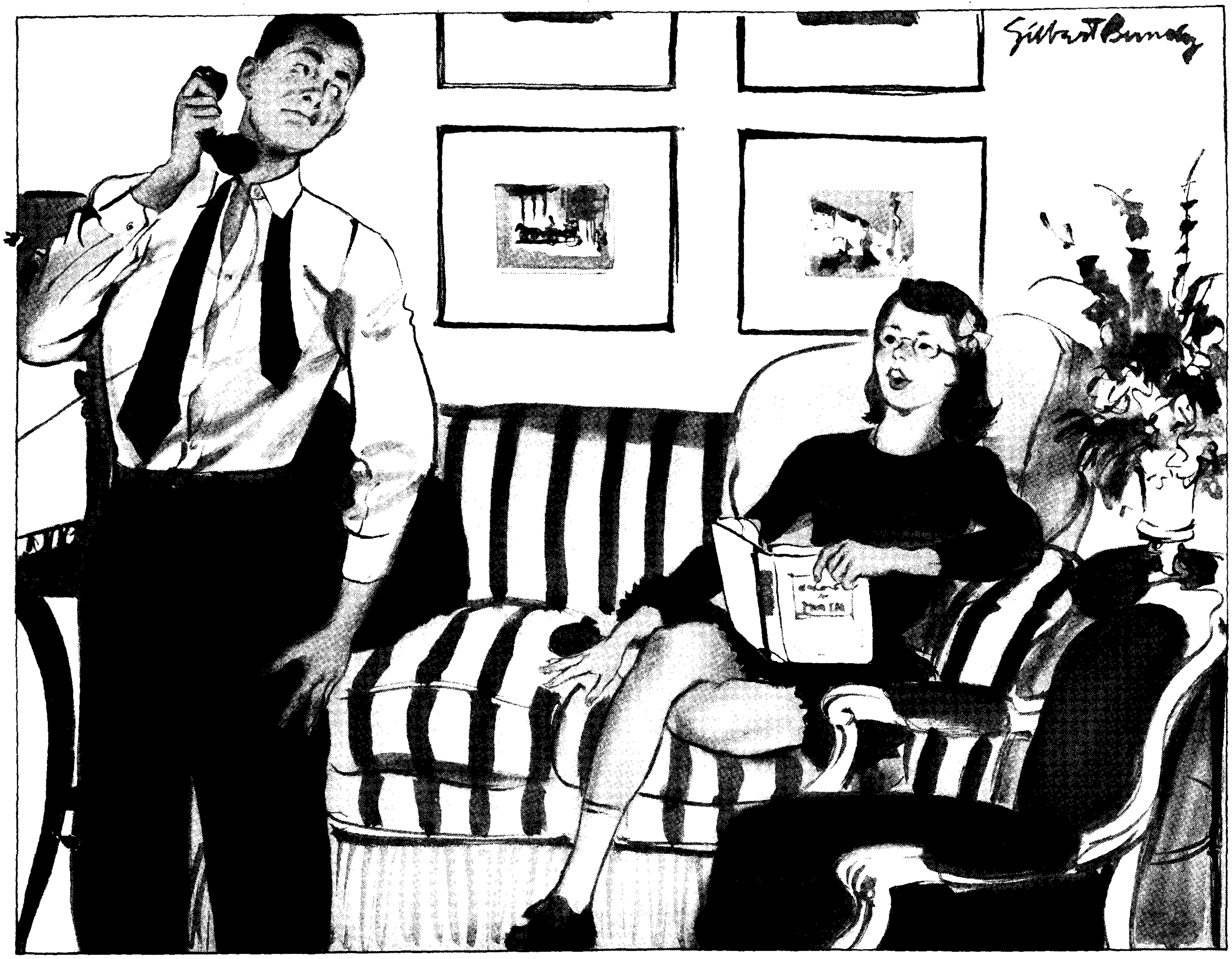
The Japanese use all parts of the whale, instead of the blubber only, selling the best meat to those who cannot afford beef, making the scraps into cattle and chicken food and the blood into fertilizer. Consequently, large blue whales, which once sold for $40, now bring $4,000.

Daniel Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, when printed in the London Post in 1719, was the first popular story to be published serially in an English newspaper, and his Religious Courtship, when printed in the Pennsylvania Gazette in 1729, was the first to be published in an American newspaper.—*By Elmer Hughes, Murphy, Idaho.*

When the Indians on San Nicholas Island off southern California were being removed to the mainland in 1830, a woman jumped overboard and swam back, presumably to get a forgotten child. Several expeditions were sent to rescue her, but "the lost woman" was not found until 1851, having lived alone on this desolate island for mo[illegible] than twenty years.—*By Eva Nidever, Carpinteria, California.*

Carbon tetrachloride has a wider variety of uses than most carbon compounds. Besides being employed in hundreds of ways as a solvent and cleaning fluid, it is used to extinguish fires, remove adhesive tape, clean typewriter keys, treat hookworm and kill insects, and to asphyxiate silver foxes, whose pelts must not be damaged. —*By Gordon B. Wheeler, Chicago, Illinois.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



"All choked up over something, Robert?"

SIS: Ha! Ha! Robert's girl won't wa-it! Robert's girl won't wa-it—

BOB: *Pipe down, Midget, and help hunt me a decent shirt. If I'm not at Susie's in fifteen minutes it's all up with your brother Robert. And every shirt I own seems to have shrunk to size 12.*

SIS: You *would* have that kind!

BOB: *Well, it's not my fault. I ask for "pre-shrunk" or "full-shrunk" shirts every time—but the darn things shrink just the same.*

SIS: Never heard of *Sanforized-Shrunk* shirts, I suppose?

BOB: *Aw, what do you know about it? That kind shrinks, too, I bet.*

SIS: I know a lot about *Sanforizing*. We studied it in our Home Economics class. It's the process that takes *all* the important shrinkage out of a fabric, before it's made into shirts. The most *any* Sanforized-Shrunk fabric can shrink is 1%, by Government standard test—that's what our teacher said.

BOB: *What's that in plain English?*

SIS: 1% shrinkage means a Sanforized-Shrunk shirt positively won't shrink out of fit, brother dear. Good Housekeeping Magazine says the same thing. This Sanforizing process is so good there are 195 patents on it, no less.

BOB: *Sounds swell—but it doesn't get me out of this mess.*

SIS: What would you say if I trotted out a brand-new Sanforized-Shrunk shirt I was saving for your birthday?

BOB: *Honest? Do you really mean that? Where did you get the money?*

SIS: What money? Sanforized-Shrunk shirts don't cost any more than those funnies you've been buying. And practically all the stores carry them. You can get Sanforized-Shrunk shorts and pyjamas, too.

BOB: *Bring on your shirt, darling—you're really wonderful!*

SIS: I'll run get it. But I sure do hate doing this to Susie—

BOB: *Susie?*

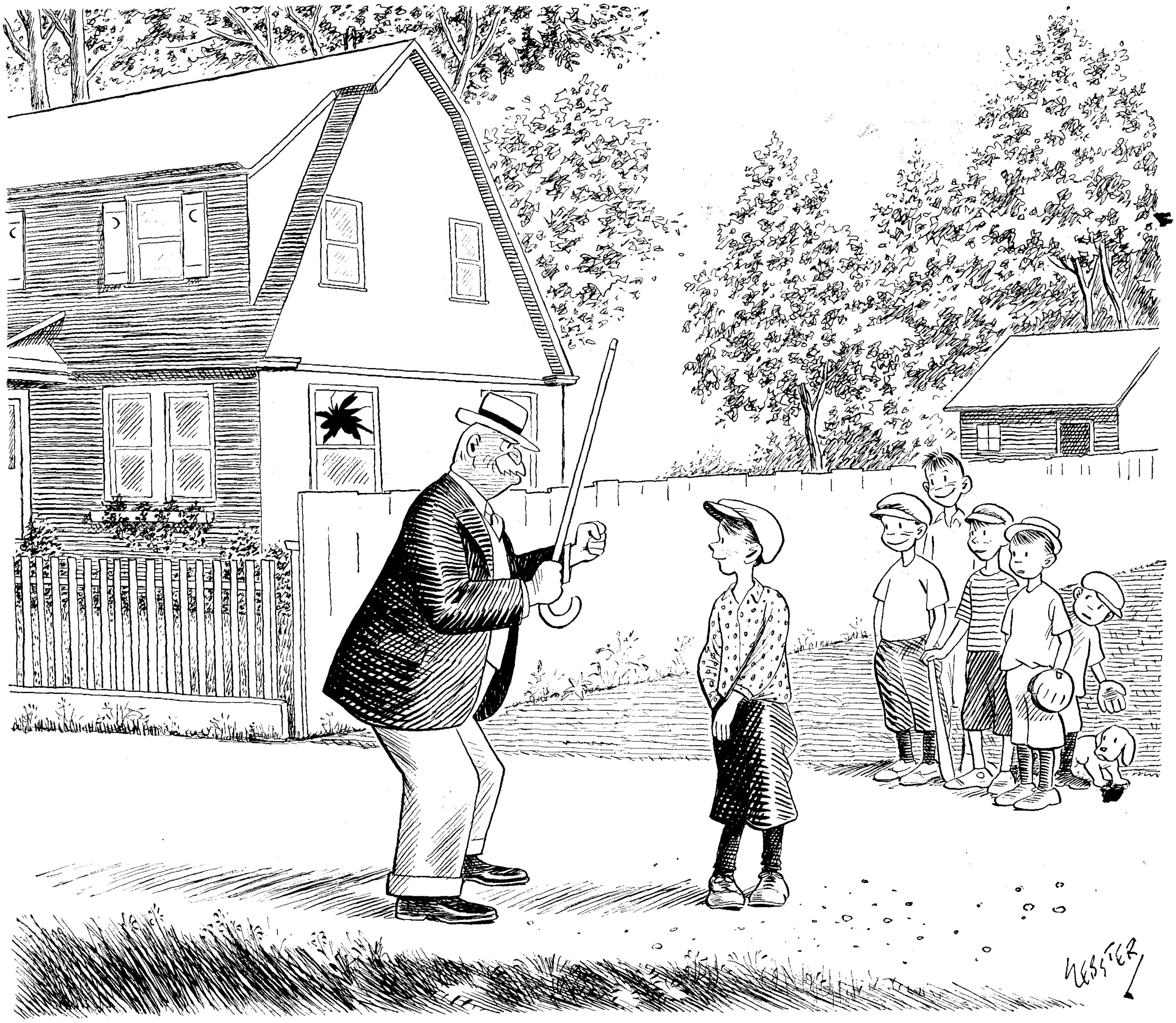
SIS: She might be sap enough to fall for you—once you start wearing some decent-fitting shirts.

A word to smart sisters—

Men's shirts aren't the only things that can be bought SANFORIZED-SHRUNK. Look for these two words on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon:

- *Women's Dresses*
- *Nurses' Uniforms*
- *Men's Shirts, Slacks, Work Clothes*
- *Men's Pyjamas, Shorts*
- *Children's Garments*
- *Slip-covers and Draperies*

To be sure of permanent fit... look for the words... Sanforized-Shrunk



Remember When...?

YES, it was 25 years ago, but I can still remember what Frank said when he socked a home-run clean through old Mr. Frost's parlor window.

Old man Frost grabbed Frank by the ear, shook him and shouted, "Consarn you brats! You haven't got spunk enough to pay for what you damage!"

I'll never forget Frank's face. He looked Old Frost straight in the eye. In that moment he was no longer a boy. He became a man. Then, he said, "I'll pay for your window. How much is it?" And with that, he counted out the money he'd earned that week cutting lawns.

Old Frost was so surprised you could have knocked him over with a feather. And the whole thing sticks in my memory, I guess, because of the way Frank kept his self-respect and protected his good name. It was a lesson for the rest of us kids, and it's something I've never forgotten.

I often think of Frank and old Mr. Frost when I'm driving along in my car and realize how easily I could make a mistake and cause damage and inflict injury. Thousands of pounds of steel bowled along by a powerful engine is a responsibility in any driver's hands.

Of course, I carry adequate automobile liability insurance. It's good business, because it protects me against a peck of trouble, like having my salary attached, or losing my home or savings as the result of an uninsured accident.

And it does something else for me, too.

It brings me peace of mind and self-respect because I know I can meet my legal obligations in case I have an accident. Thanks to insurance, nobody can ever tell me, "You haven't spunk enough to pay for what you damage."

And deep down, I guess that's one of the things many a man likes about this kind of insurance.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

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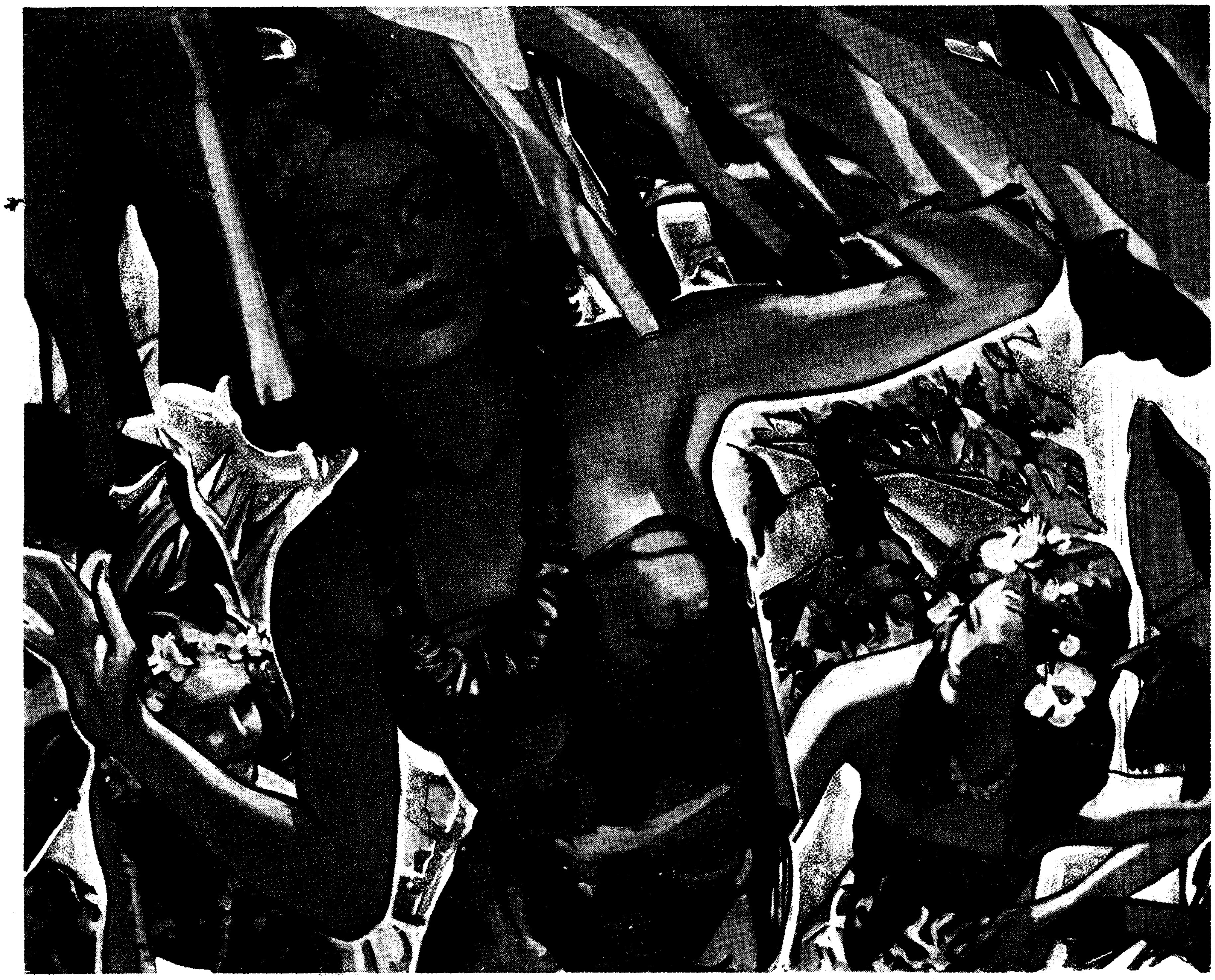


Tetua was just seventeen and utterly desirable. Young M. Duchet had every reason to be insane with happiness

The Man Who Lived Alone

By Will F. Jenkins

A love story with one woman, and only one

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THIS happened in Papeete, where the sky is bluer than is seemly, and the green things greener than is suitable, and the flowers are both larger and more colorful than is any way respectable. Also there is tropic moonlight and a perpetual distant sound of surf, and the stimulating scent of frangipani upon dusky-skinned, smiling girls. And there are other things, too, which are detrimental to the morals and discretion of young Gauls in the service of their country, and which ought to be considered extenuating circumstances. But there must have been something personal to young M. Duchet to make him pattern his life in a fashion the rest of his world regarded with combined amusement and irritation.

He came out young, a good many years ago. He was the perfect type of conscientious young Frenchman who does come out to clerk in colonial administrative offices, and had he done the normal sort of thing to be expected of him, there would be no story. He should have come to have a vast respect, if not affection, for red tape. He should have drunk heavily until his liver warned him, and he should have had a certain number of conscientiously frivolous love affairs with the more attractive *Tahitiennes*, and finally he should have gone back to France with a tiny pension and an incurable nostalgia.

Unfortunately, he did otherwise. In fact, he met Tetua, who was then seventeen and utterly desirable. Her father, it was said, had deserted from a warship because of love for her mother, and had died in the prison to which he was sent for that fault of love. Her mother had been the most beautiful girl on Vairao.

Young M. Duchet was new in Tahiti and filled with dreams and the urgencies peculiar to dreaming. He saw Tetua and was seen by Tetua. Their dreams merged tumultuously and they saw vast happiness before them.

Then young M. Duchet received a fatherly warning from his immediate official superior.

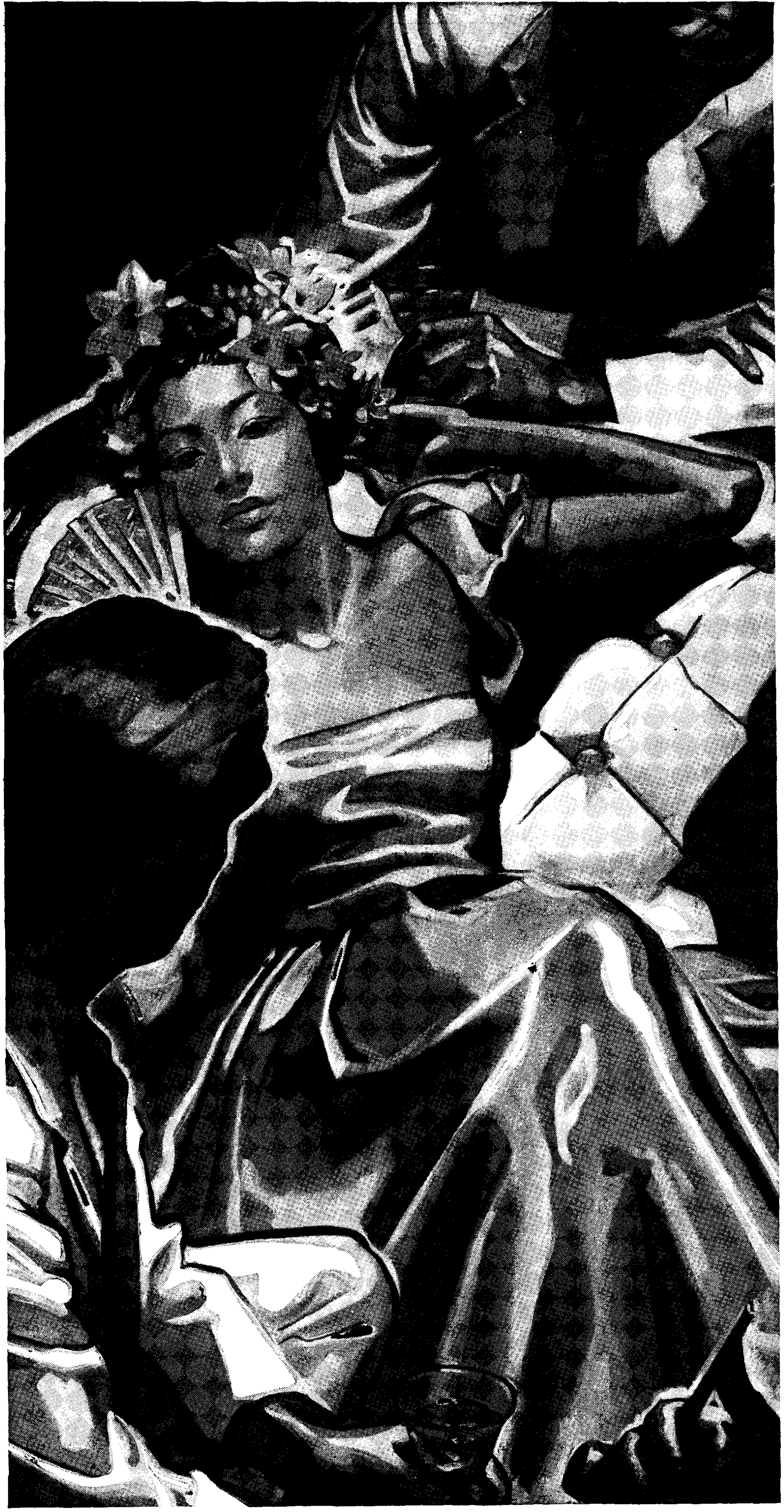
"My dear M. Duchet," said the chief of bureau vexedly, "I regret that I must ask you to deny a very stupid rumor."

"Yes, *M'sieur?*" said the young man politely.

"It is that you are about to contract a marriage with a young lady. A charming young lady, no doubt, but—er—"

"I cannot deny it, *M'sieur,*" said the young man, still more politely, "because it is quite true. *Ma'mselle* Tetua has done me the honor to—"

The chief of bureau swore peevishly.



"It is not good for a woman to know such men," McClintock said. "It makes tongues wag"

He expressed his opinion of a colonial ministry which sent out to the colonies young imbeciles who did not understand conditions and would have to be shipped back again.

"*M'sieur,*" said young M. Duchet most politely of all, "do the regulations of the Ministry of the Colonies outline matrimonial arrangements I must not make?"

"No!" snapped his superior. "They do not, but if my subordinates make fools of themselves, I can see to it that they are dismissed!"

The young man's eyes narrowed. This was in his chief's private office, but the windows were necessarily open and the town lay luridly colorful below and beyond. It was not at all a plausible landscape. Palms and bougainvillaea filled the eye up to the mountains, and from there improbable colorings led up to the sky which was bluer than blue. It was not at all a suitable setting for discussions of official careers or anything so unromantic as bread and butter.

"*M'sieur,*" said young Duchet very quietly, "should that happen, the same influence which secured me my appointment will assuredly ask in the Chamber of Deputies if France holds her loyal citizens in Tahiti in such contempt as to dismiss an official for contracting a marriage with one—"

THE chief of bureau glared at him. Young M. Duchet was, of course, an idiot. Worse, he was a romantic idiot. Worst of all, he was a romantic idiot who could get a question asked in the Chamber of Deputies. And any question asked about a colonial official is a black mark against him, because the Ministry of the Colonies desires passionately to be left alone and not drawn into politics. Politicians could make a terrible mess of the French colonial empire if they ever got started on it.

"You are technically in the right, *M'sieur* Duchet," said the chief of bureau, glaring. "I spoke only as one with your interests at heart. I feel that it is a mistake for you to contract the marriage you contemplate, but if you wish to forego the advantages that would come of a more practical view—"

"I am prepared to forego them, *M'sieur,*" said the young man coldly. "And if there is nothing more—"

He bowed himself out, very pale but entirely resolved.

He had, of course, thrown away for pure romance such promotions as would normally come of a placid preoccupation with red tape throughout the years. Before his retirement, he would have lost a small fortune in salary, and his pension would be infinitesimal, and he might even lose the ribbon for his buttonhole which a benevolent government gives to its colonial servants who are never detected in wrongdoing.

That was the price he paid for romance. What he received was something else. He married Tetua four days later, in the cathedral, with an almost exclusively brown-skinned congregation as witnesses. He and Tetua went to live in a tiny house up on the hills behind the city. And this was Tahiti, and they had soft warm moonlit nights in which to be happy together, and wide coral beaches on which to walk in that moonlight, and blue sea and bluer sky, and a riotous melange of tropical beauty all about them.

Also, Tetua was just seventeen and utterly desirable, with warm and luminous eyes and delectable curvings. Her skin was only slightly dusky, and she spoke French with the adorably infantile accent she had learned at the Sisters' school at Maraa. Oh, decidedly, young M. Duchet had every reason in the world to be quite insane with happiness—as long as he did not use his common sense.

HE AVOIDED that depressing exercise for a long time. When their marriage had lasted perhaps six or seven months, somebody died back in France and young M. Duchet came into some money. Not enormously much. Not enough to retire on, certainly. But it would have made him a much more desirable husband for one of the white virgins of Papeete. Apparently somebody regretfully mentioned the fact to him. And he immediately proved that he did not regret his marriage. He could have put the money into speculation, or a little polite usury, or a share in some reasonably prosperous plantation. These things would have been wise, against his return to France. But, instead, he bought a house for Tetua to live in. It was made of stone, in defiant symbolism of the permanency of their union. It had a walled garden and shutters, and it would have been a great social advantage to the average government clerk. As a home for a girl whose ancestors had been high chiefs of Vairao, however, it was almost a slap in the face to official society.

To make it worse, young M. Duchet and his dark-eyed wife actually began to

(Continued on page 58)

MC AVOY

Knowing practically everybody in Washington is one of the secrets of the amazing news coverage of Columnists Bob Allen (center) and Drew Pearson, shown here with Senator Borah

The Terrors of Washington

By Eugene Warner

Drew Pearson and Bob Allen are the most feared and hated newspapermen in Washington. They can throw the President into a huff, cause Cordell Hull or Charles Evans Hughes to break out in a rash and send assorted big and little wigs to sleepless beds trembling with apprehension

DREW PEARSON and Robert Sharon Allen have unconcernedly caused headaches for six years with their column The Washington Merry Go Round, the most widely circulated one in the world, which specializes in giving the hotfoot to dignitaries. But their methods were a mystery. How they got the low-down nobody knew.

Twenty million readers and 328 editors surmise they have private sources of information, known to the trade as "pipe lines." They have. Their pipe line may be a Cabinet member, an obscure clerk, a personal friend, the President himself, a disgruntled employee, or perhaps a bleary-eyed senator at a cocktail party. No two have the same motive for spilling confidential information.

Pearson and Allen are an odd pair. Pearson, son of a Quaker professor, is smooth, Anthony Edenish, complex and a Boy Scout at heart. He loves tomato juice and while he talks has a nervous habit of sniffing—undoubtedly for news. His lithe, well-groomed figure is topped by a pious, semibald head, chiefly distinguished by a clipped guardsman's mustache. One might suspect him of being a teacher, a deacon, or a dentist, never a news hound. Allen, an ex-Army sergeant, is bombastic, scornful, and outwardly uncomplicated. Stubby, redheaded, carelessly dressed, he fumes and swears and tears off in all directions like a basketful of exploding firecrackers, exactly the type one would expect to be a bang-up reporter. But underneath the sound and the fury lurks a heart of butter. He secretly worships Degas and dahlias—and his one pet, of all things, is a canary.

Both are disliked by the 500 newsmen in Washington. Together they perform a minor miracle of journalism; scoring consistent scoops despite the fact they give their opposition a five-day start. Together they form a team that has vastly pepped up news coverage in the greatest capital on earth.

First rule in every reporter's creed is "never disclose your sources of information." When asked for his, Allen loosed a blast of profanity that detonated all through his offices in the National Press Building. Pearson, when asked at his charming yellow brick home in distant Georgetown, smiled politely and said nothing.

Persistent gumshoeing, however, revealed they do not plant spying servants or dictaphones in newsworthy households. It did reveal they are the hardest-working scribblers in the capital. Their paragraphs, jam-packed with news facts, keep them scrambling nineteen hours a day. Pearson goes to bed at one, is up at six; Allen at three, up at eight. Neither took a vacation from 1932 to 1937.

Much of Drew Pearson's "treasure" comes from the State Department, the

(Continued on page 85)

Blueprint for Empire

By W. B. Courtney

Japan has kept the pick of her fighting force out of the scrap in China. They are concentrated in Manchukuo, ready to strike at Russia. From this base, bigger than Italy, France and Germany combined, Japan will launch her drive for the conquest of Asia. Mr. Courtney takes you to see how a wilderness has been transformed into an industrial empire geared for an offensive war — and bearing the label "Made in America"

THE fate of Manchukuo was laid, modernly, in Willamette, Oregon, and in Buffalo, New York; in Detroit and in Philadelphia. Even in Washington.

Thus, if this key is valid, the fate of all Asia, the banging and bolting of the Open Door in China, may be traced to American influences. For Manchukuo is Japan's guinea pig; it is the sounding board on which she tested the reactions of other nations; it is the signpost on which you can read not only the amazing scope of Japan's plan for China, for Pan-Asia, but also tomorrow's headlines of hot news. Manchukuo is the prelude to what, if nothing miscarries, will be an unprecedented and incredibly vast, rich and powerful empire.

Hayakawa-san, my Japanese interpreter in Manchuria—a quick, smart, courteous lad who had spent many years in American universities and speaks your kind of English—said to me:

"Manchukuo is our final examination paper in the lessons we have learned from you.

"Why, see—the place even looks like the United States."

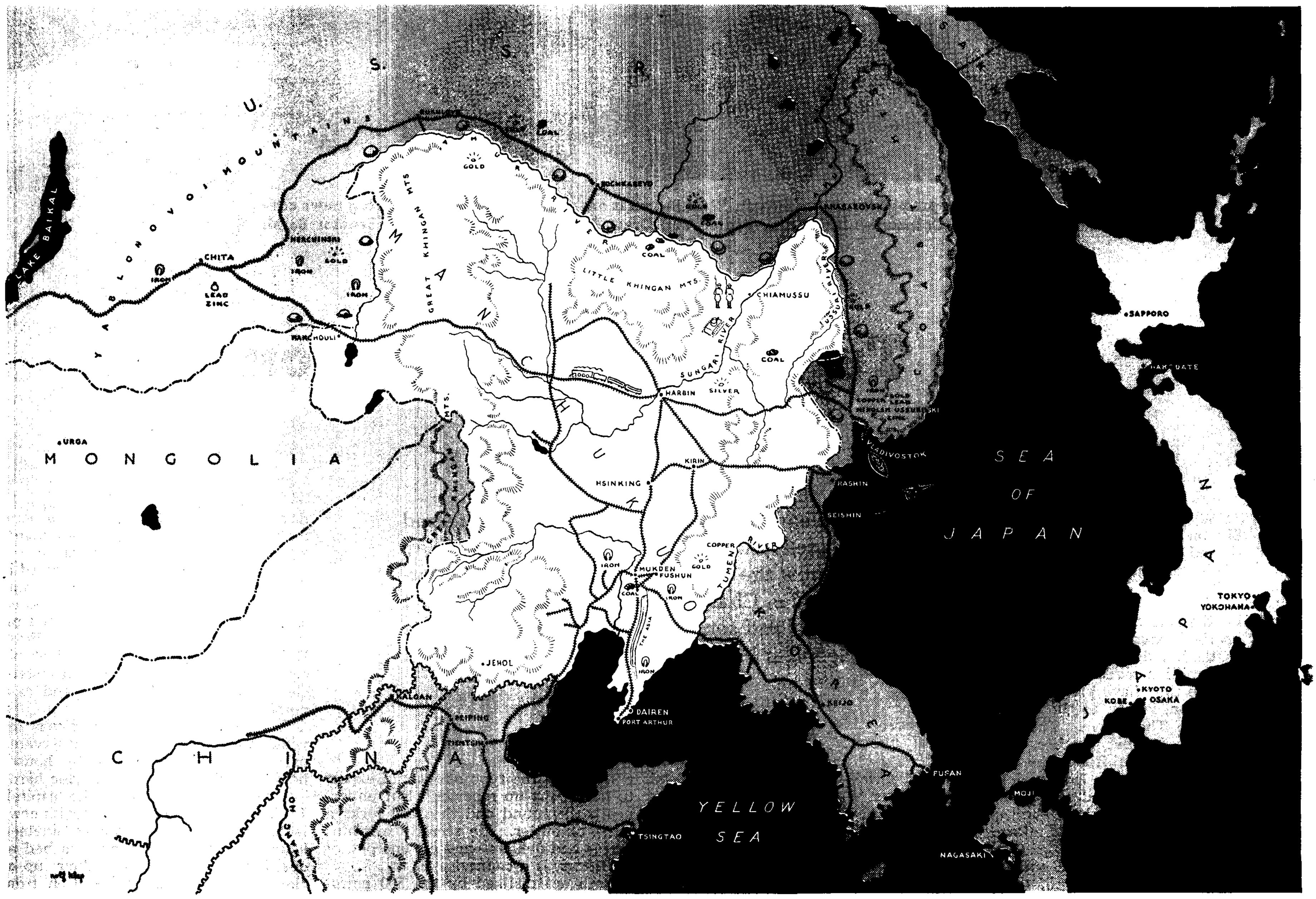
He was right. We sat in a fully streamlined modernistic train that was American in conception, design, management and embellishment. We ran over a railway that was American in gauge, ballasting, weight of rails, operating principles, safety block system. We spoke in English with conductors, porters and dining-car staff. We had steak, fresh vegetable salad, pie à la mode, and excellent coffee made to the American taste—and perhaps you have no idea how difficult that is to get outside "God's country." We looked out upon a fast-sliding landscape that might have been—Wisconsin.

You Won't Feel Homesick

Here, near Mukden, are historic battle scenes of 1904—in lush and rolling country as fair as the dell and pond areas of our north Middle West. South of here you speed through a region of reddish soil, thinly studded with jack pines, that might have been the turpentine belt of the Carolinas. Later you will see evergreen slopes and intimate hills that bear the homey aspect of New England. On the Mongol plains to the westward, you might be in Nebraska, while east, along the border shared with the Soviet's Maritime Provinces, you will come upon wild gorges, mountains deeply forested with larch, fir, oak, elm and poplar, which remind you of the Appalachians and are the havens of the last Manchukuoan and Korean bandits.

Thus, Manchukuo is all things to all Americans—except businessmen, as we shall discover. Meantime, if your interest is sport you will find such a land as the United States was decades ago before greed and stupidity depleted our waters, fields and woods. If you are an engineer, you will see an up-to-the-moment (perhaps even ahead-of-time) predigested and prefabricated United States. Even the anthropologist will deal with home ties; were not the "redskins" of our Far West sunburned descendants of certain native tribes hereabouts who had crossed Bering Strait to northernmost America and wandered south?

"No American should feel homesick in Manchukuo!" Yosuke Matsuoka, president of the South Manchuria Railway and one of Manchukuo's—and Japan's—greatest modern leaders, told me earnestly. "We're presenting here a typical American drama of industry and pioneering—with a Japanese cast. You fuss so much about the flood

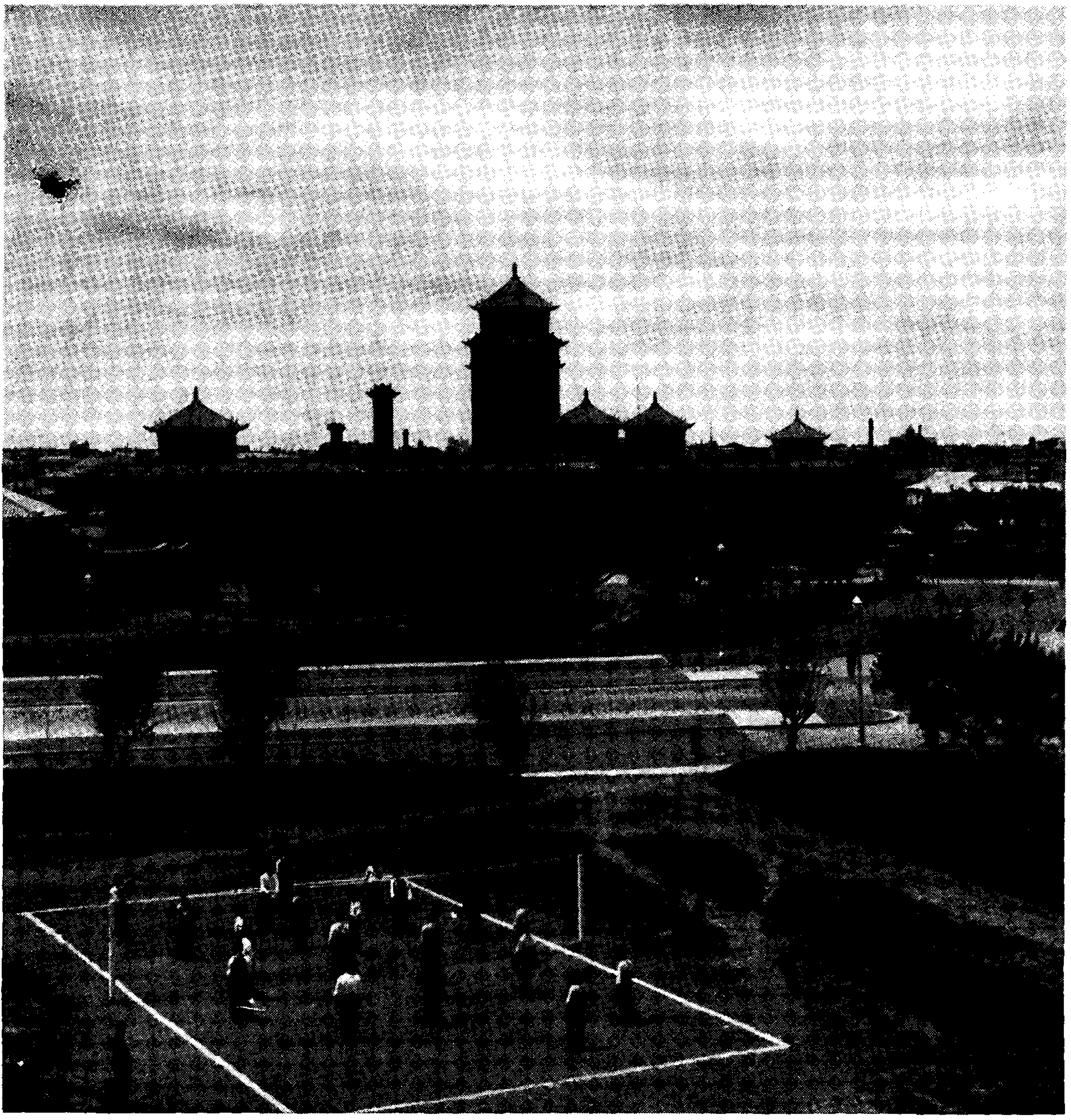


Key to Japanese territorial ambition in Asia is her vast captive empire of Manchukuo, where Japan is poised for her "inevitable" fight with Russia. Manchukuo, one of the world's richest natural treasure houses, is being developed with feverish intensity along the rail lines shown here, always with an eye to military effectiveness; Russia eyes these preparations apprehensively and digs in to defend

COURTESY SOUTH MANCHURIA RAILWAY

Thoroughly American is the South Manchuria's crack train, the "Asia," from its dining car, cocktail lounges and sleepers to its speedy streamlined locomotives, of which this is one

NESMITH



Hsinking, capital of Manchukuo, was six years ago merely a junction town on the South Manchuria Railway. Today, under the Japanese, it is a modern, bustling city of 300,000. Building shown is national headquarters of the Manchukuo Police. Japanese in foreground are playing volleyball

of 'Made in Japan' goods sold in the United States, but here is a whole Japanese country stamped 'Made in America'!"

General Ugaki, who, until he sassed the army in September, was Foreign Minister of Japan, told me proudly: "We have done in five years in Manchukuo what it took seventy-five years to do in your Far West!"

What Japan has done and is doing in Manchukuo is important to you because every diplomatic move this winter has shown how it will affect United States policies in the Orient; and because—Tokyo Foreign Office salve to the contrary—the squeeze play on American capital and businessmen in China may be anticipated from what has befallen their compatriots here.

Two factors chiefly protect Japan's activities in Manchukuo from the embarrassment of wholesale close scrutiny by other nations: its remoteness, and the veils that Japanese militarists throw over it. Today, by special permission, you can get behind that screen with me; see the vast job intimately at first-hand; visit some off-border points, where no other foreigners have been allowed.

I recommend the air approach. No foreigner can get a seat in any commercial plane for any sort of flight over, to or from Manchukuo (or Japan) unless the War Office calls the line and says it is all right. We have the proper interceders, however; and early one morning Oshima Volcano waves its plume at you soon after we leave Hanada Airport, Tokyo. Fuji, the world's most perfect mountain, fills your window for half an hour; then you are over the cracked green leather of the Inland Sea. Japan offers nothing familiar to the American eye; neither does Korea when you slide across the red and warty nose it sticks into the riffles of the Yellow Sea. But when you cross the Yalu River and come over Manchukuo, there is a quick and bewildering change.

A New Land in the Making

It is as though you have become suspended in air, while the countryside flashing below you is a vast movie screen upon which you review the whole pageant of our Far West. It is like seeing The Covered Wagon and Cimarron and Jesse James all cut into one epic. It is like reading a book written in collaboration by Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood, Hamlin Garland and Willa Cather. Building, striving, pushing; troops, engineers, drummers. Gamblers and mountebanks and get-rich-quickers; road agents—and "bandits" as hard riding and hard shooting as Sioux.

The Japanese are proud of their achievements—and with reason. There had been negligible preliminary work by the Russians, who ran the Chinese Eastern Railway; and a more important and enlightened contribution by the South Manchuria Railway. In most respects, however, a start was made from scratch in 1931; and by 1937 Manchukuo was largely helping to support the war in China. But in the first uncertain months, pride was in abeyance.

Metropolis had to have its human factors. These were found, presently, in the men who have become the two civilian directing geniuses of Manchukuo: Yosuke Matsuoka and Yoshisuke Aikawa. The gears were clashing and the bearings were close to burning out before the present setup resolved, however.

The whole vision of Manchukuo had been conceived and launched by the Kwantung army, which is the most powerful of all the cliques within Japan's militarism. The Kwantung lads, with the self-assurance common to militarists, but with greater powers under Japan's system of government than those of other lands, proposed to do alone, without benefit of hated civilians, the job of building a new country.

One thing you must understand about Japan's army—*if you want to know what the shooting in Asia* is all about, and to appraise the chances of the United States ever becoming mixed up in it: In Japan's foreign affairs her army has traced a course and played a role exactly opposite those of the armies of even the most imperialistic other powers. With other nations, trade has been the incentive to imperialism. The armies and the navies have followed, sometimes the dictates and plans, sometimes the actual prior movements, of commerce. With Japan, traditional military ambition is the incentive of her Asiatic imperialism. Her capitalists *(Continued on page 42)*

Stage Station

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

About the fascinating Mrs. King, young Rosalia Dures and the strong, silent Tom Folliard. A story in which bullets supply the answer after all other ways fail

ROSALIA DURES gave the table one last glance to make sure that the Owner, who believed it a sin to be ungenerous, could find no fault with the meal. The arrival of the Tonto stage shattered the hot drowse lying all about Folliard's station. Tobe Urquhart, the driver, called, "Fifteen minutes to eat," and the weary and relieved voices of the passengers ran over the yard. One was a woman's voice.

The light of the desert was a white-hot blast and when the woman stepped into the thick shadows of this dobe-walled room she put out her hands as though blinded. She laughed gently at the other passengers crowding around her and her shoulders tipped a little and then the Owner stepped into the room and the woman caught the front of his shirt with her fingers. She said, laughter still in her voice, "It has made me a little faint."

From the corner of the room, Rosalia Dures observed this with a practical and dissenting interest. The woman was surrounded by men but it was the Owner on whom she placed her hands; and the Owner looked at her and was pleased. There was, Rosalia thought, nothing wrong with the woman's eyes.

Tobe Urquhart said, "Mrs. King, this is Tom Folliard, who runs the station. It is one of the few stations in Arizona the Apaches ain't had any luck with."

The Owner helped Mrs. King to the table and took his own place and everybody, made impatient by time and hunger, fell upon the meal. Rosalia stepped forward, her round and white and firm arms grazing the Owner's shoulders as she poured his coffee. It was against his wishes to be served first but Rosalia, obedient in most things, had her own gently stubborn convictions. This was the Owner's house and this was his table. Afterward she moved to Mrs. King. There was a perfume in Mrs. King's chestnut hair and a fairness to her skin. The day's heat had deepened her complexion. Small, faint freckles showed around the base of her nose. Rosalia Dures' appearance instantly drew Mrs. King's quick and close regard and there was at the moment no smiling in her eyes. They were cool and made heavy by a dark, old wisdom and they turned from Rosalia to the Owner, and back to Rosalia again, until Rosalia knew what the Señora was thinking.

ROSALIA thought: If it were but true. She circled the table with her own eyes discreetly lowered and went into the kitchen. Her mother moved from the hot stove and said: "I hear a woman. There is danger in the desert for a woman."

Rosalia said, "She would not be afraid," and moved back to the dining room. She stood in a corner, listening. Tobe Urquhart said: "Should be a cavalry guard waitin' at the top of the pass. Any Apache sign around here?"

The Owner said: "Not much."

Tobe Urquhart said: "Any sign is too much. All right, folks."

They rose at his word. Tobe Urquhart was a tall man but the Owner was taller. The Owner had heavy shoulders and heavy legs and he had a voice that made men turn. All the sun in Arizona couldn't darken his skin, and his lips were long and made for smiling, but they were firm at the corners and his eyes were gray.

Rosalia saw how strong was the Señora's interest as she watched the Owner. The Señora was fair and pretty; she was laughing again. She put a palm gracefully toward her head.

"I had not counted on this heat. It will be much worse this afternoon. If you don't mind I'll stay over until the next stage, Mr. Folliard."

Rosalia thought: Her appetite was not ill.

The Owner said, "Certainly," and seemed pleased, and followed the other passengers into the glass-glittering light. There was talk in the yard and the stage's wheels groaned into motion and for a little while the run of the horses was a descending beat in the day. Then the solid, sultry quiet returned to Folliard's station and the Owner came in with Señora King's flower-patterned portmanteau.

"Rosalia," he said, "which room will Mrs. King use?" Afterward he added: "This is Rosalia Dures."

Rosalia lowered her eyes. Señora King said, "How are you, Rosalia?" with a distant civility. Tom Folliard looked at Señora King, not understanding the tone.

Rosalia walked down the dusk-gray hall of the dobe's rambling wing, into a small room. Señora King's stiff dress and Señora King's petticoats rustled behind her and the Owner's feet softly tramped the rammed earth floor. Rosalia walked to the deep window slit and pulled back the shutter so that some of the day's blinding light might stain the hushed, warm shadows of the room. Señora King stood near the Owner with her chin lifted and her lips smiling. There was an expression in her eyes. Rosalia thought: It is not modest.

Rosalia, who knew the shape and shadow of the Owner's every mood, saw that he was pleased. His words were softened. He said: "If there is anything you need call Rosalia or me."

ROSALIA went back along the hall, still hearing the Owner's steps behind her. Luz padded in and out of the room, bearing away the dinner dishes. Luz was a careless Apache boy and needed the eye of authority on him; and so Rosalia stood in the corner and supplied that need. She wore a black skirt and a white linen shirtwaist with short sleeves, and her hair, black as brilliant lacquer, was pulled back from her forehead into a round knot held by a semicircular comb. Her lips were serene and her eyes were dreaming and grave. At her hip was a small chain holding three keys. When she moved they made a quick and faintly musical sound. She watched the Owner cross the room and go into the brilliant flash of day, whereupon she turned to the kitchen.

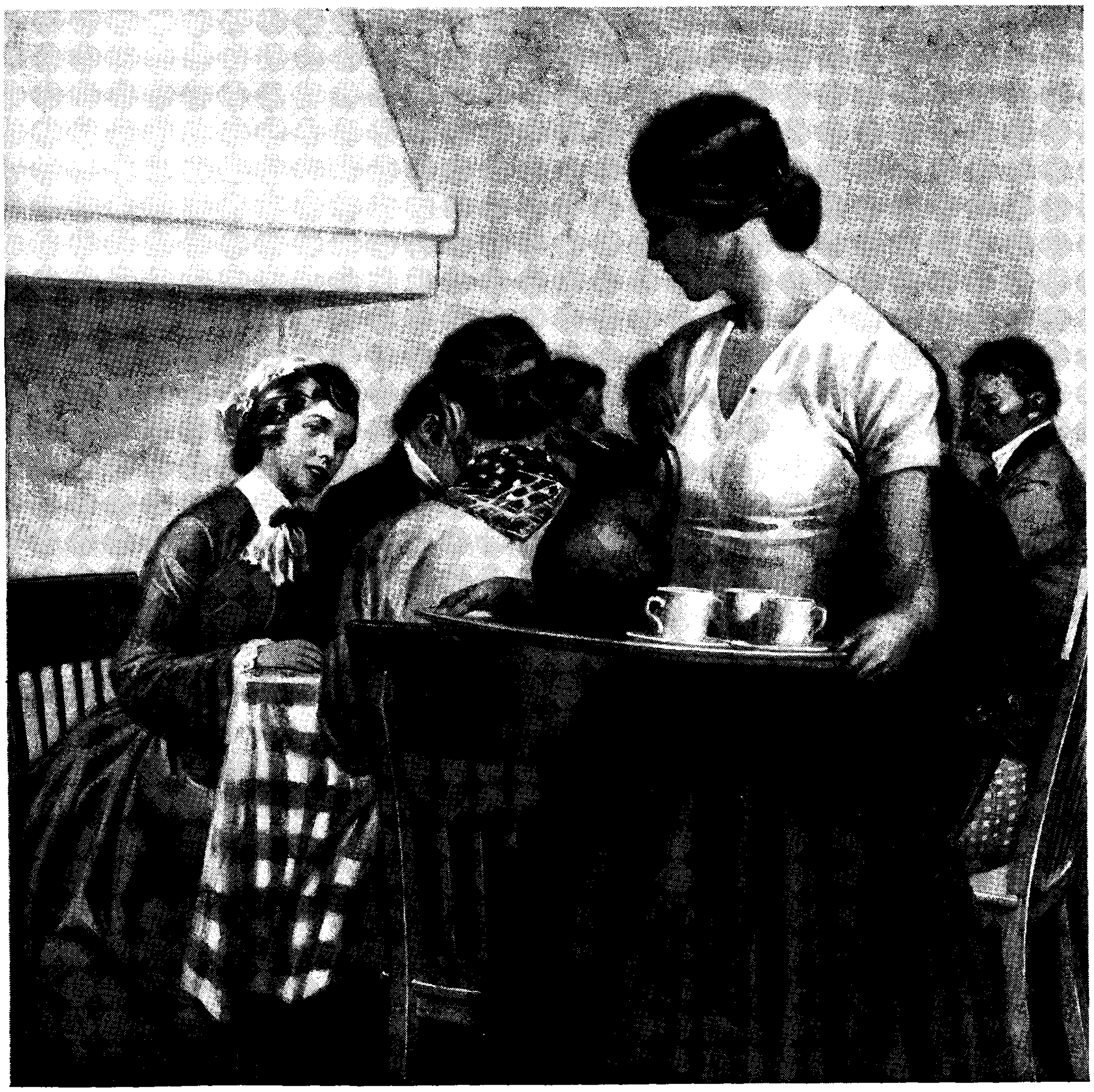
"Luz," she said, in Spanish, "you are lazy. I will speak to the Owner."

Señora Dures sat comfortably by a kitchen table, drinking her coffee. At middle age Señora Dures had the fine, hard, camellia-clear skin and features of a high-bred Spanish woman. Moisture lay on her upper lip but she was very loose and comfortable in the chair and her practical eyes considered her daughter. "I saw the woman," she said. "The best fruit has been picked from that tree. Why is she here?"

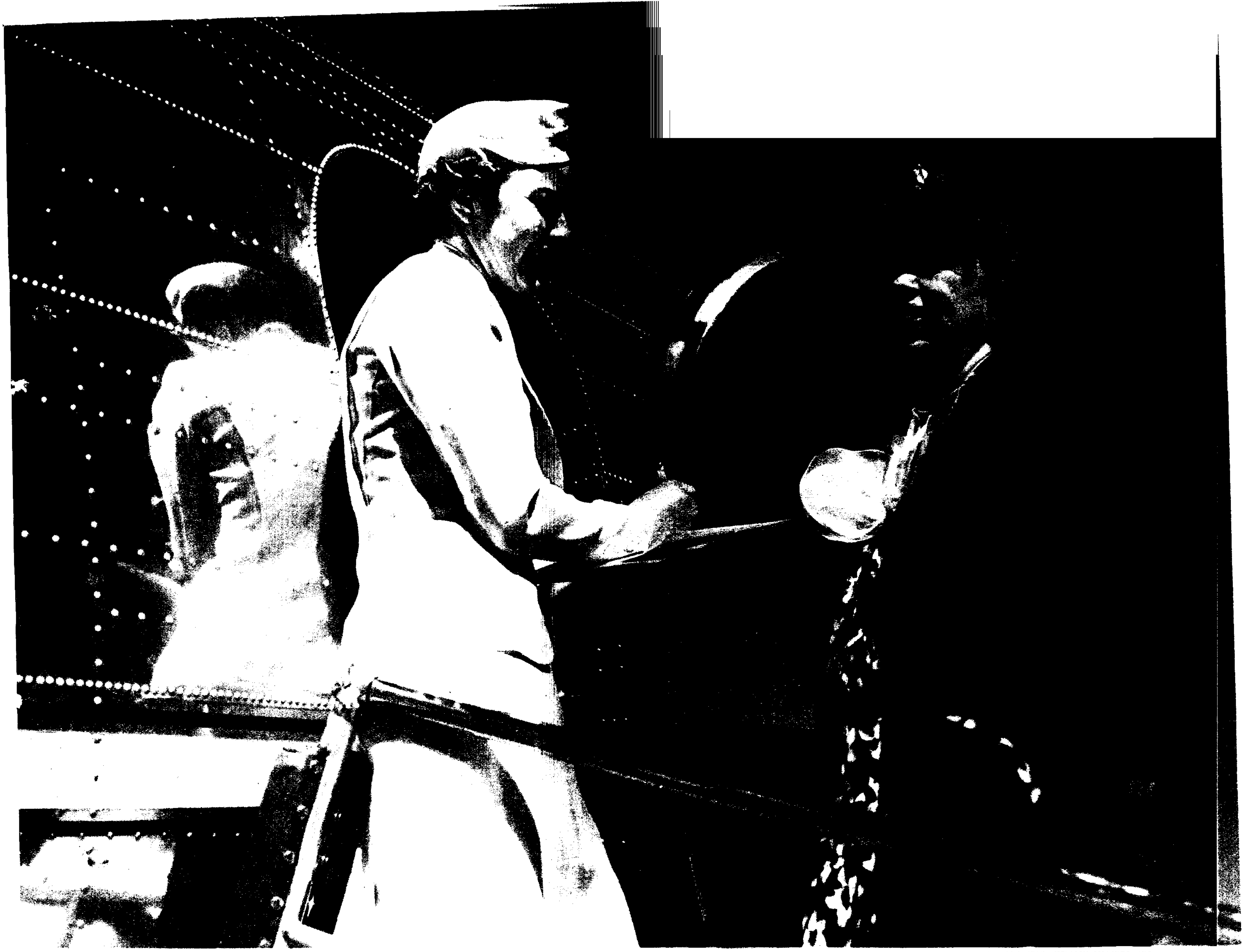
Rosalia Dures said: "She has a sickness."

"Ah," said her mother with a broad irony. "The Owner is a well-set man and the desires of women have followed him before now." Señora Dures sipped coffee, considering her daughter. "But

(Continued on page 72)



Her eyes turned from Rosalia to the Owner, and back to Rosalia, until Rosalia knew what the Señora was thinking



MERLE OELKE—COURTESY AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

Hostess Etta Hauserman greets an old friend—Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, America's foremost flying fan

Flying is Fun

By Eleanor Roosevelt

Our First Lady tells us why she likes to fly, why she doesn't pilot her own airplane, and why she thinks that your children are likely to pilot theirs

JUST before the presidential campaign in 1932, I decided, encouraged by some of my children, to try to pass the physical examination as a pilot, and I even had a promise that if I was successful Amelia Earhart might take me on as a pupil.

I passed the physical examination, but my husband remarked that he had enough on his mind without having to wonder how I was getting on with my flying lessons and would I please not try to become a pilot just at that moment. I gave it up and decided that common sense pointed to the fact that at my age I would probably never be a very good pilot and I might better be content to fly with those who were.

If you have never flown you cannot realize what a sense of freedom you have, up above the clouds, beyond the reach of telephone or telegram. The radio ties you to the earth but flying is the nearest thing to heaven most of us are likely to experience during our mortal lives.

At first I feared being airsick, having always been a pretty poor sailor on the ocean. I had discovered, however, that with the added years I was no longer vulnerable to seasickness and a very few trips showed me that, having conquered seasickness, an airship held no terrors for me either. Being able to turn the little air vents and get a good breeze if I want it is a great help.

I find it is almost impossible to read if the weather is very rough, but, having the capacity for any amount of sleep, I can always, if I make up my mind to be indifferent to my looks, close my eyes and sleep through any kind of weather. It isn't a very wise thing to do, however, because someone may take your photograph, as they did mine once with my mouth open, and this does not show you at your best.

I can knit through moderately bad weather and when it is smooth it is easier to write on a plane than on a train.

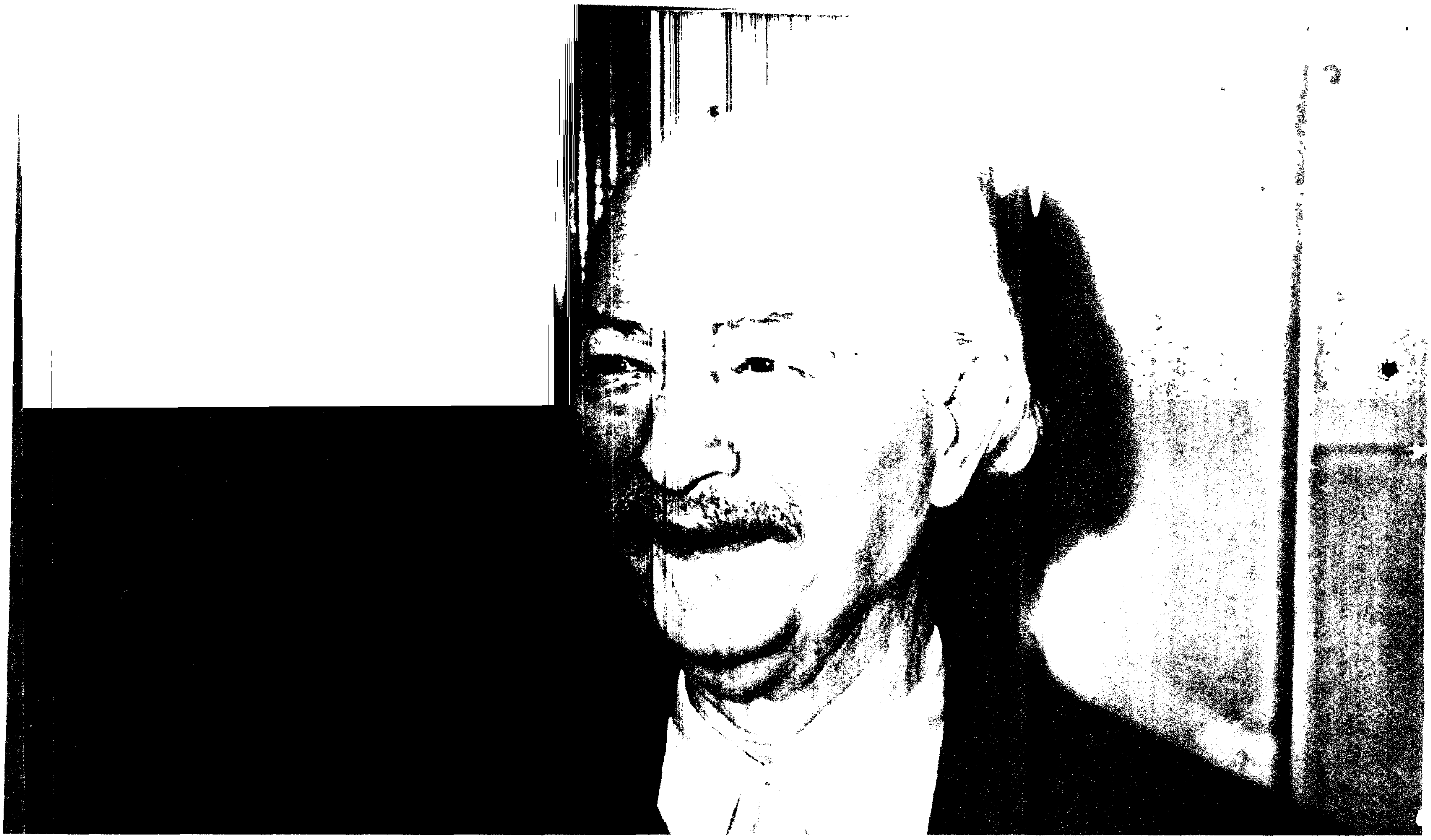
When we all flew out to Chicago at the time of my husband's nomination for the presidency in June, 1932, he was going over his acceptance speech. I have only to think back over these few years to realize what strides have been made in airplane travel since then.

The noise on that plane was so great that if my husband wanted to make any changes in his speech he practically had to shout at the stenographer who was sitting beside him. Today it is comparatively easy to talk to someone across the aisle.

After coming to the White House, I flew much more regularly than ever before. I enjoy flying because I see the country in a different way. When I look down it is like looking at a map, and the fields, animals and even the people look like playthings below me. Some scenes are unforgettable. I remember a storm once not far from Albuquerque, New Mexico. We had jagged pinnacles of rock on either side of us and the lightning played not so very far away. While it was not very pleasant it was certainly very impressive.

Sunrise and sunset are more beautiful from a plane than from the land and

(Continued on page 88)



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Paderewski—the Boss

By Howard Taubman

No part of any human body moves faster than Paderewski's fingers. And his mind keeps pace. He has earned and spent $10,000,000, governed his country, composed great music. There is no limit to his interests. Here you meet genius in private life

PADEREWSKI felt low, and his traveling companions were puzzled and perturbed. The Boss, as they called him, was habitually in the best of spirits at the end of a concert. This one, in a Midwestern town some seasons ago, had been, like most of the others down the years, a thundering wow. The crowd had clamored for more encores, although the Boss had played an even dozen of them, but at last the customers were going home. Paderewski sat backstage, silent and glum. One of his aides asked whether he was ill.

"No, no," replied Paderewski. "Some friends were missing. A gray-haired couple. They were not in their seats in the fourth row."

The aide was surprised. "I didn't know you had friends here."

Paderewski did not seem to hear him. "I hope nothing is wrong."

"Did you know them well? Where did you meet them?"

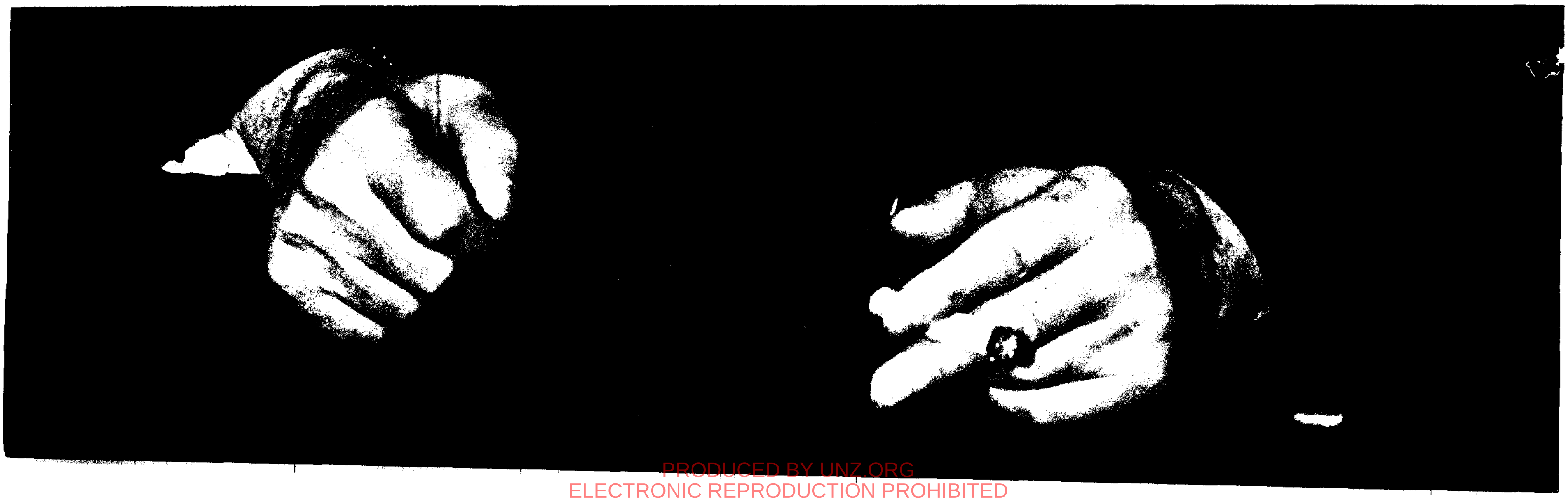
"I knew them very well," said Paderewski. "But I never met them. For twenty years, maybe more, every time I played here they were in the same seats in the fourth row. I liked their faces, the way they listened. In this town I have always played for my gray-haired couple. I hope it is not serious."

In his personality and private life, Paderewski epitomizes the contrasts and unpredictability of genius. You would not think, to watch him walk onto the stage for a recital, that he is conscious of any particular individuals in the audience. Stage and auditorium are darkened. He sits at the piano like a strange, splendid figure from another world, with flowing gray hair that was once the kind of yellow that belongs only to the princess in the fairy tale; stub of a beard, mustache, expansive low collar. In repose he looks like a graven image. Years ago he looked like an image hewn out of granite, for the ages. Now, in his seventy-ninth year, the lines of his face and figure are softer, gentler, sweeter.

The eloquent fingers begin to move. A scientist once measured the speed of the Paderewski fingers and found that no part of any human body had ever been trained to move with greater rapidity. They may have slowed up a bit, but they are fast enough for the job. And when he bows with heartfelt simplicity and walks off with slow, short steps, there is a gallantry about the grand old figure that is as affecting as his playing of a Chopin waltz.

Paderewski looks frailer, his eyes are serene now where they used to flash with defiance, his hair is thinner than in any of his previous nineteen tours through America. But the convictions of the man have not changed. He believes more passionately than ever in democracy as a way of life. As the Premier of new Poland after the World War, he fought to make his ideas of democracy work. He was forced out; he was a statesman by nature, not a politician. It may be told now that in later years Pilsudski and other Polish

(Continued on page 54)

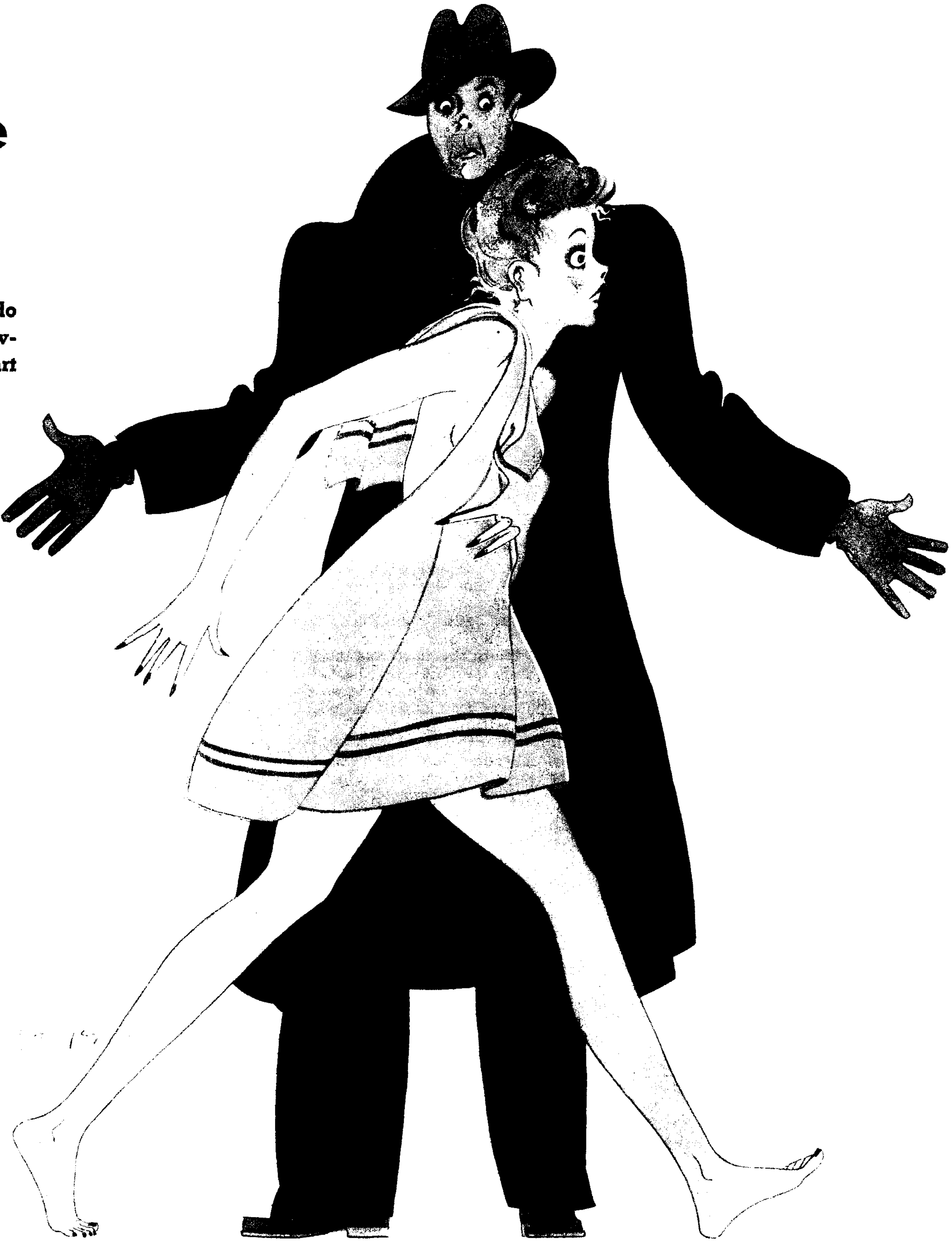


Child Bride

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Henry's wife doesn't have to do the cooking any more. She discovered a short cut to a man's heart



"Get dressed!" he hissed. "Get out there and entertain Mr. Prentice until I get dinner ready!"

HENRY tumbled out of bed in the dark of dawn. Shivering, he sat on the edge of the bed and pulled on his socks.

But Jackie only snuggled deeper under the covers, her face buried in the pillow, her dark curls making petal patterns against the white.

"You might, just this once, get up and get me some breakfast," Henry said.

"Of course, sweetie pie," Jackie purred, her voice drowsy with sleep. "I'll get up in just a minute." Then she went back to her lovely dream.

This was only what Henry expected. He sighed and rumpled his hair and stood up. Things were in the usual disorder in the bedroom—Jackie's dress thrown over the back of a chair; a pair of high-heeled slippers lying where Jackie had kicked them off at midnight; a stale gardenia on the bureau. . . .

It wasn't the way his mother's house was run. Henry had been brought up to put his things away neatly—coats on hangers, trees in shoes, underclothes folded on a chair.

But he was Jackie's husband. And any fellow who married Jackie had to put up with a lot, because Jackie was Jackie, and you could take it or leave it—you couldn't change it.

HENRY was madly, irrevocably in love with Jackie. She was five feet four of sweetness. She had a complexion like fifteen minutes before sunrise. And her eyes were Irish eyes—blue, with smudged-in, sooty lashes.

Dressing in the dark, Henry reminded himself that he was the lucky fellow who had won Jackie away from a whole townful of infatuated swains. He had spent two years courting her, laying siege with all the cunning of an inspired tactician. Well . . . now he *had* her! That little curled-up bunch of loveliness in the bed was Mrs. Henry Martin.

Henry tiptoed into the bathroom and shaved, standing in a litter of bathmats, slippers and towels. The mirror gave him back a serious, worried-looking self, thin, sallow. . . . And why not? He lived on potato salad and pickled pigs' feet, varied, on alternate days, with baked beans poured cold out of a can. . . . Jackie was the prettiest girl in the world, but give her an egg to cook and she'd find ten ways of ruining it. It seemed easier to live off crackers and milk, with a dill pickle on the side, and a banana for dessert.

At first, just after the honeymoon, Henry thought he could make Jackie into a practical, busy, clean-as-a-pin housewife like his mother. He tried being reasonable. He tried laying down the law. He tried everything. But when Jackie's lips quivered and tears spilled out of her eyes, Henry always felt like a brute. That was the trouble. Jackie's temper was as even as a canary bird's trill. You couldn't make her mad any more than you could make her work.

She simply wouldn't do anything useful.

Take this bathroom, for instance. Full of powder puffs and scented salts and crystal bottles and negligees. But no clean towels. . . .

"Damn," Henry thought. "I wish I'd married Barbara Bates."

He'd have to get his own breakfast, of course. Worse, he'd have to stuff the guinea fowl.

Because the boss was coming to dinner. What a guy can put up with for himself is one thing. But the kind of nose bag he has to tie on for the boss is something else again. And Henry's boss was an epicure . . . one of those fussy, middle-aged bachelors given to food under glass, mixing their own salad dressing and sniffing the aroma of Napoleon brandy with their eyes closed.

Tonight was one night when Jackie would have to act like other wives. Things *had* to be right just this once.

HENRY went back to the bedroom and stood for a moment looking down at Jackie. He had half a mind to shake her. But if he did, he knew she'd clasp her arms around his neck and cuddle. . . . You couldn't yell at a girl like Jackie. She forgave you. Her penitent kisses were wet with tears. . . . Funny little devil. Not lazy, really. She could dance a whole football squad to the point of exhaustion. Not selfish, exactly. She loved Henry and thought of him all day long. Couldn't wait until he got back from the office in the evening and then ran to jump into his arms as if he'd been away a year. Not extravagant. She was satisfied with the simplest of pleasures, any old clothes, last year's hat. . . .

"Oh, damn," Henry thought again. He drew the bedclothes up around Jackie's bare, white shoulder and went through the living room to the kitchen.

The boss, he knew, had an eye for detail. He wouldn't miss the dust on the tables, the little rolls of carpet fuzz under the skirts of the furniture. Jackie was one of those sketchy cleaners. A swipe with a rag. A few jiggles with the

(Continued on page 50)

The Aunts

By Lucia Alzamora

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Neither of them got the man. That was the beginning of a sisters' feud that was partly love, partly mischief, and always amusing

I ALWAYS knew why my Aunt Ellen wore only gray and why my Aunt Tammie wore black. A child of ten sees and hears a great deal, and much of what I absorbed, without understanding, stayed in my mind and, later, took on meaning.

I think that by the time I speak of, both aunts were thought of as spinsters in Grovesville, but I know, from photographs and even from the way they looked long after, that they must still have been handsome creatures. That is, Ellen must have been a handsome creature. Tammie had a wild-rose loveliness which might already have faded a little. She was the sort of woman who, with marriage and children, would have bloomed on and on but, as it was, she shriveled early. Ellen never did. To the end of her life, her back was straight and her gray eyes snapped and her fine, caustic humor curved the corners of her mouth.

This story is really about the end of Ellen's life, but it has to begin on the day my grandmother died. Ellen was thirty-two then and Tammie was thirty-three, and the reason neither of them had ever married was certainly not from lack of opportunity, but because both of them had always been in love with Dr. Caleb Newton and neither of them had ever been able to land him.

I remember that I was sitting by myself in the downstairs living room when he came in that afternoon. I was very glad to see him because no one had paid me any attention for a very long time and I had some vague feeling that I mustn't play with my dolls.

"Hullo, darling," Caleb said, and pinched me on the nose. I squealed with delight, and then stopped very suddenly because my Aunt Tammie came into the room. She was sobbing bitterly, which frightened me. I had never before seen a grown person cry.

"Tammie, don't," Caleb said.

"Oh, Caleb," she sobbed and, running, found a refuge in the circle of his arm.

ELLEN came in then. Her face was drained of color and her teeth were biting the red away from her lips. Whether this was because of her mother or because she found Tammie weeping against Caleb's shoulder, I have never been able to decide. She stood in the doorway, swaying a little, her hand to her heart.

"Oh, Caleb," she said in a strangled voice. He looked up and saw her and his free arm went out to her. Then she, too, was clasped to his breast; half swooning, beautifully swooning, against the shoulder that Tammie had left free. I saw him look down at the two bowed heads—at tall, lovely Ellen and at lovely little Tammie, and I know now if ever there was a case of "were 'tother dear charmer away," that was it.

When he had gone, something entered that room which had never been there before—as though with their gentle mother's death the antagonism between the sisters could at last be released.

My aunts stood looking at each other and Tammie's face was flushed and angry but Ellen's was speculative and cool. I thought they would stand staring at each other forever. It was Ellen who moved first.

"I don't feel well," she said quite prosaically and went to lie down on the sofa.

"You never really feel well, do you, Ellen?" said Tammie scornfully. She might just as well have said: "You never feel really well because Caleb is a doctor."

"No," said Ellen, "never." Then she dropped her lids again and it must have been because she knew that her eyes were sparkling. When that happened it meant that my wicked Aunt Ellen was preparing to enjoy herself.

"Tammie," she said very suddenly, "of course we won't wear black for Mother."

"What?" said Tammie.

"She hated it."

"I never knew that," said Tammie, all off her guard.

"She said so a hundred times."

"But—but we wore black for Father," said Tammie.

"Father," said Ellen, "was not Mother."

She must have liked the sound of that and, certainly, she must have thought herself safe with Tammie because she repeated the words, rolling them superbly on her tongue. "Father," she said again, "was not Mother."

It was a mistake. Tammie caught the relish in her sister's voice. She looked up sharply and caught the gleam in her sister's eye.

"You're making it up," she said.

"Why, Tammie!"

It was too late.

"With Mother not cold you sit there telling lies," said Tammie.

"Why, Tammie!"

But Tammie was on her feet now and her pretty voice was shrill with hysteria.

"Because I look better in black than you," she said. "Because you don't want people to see how washed out you look in black."

"Hannah," said Ellen, "run—play in the garden."

I didn't stir and neither of them noticed.

"Tammie, Tammie, what a woman you are!" Ellen said.

"No more than you," Tammie cried.

Again they stared at each other and the helpless body of Caleb Newton might well have been between them.

"If it weren't for you—if it weren't for you—" said Tammie.

Ellen said, "Hush."

"If it weren't for you I'd be married to Caleb," said Tammie.

Ellen stood up and shook out her skirts. Her eyelids were still down over her eyes.

"I shan't stay here to be insulted," she said, and from the tone of her voice I knew my Aunt Ellen was trying hard not to laugh.

VERY slowly, she walked to the door. She was; of course, giving Tammie a chance.

"Ellen," cried Tammie, "where are you going?"

Ellen turned around with a splendid gesture.

"To my own house," she said.

I'm sure it was an inspiration. I think she never thought to say it till the words were on her tongue. She meant to say it even less than she cared what color mourning she wore for her mother, because, after all, it was amusing to tease Tammie, and to startle Grovesville and, indisputably, she did look washed-out in black and beautiful as the morning in gray.

"To my own house," Ellen said and tossed back her head.

"You can't," cried Tammie. "You can't do that!"

"Why can't I?" said Ellen. "I have a house."

And so she had. My grandfather had left Tammie the Everett house in which we all lived, but the big house across the street, which had been my grandmother's, had long ago been deeded to Ellen for when she should marry. It had stood ready for years but, until this moment, I doubt that it had ever en-

MARIO COOPER

"I suppose all women want to get married," he said. "Do you, Hannah?" "Of course," I said. "H'm," said Dan, and then we were both of us laughing like fools

tered anyone's head that Ellen, alone, might someday live in it.

Then, I think, the same thing must have occurred to both of my aunts—together, neither of them had ever been able to get Caleb Newton, but alone—alone—

"Very well, go then," Tammie said breathlessly, and Ellen swept through the door.

I ran after her, because I really loved my Aunt Ellen, but Tammie put a hand out to stop me.

"And the child?" she called. "Our sacred trust." I knew even then that she meant I was an orphan.

Ellen turned. She smiled at me.

"We'll share her," she said. "You take her first, Tammie; you're the elder."

With this parting shot, Ellen went out of the room and out of the house and down the garden path, and that was the beginning of it because she didn't come back for fifteen years.

After that when I went to Grovesville every summer I really was shared by my aunts—first a month with Tammie, who never again wore anything but black, and then a month with Ellen, who wore only gray. In all those years I never saw either of them so much as glance across the street and still I am sure that in a bitter, sisterly way they missed each other. As a matter of fact, with time, they became each other's chief interest, and in some mysterious fashion each of them always seemed to know what the other was up to. Neither of them ever got Caleb Newton. The very next winter he married someone else.

HOW the aunts took this, I shall never know, but it certainly looked to Grovesville as though the idea of one sister without the other had scared Caleb to death. His wife was a pretty, restful little creature to whom both Tammie and Ellen were invariably charming. She and Caleb never had children and this was a great source of pleasure to my aunts, who each felt, I am sure, that she would have borne him seven bouncing sons with ease.

Only two other noteworthy things happened in those fifteen years. The first was that Ellen's vague ill-health turned out to be a rather serious type of heart trouble. This, of course, gave her an even greater advantage over Tammie than did the brains with which heaven had provided her. The second thing was the arrival in Grovesville of Dr. Caleb's nephew, Daniel Newton. I didn't meet Daniel until the summer I was twenty-four, because when I was eighteen my mother's sister took me abroad to live and for six years I knew Grovesville only by letter. There was very little, however, that I didn't know about Daniel Newton.

I knew that he had gone to Yale, that he had studied medicine, that he planned to take over his uncle's practice, that he looked not unlike Caleb at his age, that he was eight years older than I, that he was brilliant, handsome, charming, and *so* anxious to meet me. I knew, in short, that quite independently of each other, my aunts had decided that if neither of them could marry Caleb, I at least could marry his nephew. I used to smile a great deal over their letters.

The summer I was twenty-four, I went back to Grovesville. I hadn't expected my heart to come into my throat at the sight of the station. "Oh, this is home," I thought, and anyone else could have had Paris and London and Rome. Down on the platform, Tammie was looking for me. "Auntie!" I cried, and I was out of the train and we were laughing and weeping on each other's shoulders.

(Continued on page 33)

The Drums of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM RITTER

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE Sir Denis Nayland Smith, noted detective, and his friend, Bart Kerrigan, are investigating the murder of General Quinto in London, they make an astounding discovery: With the backing of Si-Fan, a sinister secret society, the notorious Dr. Fu Manchu is plotting to destroy certain key men who may, in time, contribute to the outbreak of another devastating war.

Fu Manchu is in England. He is surrounded by huge Orientals, *Thugs*, whose duty it is to guard him and kill for him. And somewhere in England he has a remarkable radio station that enables him to project his image into the homes of his enemies and address them.

While searching for this radio station, Detective Sergeant Hythe is murdered. Whereupon, Kerrigan has a series of startling adventures centering about a beautiful girl who, known as "Ardatha," is quite obviously a member of Si-Fan.

Chief Inspector Gallaho, who is co-operating with Nayland Smith, comes into possession of an alarming message sent to Dr. Martin Jasper, a noted armament expert, by Si-Fan. The message reads: "The Council of Seven of Si-Fan grants you twelve hours in which to carry out its orders."

Certain that Jasper is in peril, Gallaho, Nayland Smith and Kerrigan rush to the scientist's home, on the Norfolk border. When they arrive, they are informed that Doctor Jasper has locked himself in his laboratory and will not speak to anyone. Bailey, his private secretary, says that he has been experimenting with a "vacuum charger" that will greatly increase the velocity of bullets. And according to Bailey, a "Mr. Osaki" is deeply interested in the experiments.

No sound emanates from the laboratory. An entrance is effected. Lying on the floor is a man—dead. Bailey leans over the body. Then: "This is not Doctor Jasper," he exclaims. "It's *Osaki!*"

The man wore thick-rimmed glasses. He opened the bag, and I saw him doing something to the telephone

IV

THE Green Death! The Green Death, again!" said Nayland Smith. "Whatever is it?" There was awe in my voice. "It's ghastly! In heaven's name what is it?"

We had laid the dead man on a sort of day bed with which the laboratory was equipped, and under the dark, Asiatic skin already that ghastly greenish tinge was beginning to manifest itself.

The place was very quiet. In spite of the fact that all windows were open that indescribable sweetish smell—a smell, strange though it may sound, of which I had dreamed, and which to the end of my life I must always associate with the assassination of General Quinto—hung heavily in the air.

Somewhere, in a dark background beyond the shattered door, the chauffeur and mechanic were talking in low voices.

Mr. Bailey had gone back to the house with Inspector Gallaho. There was hope that the phone call that had immediately preceded the death of Osaki might yet be traced.

The extension to the laboratory proved to be in perfect order, but the butler was in so nervous a condition that Gallaho had lost patience and had gone to the main instrument.

"This," said Smith, turning aside and staring down at a row of objects which lay upon a small table, "is in many ways the most mysterious feature."

The things lying there were those which had been in the dead man's possession. There was a notebook containing a number of notes in code which it would probably take some time to decipher; a wad of paper money; a cigarette; a railway ticket; a watch; an ivory amulet and a bunch of keys on a chain.

But (and this it was to which Nayland Smith referred) there were two keys—small, flat keys—unattached, which had been found in the pocket of the white coat that Osaki had been wearing.

"We know," Smith continued, "that both these keys are keys of the laboratory, and Mr. Bailey was quite emphatic on the point that Dr. Jasper possessed only one. What is your inference, Kerrigan?"

I sniffed the air suspiciously and then stared at the speaker.

"I assume that the dead man also possessed a key to the laboratory."

"Exactly."

"This being the case, why should *two* be found in his possession?"

"MY THEORY is this: Dr. Jasper, for some reason we have yet to learn, hurried out of the laboratory just before Osaki's appearance, and—a point that I think indicates great nervous disturbance—left his key in the door. Osaki, approaching, duplicate key in hand, discovered this. Finding the laboratory to be empty, he put on a white jacket and set to work—upon what we can only surmise. He placed the two keys in the pocket of the jacket, intending to draw Dr. Jasper's attention to this carelessness when the doctor returned to the laboratory."

"No doubt you are right, Smith!"

"You are possibly wondering, Kerrigan, why Osaki, finding himself being overcome by the symptoms of the Green Death, of which we know one to be an impression of beating drums, did not run out and hurry to the house."

"I confess the point had occurred to me."

"Here, I think, is the answer: We know

from the case of General Quinto that the impression of beating drums is very real. May we not assume that Osaki, knowing, as he certainly did know, that imminent danger overhung Dr. Jasper and himself, believed the menace to come from the outside—believed the drumming to be real, and deliberately remained in this place?"

"The theory certainly covers the facts, but always it brings us back to—"

"What?"

"The mystery of how a man . . ."

"A man locked in alone," Smith snapped, "can nevertheless be murdered, and no clue left to show what means has been employed! Yes!" The word sounded almost like a groan. "The second mystery, of course, is the extraordinary behavior of Dr. Jasper. . . ."

He paused.

From somewhere outside came the sound of running footsteps, a sudden murmur of voices; then—I thought Hale, the chauffeur, was the speaker:

"Thank God you're alive, sir!"

A man burst into the laboratory, a short, thickset, dark man, hair disheveled and his face showing every evidence of the fact that he had not shaved for some time. His eyes were wild, his lips were twitching; he stood with clenched hands, looking about him. Then, his pale face seemed to grow a shade paler. Those staring eyes became focused upon the body lying on the sofa.

"Dreadful!" he muttered, and then, addressing Smith:

"Who are you? What has happened?"

"Dr. Martin Jasper, I presume?"

"Yes, yes! But who are you? What does this mean?"

"My name is Nayland Smith; this is Mr. Bart Kerrigan. What it means, Dr. Jasper, is that your associate Mr. Osaki has died in your place!

"YOU are indeed a fortunate man to be alive." Nayland Smith gazed sternly at the physicist. "You have been preparing a deadly weapon of warfare—not for the protection of your own country, but for the use of a belligerent nation."

"I am entitled," said Dr. Jasper, shakily wiping his wet brow, "to act independently if I choose to do so."

"You see the consequences. As he lies, so *you* might be lying. No, Dr. Jasper. You had received three notices, I believe, from the Si-Fan."

Dr. Jasper's twitching nervousness became even more manifest.

"I had—but how do you know?"

"It happens to be my business to know. The Si-Fan, sir, cannot be ignored."

"I know! I know!"

The doctor suddenly dropped onto a chair beside one of the benches, and buried his disheveled head in his hands.

"I have been playing with fire, but Osaki, who urged me to it, is the sufferer!"

He was very near to the end of his resources; this was plain enough, but:

"I am going to suggest," said Nayland Smith, speaking in a quiet voice, "that you retire and sleep; for if ever a man needed rest, you do. But, first, I regret duty demands that I ask a few questions."

Dr. Jasper, save for the twitching of his hands, did not stir.

"What were the Si-Fan's orders?"

"That I deliver to them the completed plans and a model of my vacuum charger."

"This invention, I take it, gives a great advantage to those employing it?"

"Yes." Dr. Jasper's voice was little more than a whisper. "It increases the present range of a rifle rather more than fifty per cent."

"To whom were you to deliver these plans and model?"

"To a woman who would be waiting in a car by the R. A. C. call box at the corner of the London Road."

"A woman!"

"Yes. A time was stated at which the woman would be waiting at this point. Failing my compliance, I was told that on receipt of a third and final notice, at any hour during the twelve that would be allotted to me, if I cared to go to this call box, I should be met there by a representative."

"Yes?" Smith urged, gently. "Go on."

The speaker's voice grew lower and lower.

"I showed these notes to Osaki."

"Where are they now?"

"He took them all. He urged me, always he urged me, to ignore them. By tonight, I thought that my experiments would be completed, that I should have revolutionized the subject. He was to meet me here in the laboratory; and we both fully anticipated that the charger would be an accomplished fact."

"He had a key to the laboratory?"

"Yes," Dr. Jasper replied in a whisper. Nayland Smith nodded to me.

"Just before half past eleven an awful dread possessed me. I thought that the price that I should receive for this invention would be useless to a dead man. Just before Osaki was due, I took my plans, my model—everything; slipped on a light coat, in the pockets of which I placed all the fruits of my experiments, and ran—I do not exaggerate—ran, to the appointed spot. There was a car drawn up on the north side of the road. A woman was just stepping into it—"

"Describe her."

"She is beautiful—dark—slender. I know her as Mrs. Milton. I know, now, she is a spy!"

"WHAT happened?"

"She seemed to be much disturbed as I hurried up. Her eyes—she has remarkable eyes—opened almost with a look of horror."

"What did she do—what did she say?"

"She said: 'Dr. Jasper, are you here to meet me?' I was utterly dumfounded. I knew, in that awful moment, what a fool I had been! But I replied 'Yes'—"

"What did she say then?"

"She enumerated the items I had been ordered to deliver up—took them from me one by one . . . and returned to the car. Her parting words were, 'You have been wise.' "

"Then your invention, complete and practical, is now in the hands of the Si-Fan?"

"It is!" groaned Dr. Jasper.

"Some deadly thing," said Nayland Smith bitterly, "was placed in the laboratory during the time that your key remained in the door—for in your nervous state you forgot to remove it. A few moments later Osaki entered. Someone who was watching mistook Osaki for you. The shots heard by the butler were a signal to that call box. The phone call is the clue! It was Osaki who took it. . . ."

Inspector Gallaho dashed into the laboratory.

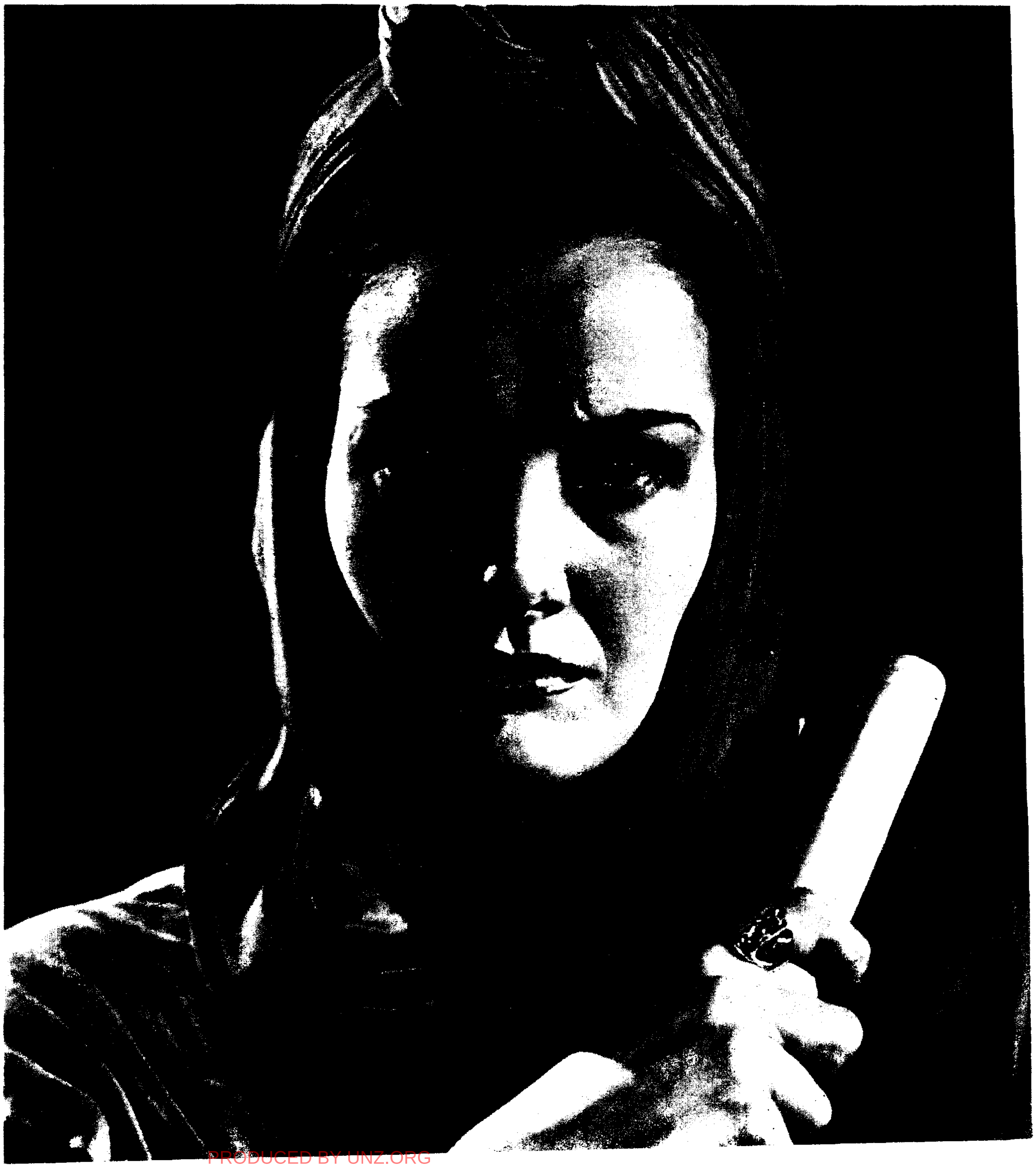
"I have traced the call," he said. "The local police are of some use, after all! It's a box about half a mile from here, on the London Road. . . . And the police have the woman who made the call."

"What!"

Smith became electrified; his entire expression changed.

"Yes. She is now at police headquarters at Greystones, sir! I suggest we proceed to Greystones at once."

(Continued on page 35)



She said, "Dr. Jasper, are you here to meet me?" I was utterly dumfounded. I knew what a fool I had been

Babe on Broadway

By Henry F. Pringle

Miss Wynn Murray abruptly changed the scene of her triumphs from the church socials of Scranton to the footlights of Broadway. But she changed nothing else. Those pounds came along too

IFOR THOMAS

Wynn Murray made good in Broadway musicals because of a voice that may someday bring her opera fame

CERTAIN of the lines in George Abbott's current musical, The Boys from Syracuse, are not for your Aunt Mehitabel. One or two of the songs would cause an awkward moment if sung at a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society. One projected song, which shall be nameless so far as this history is concerned, brought about an unparalleled situation during an early rehearsal last fall.

The words were handed to Miss Wynn Murray, who is the lady star of The Boys from Syracuse despite the fact—it *is* a fact and not a press agent's fable—that she is only seventeen. Miss Murray, who had never even seen a Broadway show till she appeared in one less than two years ago, learned the words and music quickly. Richard Rodgers, the composer, sat in the theater with Lorenz Hart, the lyricist, a few days later to hear her sing. Mr. Abbott was there, too, and all three burst into applause after it was over.

But later that day Miss Murray was found in the wings, dissolved in a combination of anger and indignation. It appears that somebody had explained to her the meaning of a rowdy line or two in the song. She protested with obvious truthfulness that she had not understood them. She simply could not sing the number again, she said. So the lines were, of course, changed. Miss Murray, who is a bouncing girl, bounced back on the stage and again knocked Messrs. Abbott, Rodgers and Hart for the traditional loop.

To say that Wynn Murray is a bouncing girl is to put it mildly. I hate to dwell on her size because she is honestly sensitive about her weight, but she is undeniably fat. She isn't very tall and she weighs, I suppose, around 150 pounds. Thus she is a phenomenon—if you except Sophie Tucker—among the ladies who star in musical comedy. But it isn't merely her size, naturally, which has brought her into prominence in two Broadway shows in successive seasons. Wynn Murray has an astonishingly simple sweetness that vaults the footlights and warms the hearts of her audiences. She has a really extraordinary voice—a voice so amazing in its range and quality that voice experts in New York are watching her career with absorbed fascination. If she will work, certain of them predict, grand opera or any other goal is possible.

Because she is fat, because she is young, because she has a flair for putting across a song, the former Winifred Murray of Scranton, Pa., is now earning $400 to $500 a week and will probably be making two or three times that within twelve months. She enjoys the change from being a small-town musical student whose only public performances consisted of arias at a church social or school recital. She likes being on Broadway and she thinks show people are fine and the money is very nice indeed. But doubts sometimes shake her.

"They laugh as soon as I come on the stage and it's just because I'm fat," she has told friends. "I hate it!"

She intends to do something about it. In fact, she has already started. But all this is raising a pretty paradox. The managers want her fat. Miss Wynn wants to be thin. If she actually *gets* thin, she will be worthless for the type of parts that have brought her a degree of fame.

At the moment, she looks like something out of a candy-store window. This isn't merely because she is plump. Her hair is a golden blond. Her eyes are the blue eyes of a doll. Her complexion is peaches and cream. And all of this is entirely authentic. When she was given her job in Babes in Arms, in which she made her debut in 1937, she was sent, in due course, to be photographed for publicity purposes. The photographer fussed around with his lights for some minutes. Then he frowned.

"Your make-up is very bad," he scolded. "Please wash off most of that rouge."

"I haven't any rouge on!" protested Wynn. And she really hadn't.

The Reward for Going to Church

On an evening early in 1937 Milton Bender, New York theatrical agent, found himself in Scranton with nothing much to do. Mr. Bender, unaware of the true virtues of the town, was extremely bored. He'd already seen the movies that were playing. He asked the hotel clerk whether he could suggest some remedy for his desperate plight.

"You won't believe me and you probably won't go," said the clerk. "But you ought to hear Winifred Murray down at the church festival."

He said Winifred could sing circles around any radio, screen or stage star, that everybody in Scranton was wild about her. Mr. Bender didn't believe a word of all this, but he went. His apprehensions were soon confirmed. He saw a large girl of hardly more than fifteen who sang several pleasant arias. He was about to go back to the hotel and kill the clerk when Winifred, as an encore, sang an arrangement of Fannie Brice's My Man which she had worked out herself. Instead of stopping at the drugstore for a hooker of cyanide of potassium for the clerk, Bender introduced himself to the girl and to her mother, who turned out to be Mrs. Joseph Murray of Scranton. Joe Murray was there, too; he worked for the local streetcar company.

"How would you like to sing on Broadway?" Mr. Bender asked Winifred.

If he thought she was going to faint or otherwise give way to excitement, Bender was wrong. She said it would be fine and went home with her mother and father.

Winifred started to reveal histrionic talents a few years after she was born on July 28, 1921, however, and her father disapproved violently. She had been given dancing lessons and had

(Continued on page 84)

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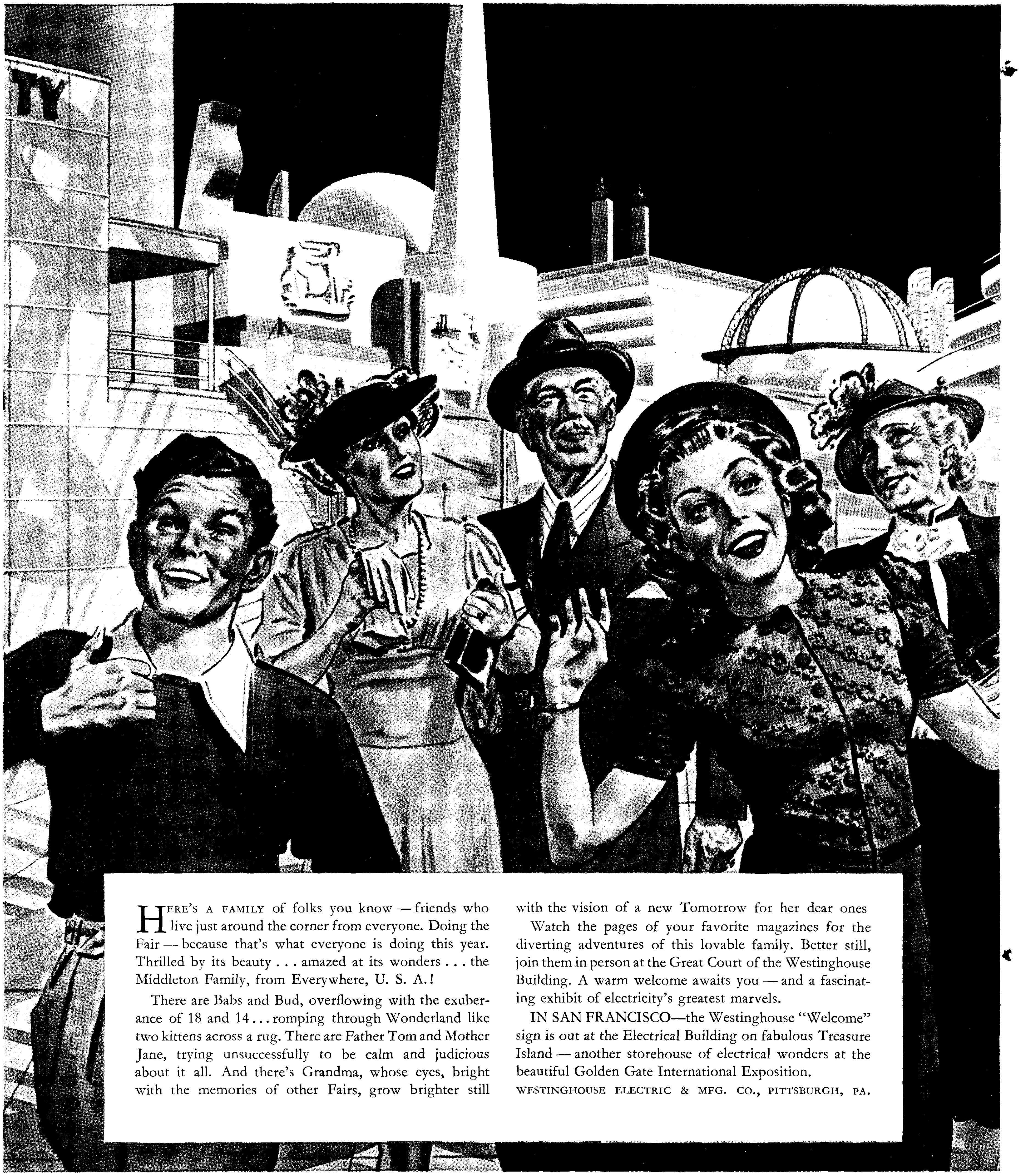
The MIDDLETON Family



Here's a family of folks you know — friends who live just around the corner from everyone. Doing the Fair — because that's what everyone is doing this year. Thrilled by its beauty . . . amazed at its wonders . . . the Middleton Family, from Everywhere, U. S. A.!

There are Babs and Bud, overflowing with the exuberance of 18 and 14 . . . romping through Wonderland like two kittens across a rug. There are Father Tom and Mother Jane, trying unsuccessfully to be calm and judicious about it all. And there's Grandma, whose eyes, bright with the memories of other Fairs, grow brighter still with the vision of a new Tomorrow for her dear ones

Watch the pages of your favorite magazines for the diverting adventures of this lovable family. Better still, join them in person at the Great Court of the Westinghouse Building. A warm welcome awaits you — and a fascinating exhibit of electricity's greatest marvels.

IN SAN FRANCISCO—the Westinghouse "Welcome" sign is out at the Electrical Building on fabulous Treasure Island — another storehouse of electrical wonders at the beautiful Golden Gate International Exposition.

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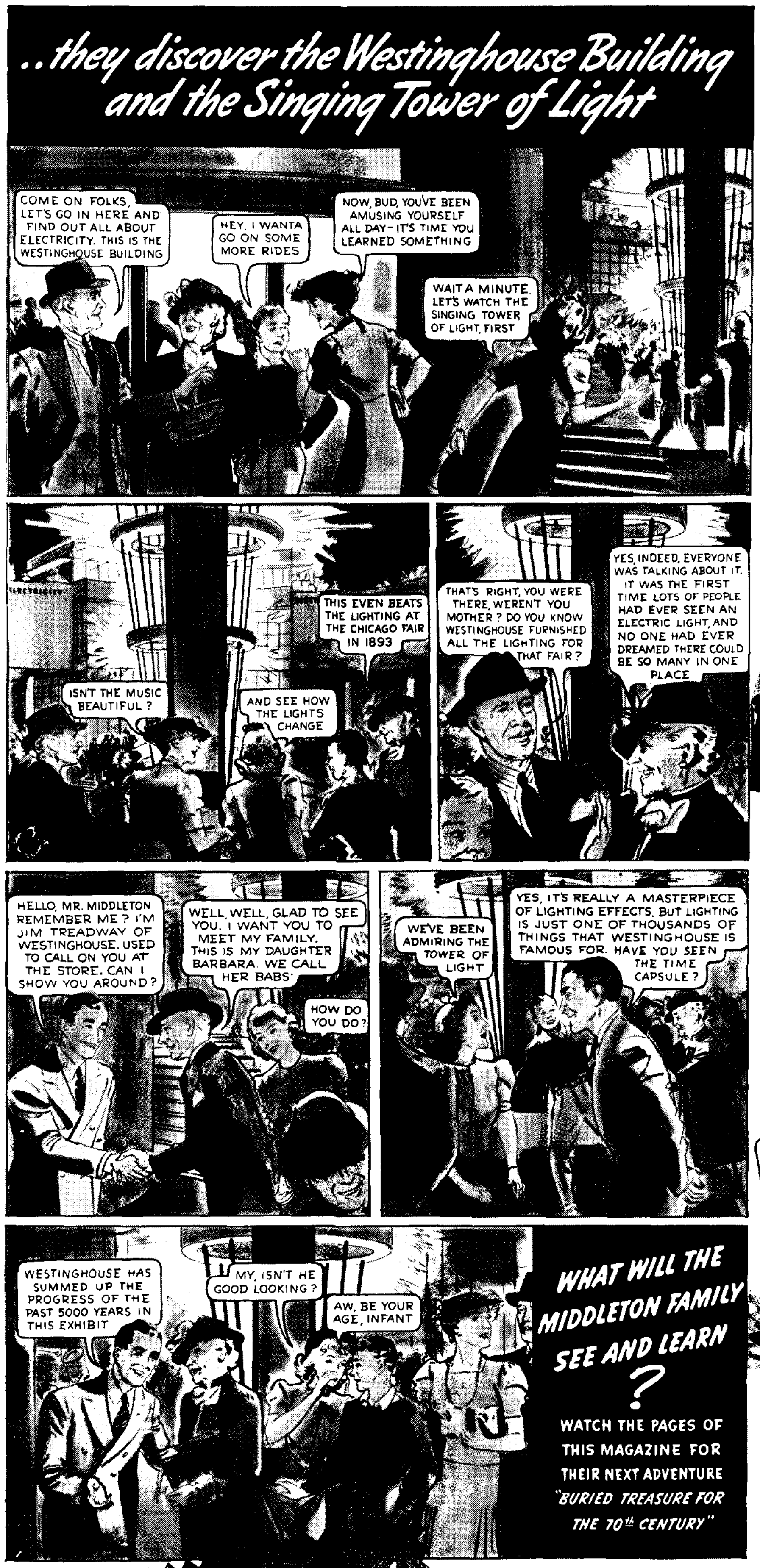
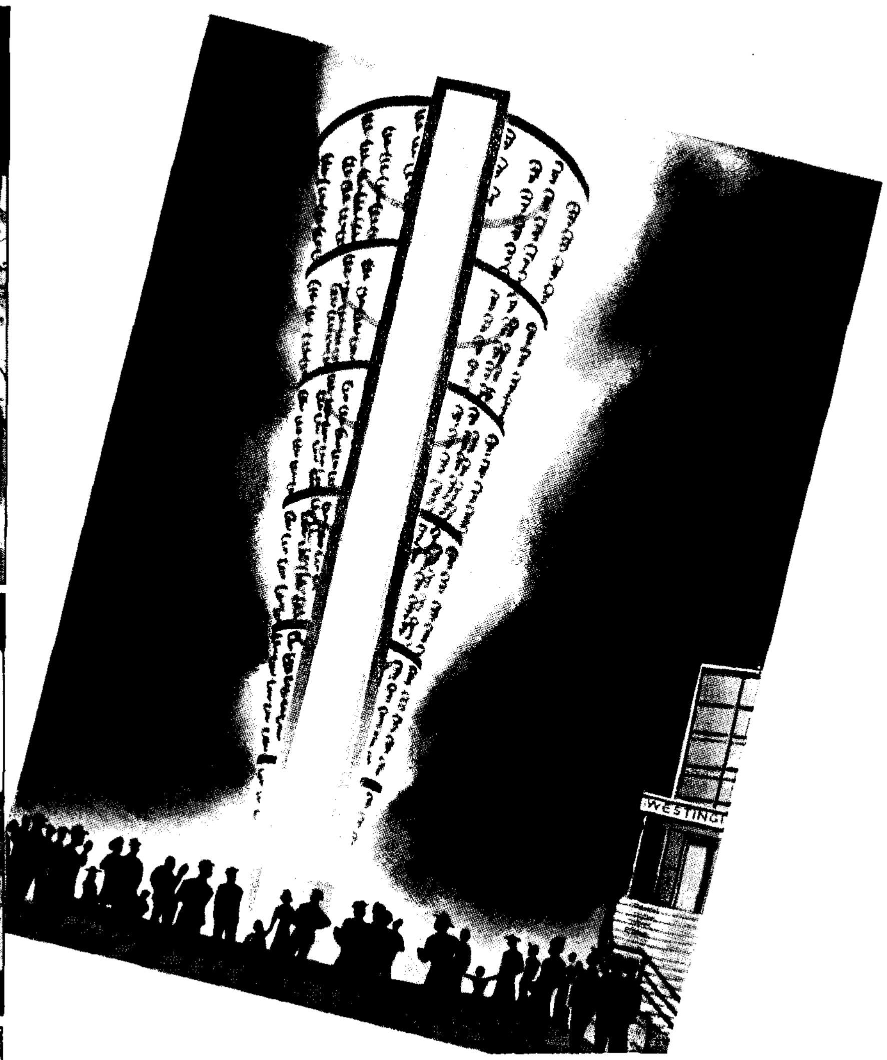
AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR


..they discover the Westinghouse Building and the Singing Tower of Light
COME ON FOLKS, LET'S GO IN HERE AND FIND OUT ALL ABOUT ELECTRICITY. THIS IS THE WESTINGHOUSE BUILDING
HEY, I WANTA GO ON SOME MORE RIDES
NOW, BUD, YOU'VE BEEN AMUSING YOURSELF ALL DAY - IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED SOMETHING
WAIT A MINUTE LET'S WATCH THE SINGING TOWER OF LIGHT, FIRST
LECTRICITY
THIS EVEN BEATS THE LIGHTING AT THE CHICAGO FAIR IN 1893
ISN'T THE MUSIC BEAUTIFUL?
AND SEE HOW THE LIGHTS CHANGE
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU WERE THERE, WEREN'T YOU MOTHER? DO YOU KNOW WESTINGHOUSE FURNISHED ALL THE LIGHTING FOR THAT FAIR?
YES, INDEED, EVERYONE WAS TALKING ABOUT IT. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME LOTS OF PEOPLE HAD EVER SEEN AN ELECTRIC LIGHT, AND NO ONE HAD EVER DREAMED THERE COULD BE SO MANY IN ONE PLACE
HELLO, MR. MIDDLETON REMEMBER ME? I'M JIM TREADWAY OF WESTINGHOUSE. USED TO CALL ON YOU AT THE STORE. CAN I SHOW YOU AROUND?
WELL, WELL, GLAD TO SEE YOU. I WANT YOU TO MEET MY FAMILY. THIS IS MY DAUGHTER BARBARA. WE CALL HER BABS
HOW DO YOU DO?
WE'VE BEEN ADMIRING THE TOWER OF LIGHT
YES, IT'S REALLY A MASTERPIECE OF LIGHTING EFFECTS, BUT LIGHTING IS JUST ONE OF THOUSANDS OF THINGS THAT WESTINGHOUSE IS FAMOUS FOR. HAVE YOU SEEN THE TIME CAPSULE?
WESTINGHOUSE HAS SUMMED UP THE PROGRESS OF THE PAST 5000 YEARS IN THIS EXHIBIT
MY, ISN'T HE GOOD LOOKING?
AW, BE YOUR AGE, INFANT

WHAT WILL THE MIDDLETON FAMILY SEE AND LEARN?

WATCH THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE FOR THEIR NEXT ADVENTURE *"BURIED TREASURE FOR THE 70th CENTURY"*



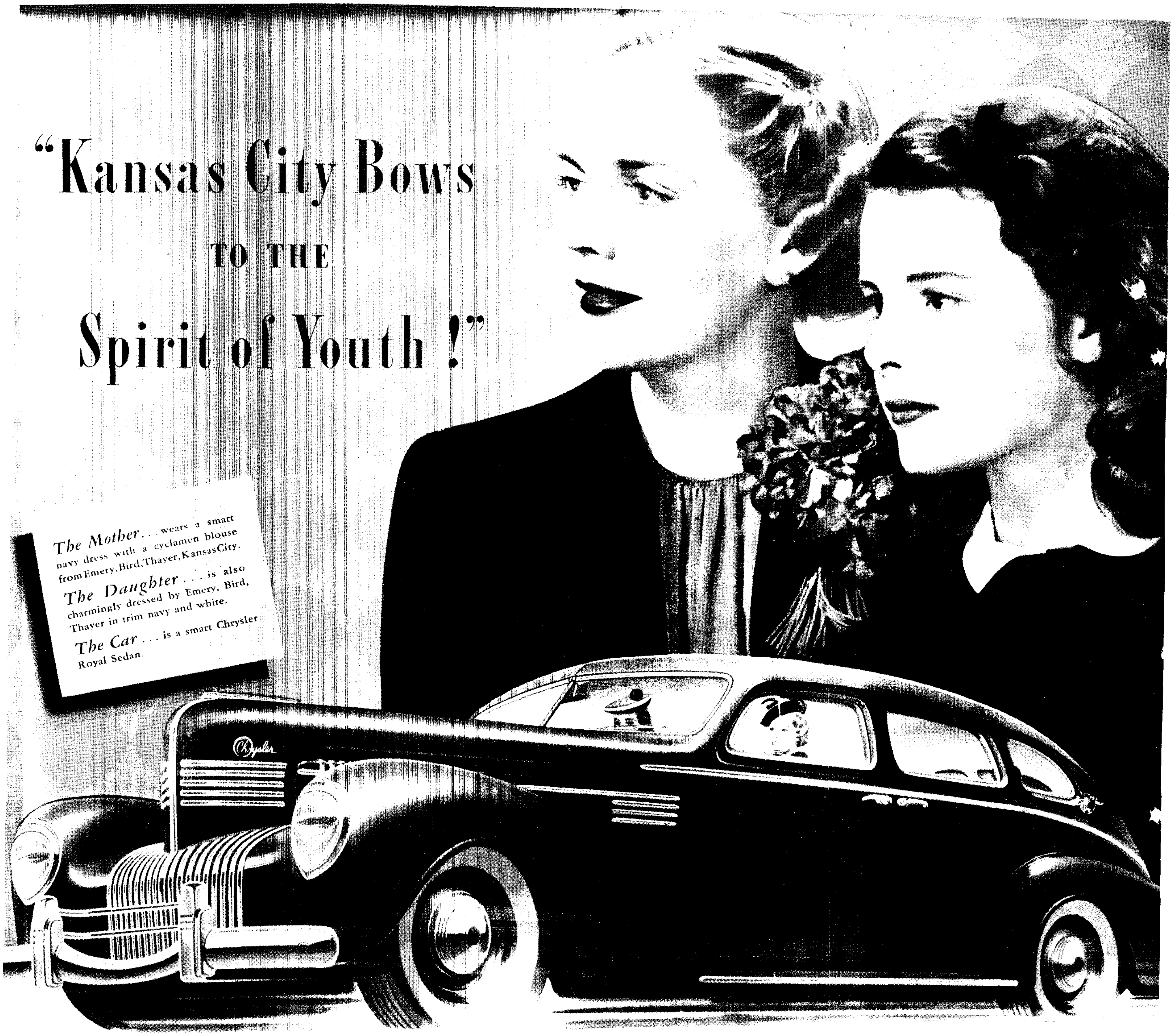
A "Fair Within a Fair." The Singing Tower of Light, with its amazing nocturnes of color and music, beckons fair-goers to a world of wonders within the Westinghouse Building. Here are the Great Halls of Power and Electrical Living; the Playground of Science; the Junior Science Laboratories; the Micro-Vivarium; the air-conditioned Little Theater; Elektro, the Moto-Man, and countless other attractions. No tour of the New York Fair is complete without a view of this colorful electrical background, against which all science and industry play their parts.

WHAT I WANT TO SEE IN THIS BUILDING ARE THE NEW THINGS WESTINGHOUSE HAS DEVELOPED TO MAKE HOUSEKEEPING EASIER
DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL SEE PLENTY OF THOSE, BUT THIS WHOLE WESTINGHOUSE BUILDING IS A WONDERFUL EDUCATION, AND WE DON'T WANT TO MISS A THING IN IT

The name that means EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY

Westinghouse

"Kansas City Bows TO THE Spirit of Youth!"


The Mother . . . wears a smart navy dress with a cyclamen blouse from Emery, Bird, Thayer, Kansas City.
The Daughter . . . is also charmingly dressed by Emery, Bird, Thayer in trim navy and white.
The Car . . . is a smart Chrysler Royal Sedan.
Chrysler

"KANSAS CITY'S seven hills foster a youthful race. And that demands a youthful motor car!

"That young-looking Chrysler took our eye the minute we saw it . . . and Janet and I drove it all morning, up hill and down.

"The Chrysler entered into the spirit of the thing . . . leaping gaily ahead of traffic at the green lights . . . skipping up the grades without a tremor . . . whisking us out of tight spots . . . not seeming to mind whether the road led up hill or down. You can't imagine the enormous power of that deceivingly quiet engine! *Floating* power, I think they call it.

"A wonderful car to drive. The steering wheel gear-shift is perfection! There's nothing quite like those Chrysler hydraulic brakes! The chair-high seats are wide as divans and covered with fabrics that a woman immediately recognizes as exceptionally high-grade!

"Lunch found us at the Country Club, peeping out at the beautiful, tapered Chrysler, carefully parked where we could see it.

"Janet was delighted. 'Quite a difference between the Chrysler and Old Wheezums, our ancient four-wheeler,' she said.

"'Old Wheezums is a truck,' I replied. 'I don't even consider it safe. Let's take a new lease on life . . . and buy that sprightly young Chrysler!'"

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1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . 100 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase.
1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . 135 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase.

Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial in five and seven passenger sedans and limousines . . . with Chrysler's amazing new transmission advancement, the Fluid Drive.

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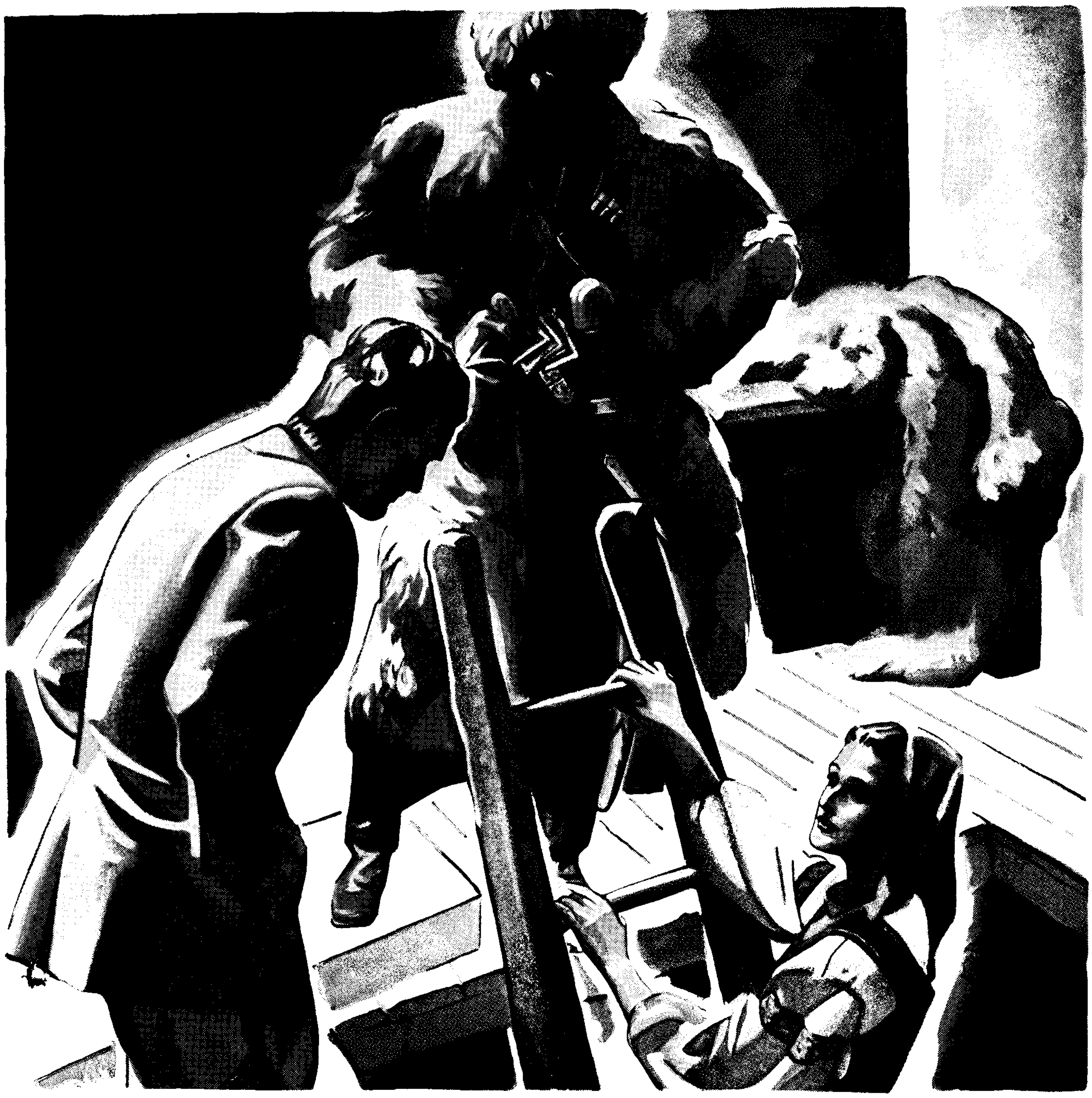
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



When she noticed David, she stopped as if struck. Then she saw the American money, and cried out

Tiger, Tiger

By Harold Lamb

Chuck Donovan figured there was something strange about a tiger hunt in the Caucasus, but he didn't know a dark-eyed girl was the answer

THE Intourist people warned him it would rain, and it did. Before noon that day he was climbing through a driving rain. Behind him the twin peaks of Jangua-tau were turning white. The Russian Caucasus grow cold in a rain—above the ten-thousand-foot level.

Chuck Donovan had not thought that a little rain would interfere with his side trip through those mountains. But there wasn't any shelter in the open car. He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and put on gloves. Then swirling mist shut out the valleys of fir forest below them.

It gave Donovan a queer feeling, as if he were climbing through clouds on the top of the world. A burst of hail spattered against the steaming hood of the car, and Donovan shouted to the Russian that they'd better head back for Tiflis and the hotel. But the Russian driver didn't know any English.

"*Da-da,*" he muttered, and bore down on the accelerator.

The only two Russian words Donovan knew were for water and watermelon. They didn't help much, just then. But Donovan wasn't the kind to worry—not that sandy-haired, lazy Texan. He didn't say anything when the motor began to miss, or when it died, and the driver, working the starter clumsily, let the car slide back into the ditch where a young freshet boiled mud and stones against the wheel hubs.

"Finish!" said Donovan.

"*Da,*" the Russian agreed.

And the motor was dead, all right. For half an hour they worked over the ignition and gas line without result. Then the driver looked around him miserably. Through some stunted pines the gray snout of a glacier showed. Up the shoulder of the mountain a big flock of sheep huddled against a limestone cliff. The Russian pointed at it, and explained by signs that Donovan was to wait in the car while he went off to investigate.

"Sure," said Donovan. "But—here!"

Pulling out a flask, he poured a capful of bourbon and gave it to the driver, who looked more cheerful immediately. They had another drink apiece, and the driver went off into the mist. It was an hour by Donovan's wrist watch before he came back with a younger fellow who held an umbrella against the wind and clutched an embroidered shawl around his shoulders and began to shout in labored English, "Are you the United States America, sir?"

"YEAH," said Donovan.

"'Ave you the passport of you?"

Under the swaying umbrella the mountain lad examined Donovan's passport and the Russian visa with his photograph that entitled him to travel second class for thirty days, all found, in the U. S. S. R. What the visa didn't say was that Chuck Donovan, an officer in one of the last cavalry regiments of the National Guard, was tired of second-rate trains and bus rides in cities. So he'd been routed through the Caucasus by the Intourist people, who'd told him he would see magnificent scenery and horses and oil fields. Pretty much what he'd grown up with in Texas.

Apparently the wielder of the umbrella was satisfied with these papers. "Quite okay," he observed. "I am speaking the-e Englis, Dunnaveen, sir. I am Shotha, who is the-e secretary of Mr. Nicolai. Now you come to the-e house of Mr. Nicolai."

There was nothing else to do, with that wind driving the hail down like bullets.

"If you arre a sportman," Shotha remarked, "Mr. Nicolai will be please. He is a ver-ry grreat sportman."

Donovan saw evidence of that in the courtyard of Mr. Nicolai's house—a rambling stone structure with a high tower, looking like a cross between a dude ranch and a feudal castle—the carcass of a brown bear, nearly full grown. He stopped to look at it because it had a chain around its neck, and it had been mauled into bloody ribbons. Shotha explained casually that the cub had grown too big and they had set the dogs on it.

And the great hall where they dined that evening had other proofs of Mr. Nicolai's sporting instinct. Heads of wild boar, elk and mountain sheep hung along the walls. Donovan noticed that some of them were badly battered. What surprised him was the tiger's head over the fireplace—a massive, snarling head without eyes.

It fascinated Donovan, this hall. Some twenty men in sheepskins gorged themselves at the other table, with the Russian driver. And the women who hurried in with sizzling platters of mutton and curd dumplings were all good-looking and almost all young.

They weren't Russians. One looked like a gypsy with her nose cut off, and some of the others had white veils fixed back in their hair. They hadn't a word to say, and they moved as gracefully as animals when Mr. Nicolai shouted at them.

He shouted a lot, Nicolai did. His deep-set brown eyes moved restlessly, watching every face. His chin bulged out over a high collar, and his heavy shoulders were crammed into a European cutaway, although he wore white lambskin breeches, and a red satin sash from which projected the carved ivory hilt of a long dagger and the ivory butt of a revolver, carved to match. An odor of eau de cologne hung about him, and he watched Donovan from the corners of his eyes.

"Mr. Nicolai says," Shotha interpreted, "have you women pretty like these in your country?"

"Well—not so many."

Nicolai smiled politely, as if at a compliment, and filled Donovan's glass with his own hand. As if he wanted the American to admire it, he held the revolver with the ivory butt pieces. Then he raised the muzzle and fired without sighting. No one moved or said anything.

The bullet hit between the eyes of the tiger on the opposite wall.

"Can you make a shot like that?"

"Maybe not," Donovan admitted. "But I'd like to have a shot at a tiger."

(Continued on page 62)

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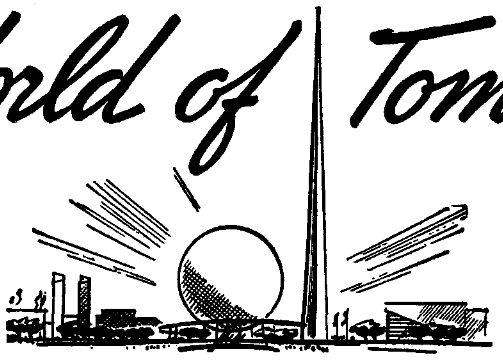

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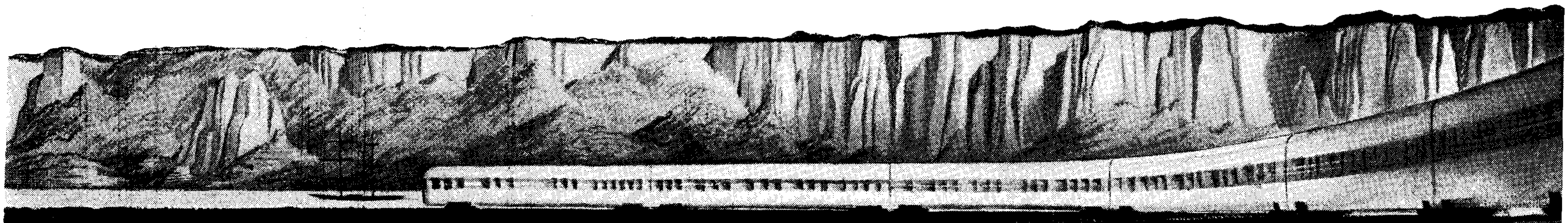

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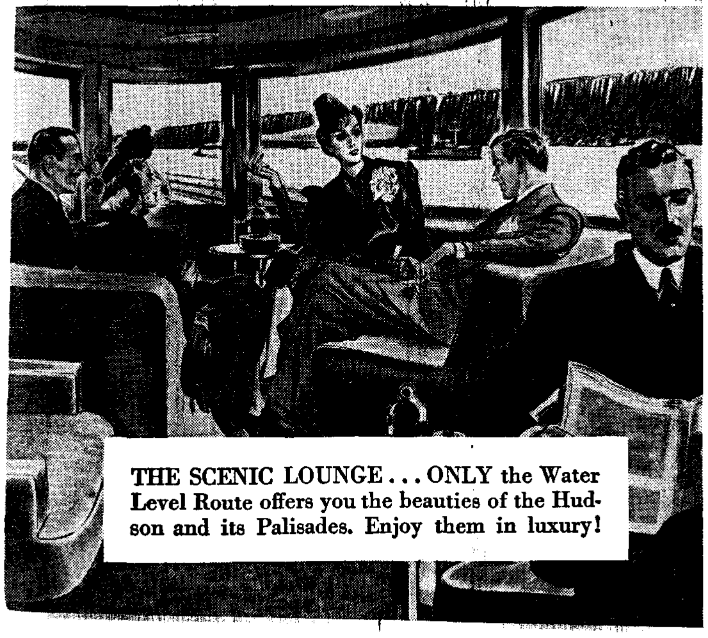

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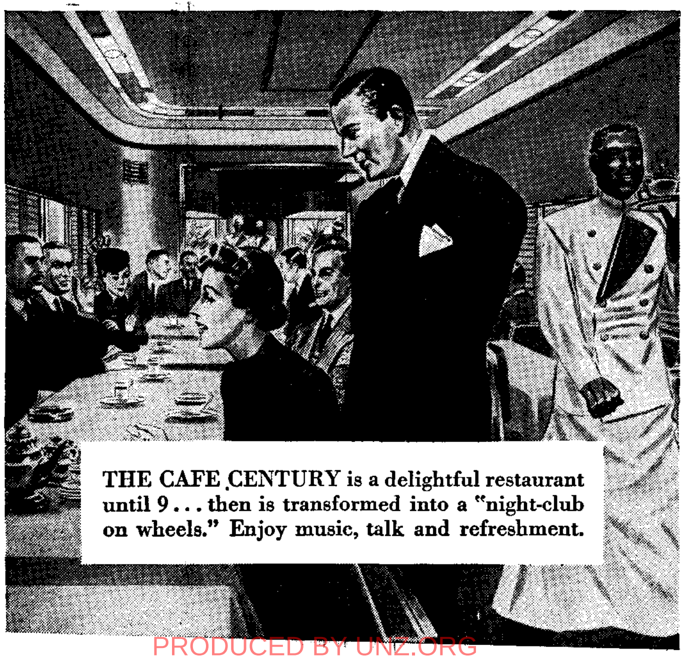

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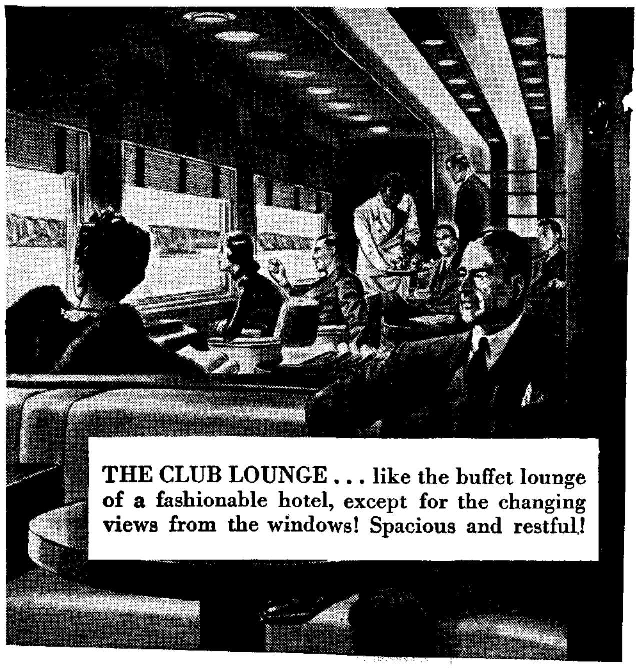

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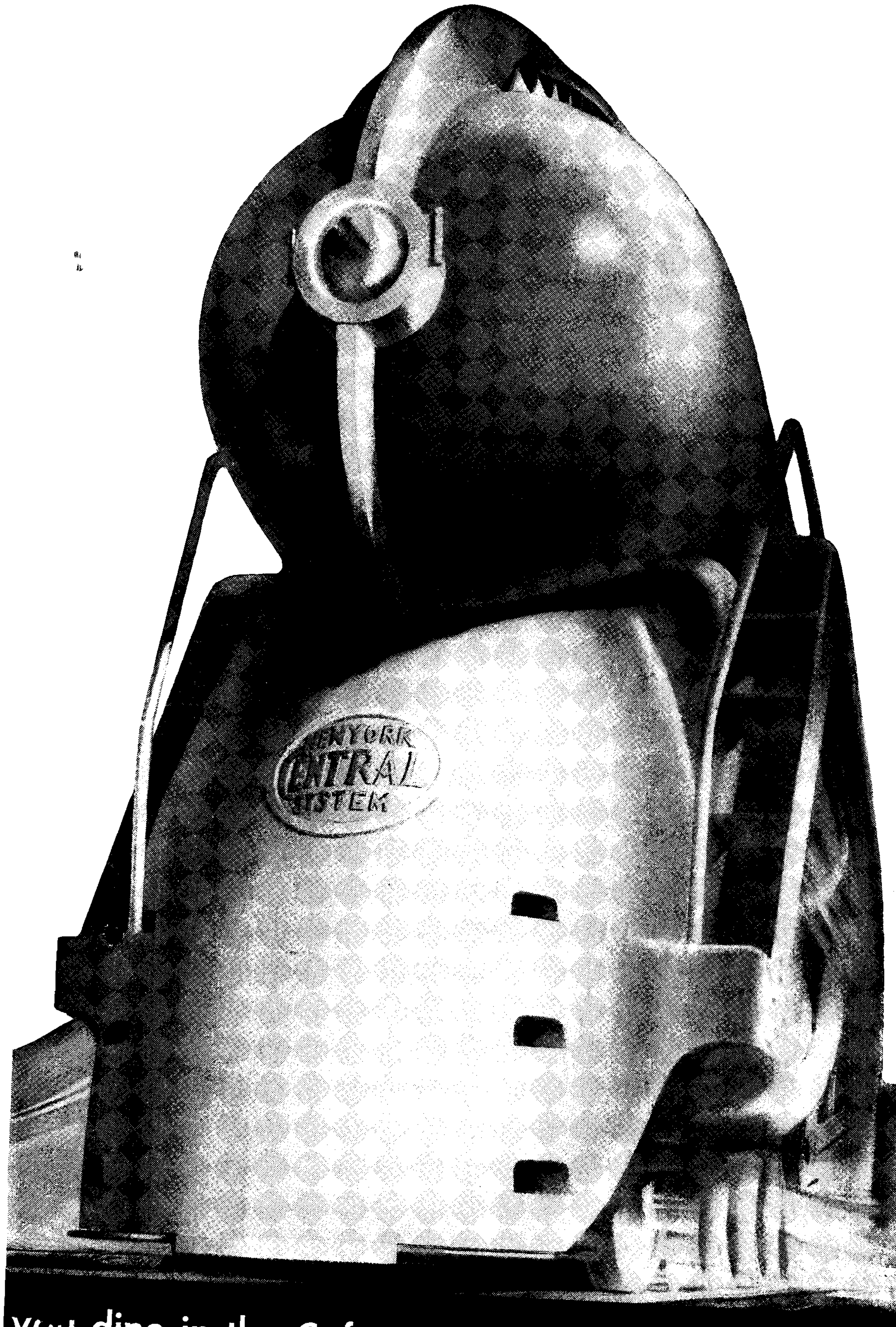
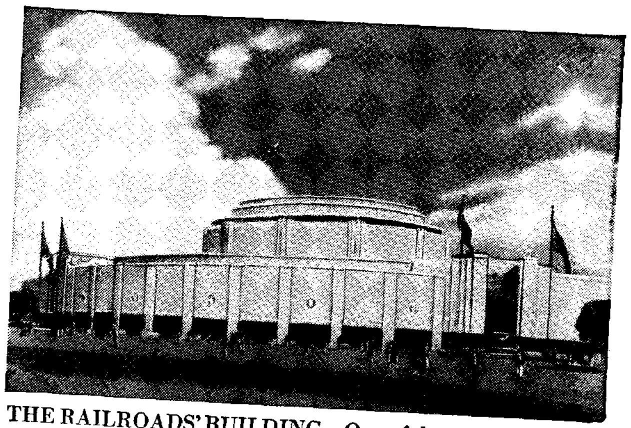
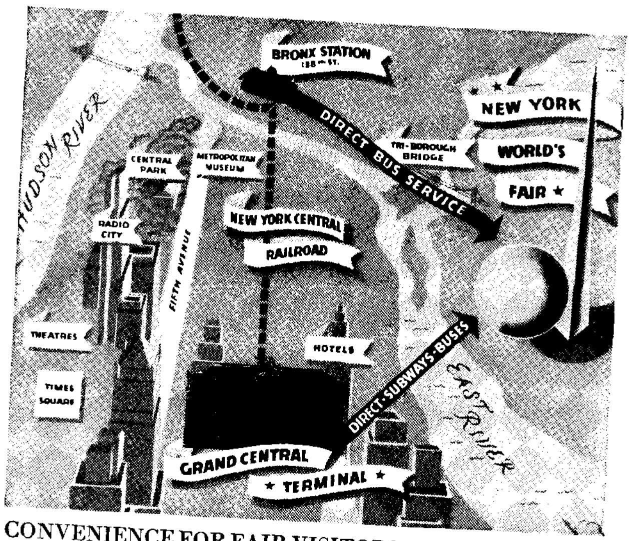

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM



THE RAILROADS' BUILDING—One of the outstanding features of the New York World's Fair. Its many exhibits show all phases of Railroading—as interesting as the new Century itself!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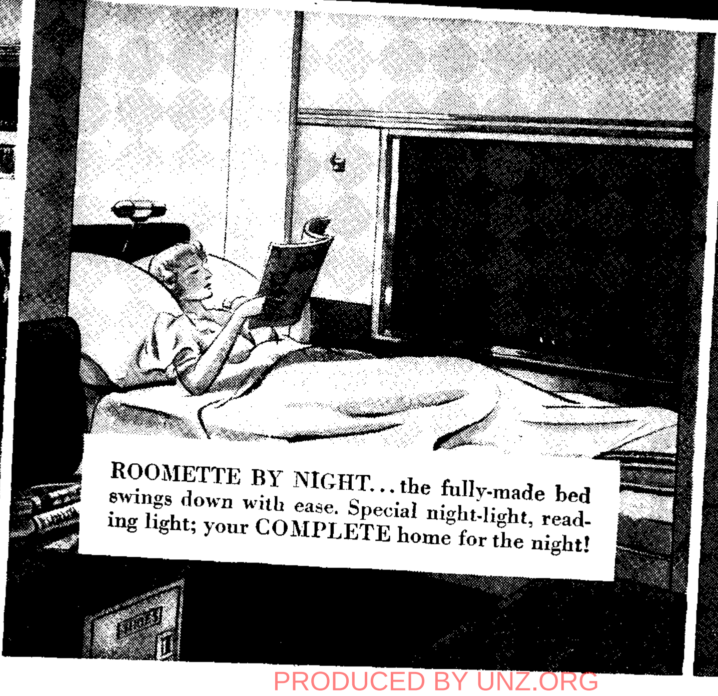

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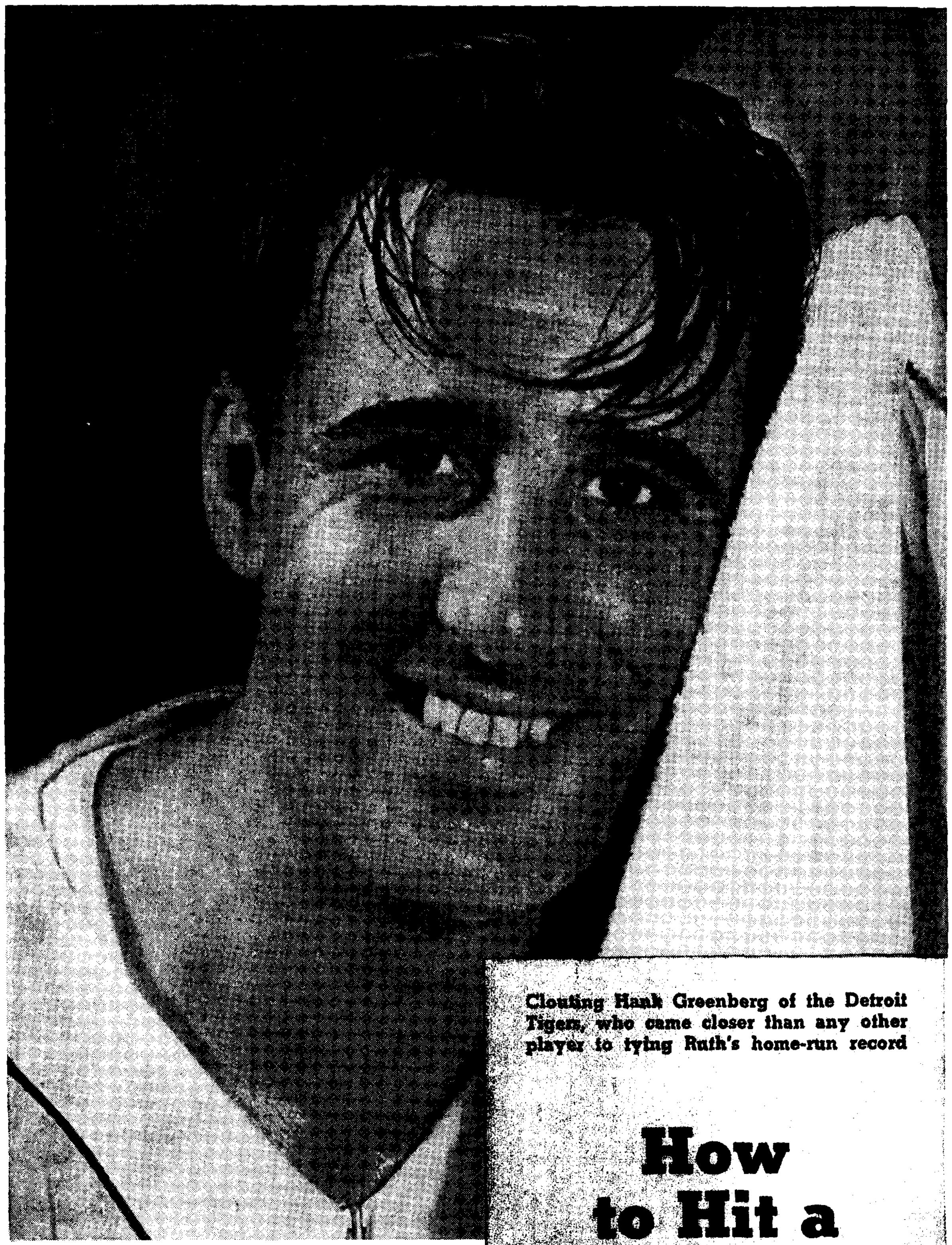


PICTURES, INC.

Clouting Hank Greenberg of the Detroit Tigers, who came closer than any other player to tying Ruth's home-run record

How to Hit a Home Run

By Hank Greenberg

Last season Hank Greenberg knocked out 58 homers. Ruth's record is 60, and Hank, with all due respect for the master of them all, is out to top it

A BALLPLAYER soon learns to take both praise and criticism in his stride, just as he learns to accept home runs and strike-outs without getting too excited in either case. I'd never been burned up before by anything that a sports writer had written about me, but this time I did feel bad. He meant it to be a boosting article, too. The headline read, "Hank Greenberg Another Babe Ruth." The story, written during the early part of last September, said that I was a cinch to break the Babe's record of hitting sixty home runs in one season. It said that I was a longer hitter than the Babe and that before my career was done, I'd eclipse every record the Babe made.

The next time I met that sports writer I told him how I felt about the tag "A Second Babe Ruth" he'd hung on me. I told him that I'd never be a second Babe and that no ballplayer ever would be even close to the old master.

There was only one Babe Ruth and there will never be another. Maybe Jimmy Foxx will break that record of sixty home runs. Maybe Joe Di Maggio or Rudy York or Hal Trosky or Bill Dickey will break it. Maybe I will. That won't make any of us a second Babe Ruth. Just look at the Babe's lifetime record for a moment. He hit more than forty home runs a year for eleven seasons. During his big-league lifetime he hit 723 home runs. He hit more than fifty home runs a season four times. No one will ever approach a lifetime record like that. Maybe one of us will hit that sixty-one mark to beat his best record but that won't give us the right even to carry Ruth's bat.

Ruth was more than just a ballplayer; more than just a game hitter. Ruth was baseball. Today he excites a feeling of awe even among ballplayers. As a kid at Monroe High School in New York I used to sit in the bleachers watching the Babe hit. Even now I can remember the feeling of stark dismay when the Babe struck out. I used to feel a wild surge of rage against the pitcher who had the temerity to strike out Ruth. I still remember the feeling of exultation when the Babe hit one for four bases. I'd hang around the players' entrance waiting for the Babe to come out. I'd watch him with hungry eyes as he walked to a car. When I say that I worshiped Babe Ruth I'm putting into words what every New York kid felt in those days.

Do youngsters feel like that now about any ballplayer? You bet they don't. Even the other ballplayers look up to the Babe as a man set apart, a man who was not only part of the game but was the game. Jimmy Foxx? Joe Di Maggio? Hank Greenberg? Sure, we're good ballplayers, but when anyone tries to put that "Second Babe Ruth" on us, we're the first to laugh.

The Babe started the modern American League pattern of hitting long balls. I'm not going into any comparison of American and National League hitting beyond the one statement that we hit more home runs in the American League. Maybe it's an accident. I don't know. I do know that men like Foxx and York and Di Maggio and Dickey and Gehrig hit longer balls than the leading National League hitters. It may be that we're all influenced by Ruth. Certainly he ushered in the era of home runs.

There are plenty of young minor-league and college players today who are feeling the Ruthian influence. They are all swinging from the heels, looking for that fat ball they can punch over the fence. Kids on the sand lots are trying to get those long hits. Some of them are perhaps copying the stances of Foxx, of Di Maggio or of Gehrig. Maybe I can give them a few hints that will help them to increase their home-run output. Maybe I can tell them how to avoid a few pitfalls.

Batters Learn by Batting

It's a funny thing about hitting home runs—you can't learn how to do it from someone else. If I ever tried to bat as the Babe used to bat, I wouldn't hit three home runs a year. He batted with his back to the pitcher and he always swung, as he said, "in front of the ball." That is, he hit it before it reached the plate. If I ever tried to copy Joe Di Maggio's flat-footed stance or Joe Cronin's wide-open stance I'd wind up with even more strike-outs than I get now, and that's plenty.

Batting is a natural art. There are a few fundamentals you must learn but after that you're on your own. The only way you can learn to bat is to bat. I learned at high school many years ago. Since then I haven't learned an awful lot. I know that I still make the same mistakes I made then but there's nothing I can do about it. Those mistakes I make are so natural that I can't eradicate them.

We had a fine baseball coach at Monroe, Tom Elliffe. He loved baseball and he made us all love the game. We even played in the gymnasium all winter. I batted so much that I had found my natural groove before I was sixteen. I hit now exactly as I did then. I have a habit of overstriding. That is, I don't give the ball a chance to get up to me. My body is in motion and my swing started before the ball reaches the plate. That's why I have so many strike-outs. I had the same fault in high school and I'll always have it. It's part of my natural, instinctive way of hitting.

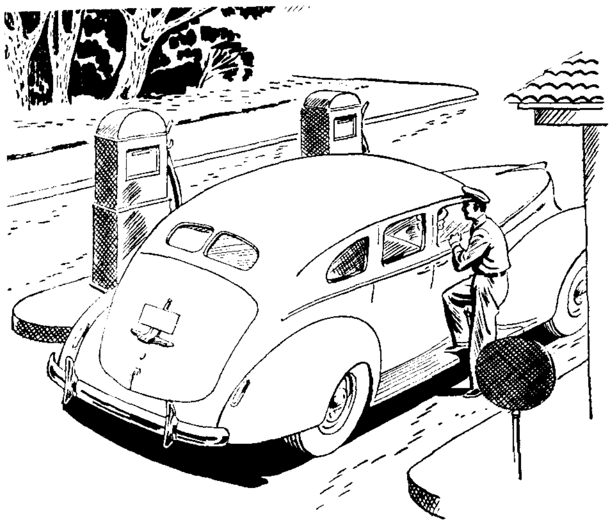
I'm trying, however, to tell you how to hit home runs—not how to strike out. The fundamentals I've mentioned are few, but important. One by one I picked them up. I'll pass them on and maybe they'll help some sand-lot or college player to hit a few more than he did last year.

Al Simmons is a great hitter because his eyes never leave that ball. You can't hit what you can't see and if your eyes aren't on the ball, you can't see it. Simmons has remarkable eyes. Even if he doesn't strike at a ball, his eyes follow it until it plunks into the catcher's mitt. Watch him sometime. I think that's the cardinal rule of batting—never take your eyes off the ball.

Rogers Hornsby, one of the greatest of all right-hand hitters, said that he could see the ball hit off the bat. I believe that he could. Baseball is like golf in this respect. Joe Di Maggio, one of the greatest of all hitters, hits the ball "late." He watches it and follows it until it breaks and then he swings. Most of us have to hit it before it breaks or try to guess how it is going to break. Di Maggio has amazing eyesight and amazingly quick co-ordination. He can swing late because he swings fast; his wrists are like spring coils which snap the bat quickly. Simmons, Hornsby, Di Maggio all hit the ball differently, all have different stances at the plate, yet the one fundamental that makes them great hitters is the fact that they can follow that ball; their eyes are always on it.

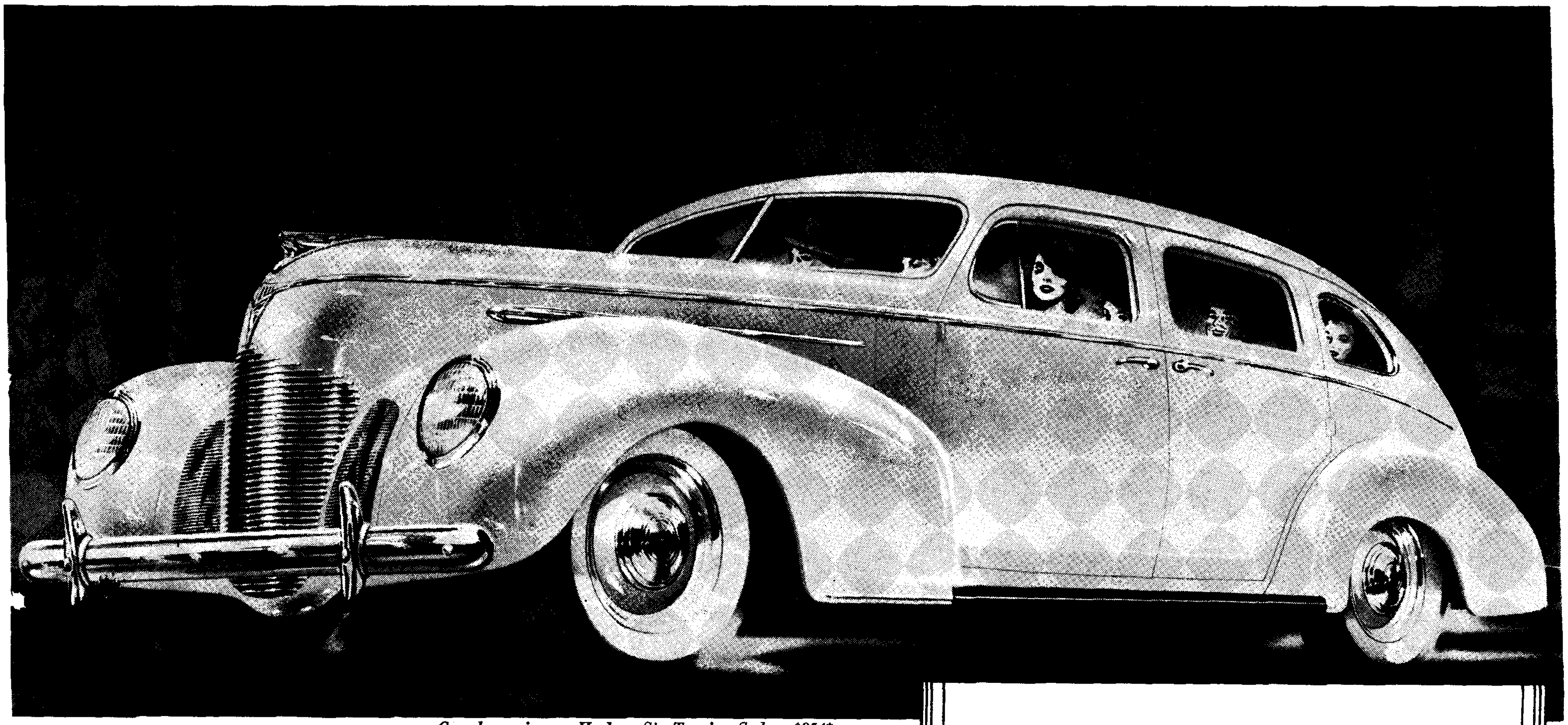
Harry Heilmann once corrected one fault I had with a single sentence. "Stop

(Continued on page 71)



"... and believe me, a tank full of gas goes a long way in this car!"

Once you drive a Hudson
No Other Car Will Do!



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TWO NEW MODELS AT NEW LOW PRICES
Starting Among AMERICA'S LOWEST . . .

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*delivered in Detroit, equipped to drive; including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Low time payment terms, with new Hudson-C.I.T. Plan. Prices subject to change without notice.

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THESE GOOD THINGS CAN BE SAID ONLY ABOUT HUDSON

In Every Popular Price Class, Even the *Lowest,* Hudson Gives You:

AMAZING ECONOMY of gasoline and oil. Owners report greater economy than any other car they ever owned. Top horsepower per pound of car weight, too—and smoothest power.

MORE ROOM all around, for both *passengers* and *luggage,* than any other popular priced cars—with 55 inches of front seat comfort for three.

WORLD'S SAFEST STOPPING with Patented Double-Safe Hydraulics—finest Bendix Hydraulics with mechanical emergency brake working automatically from the *same* foot pedal. Easiest acting hand brake for parking.

EXTRA PROTECTION with Auto-Poise Control (patent applied for)—helps keep wheels straight even when a tire blows. No other car has anything like it.

UNMATCHED COMFORT with seat cushions of Airfoam—a new material of wonderful softness. Standard in many models; available in all.

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ADDED SAFETY with new Dash-Locking Safety Hood—wind can't blow it open; and when your car is locked nobody can raise the hood.

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* You get an extra kick out of your favorite gas with the new Champion Spark Plugs, sealed with Sillment. This exclusive material and process permanently seals Champions against troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs. It insures absolutely uniform ignition in every cylinder — quicker starts, faster acceleration, smoother, more economical and dependable engine performance.

IT'S THRIFTY TO INSTALL NEW SPARK PLUGS—*Demand* CHAMPIONS

The Aunts

Continued from page 15

"My dear little girl," Tammie said. "My dear little Hannah."

I held her off and looked down at her. She had grown plump, like a rosy, slightly withered little apple, but on the whole she was unchanged.

"How's Aunt Ellen?" I asked.

"I hope well," she said, and I laughed.

"Everything's just the same," I said, and suddenly stood stock-still because the car to which Tammie had led me was not my grandmother's old limousine, but a definitely utilitarian new roadster.

Then I saw Tammie's driver, and there was no mistaking him. He looked almost exactly like Dr. Caleb, but I somehow knew at once that no woman on earth would scare him at all.

"Hannah, this is Dan Newton," cried Tammie triumphantly. "He gave me a lift."

And since when, I asked myself, has my Aunt Tammie needed lifts?

DAN got out of the car, and we shook hands very formally.

"So you're the niece," he said, and to my everlasting horror I felt the red come up in my face.

Then I caught his eye and suddenly we both were laughing. Tammie has never known why.

After that everything was easy and pleasant. As a matter of fact, it was more than pleasant. It was nice. I got along beautifully with Dan Newton, and he made me a wonderful beau that summer. Really attractive men were like hen's teeth in Grovesville, and so, said Dan, were attractive girls.

We had a great deal of fun out of Tammie's attempts at throwing us together. I remember that one day, after a particularly transparent effort, Dan said:

"Well, it's been a fine thing. If Tammie hadn't had this plot against us we'd never have hit it off like this. It's all been so open and aboveboard. You know I'm not serious about you, and I know you have no designs on me. Lord," he said, "poor young doctors can't go marrying."

"Neither," I said with the brightest smile, "can rich young girls."

"You're twenty-four," Dan said rudely.

"That's young."

"Not in Grovesville, it isn't. They all go around clucking and saying, 'That pretty Hannah. Just like her aunts.'"

"Ready to jump at anyone," I said. And then, because suddenly the conversation irked me, I changed the subject.

"Aunt Ellen is clipping her hedge," I said.

Dan looked up sharply. "She mustn't do that."

We ran across the street to stop her.

"Hullo, my dears," said Ellen. She panted a little and leaned into the hedge. Dan took the shears away from her.

"Miss Ellen, you mustn't do things like this," he said.

"I always clip my hedge," said Ellen.

"Do as the doctor says, Miss Ellen."

"Pooh," said Ellen, "I'll do as I please."

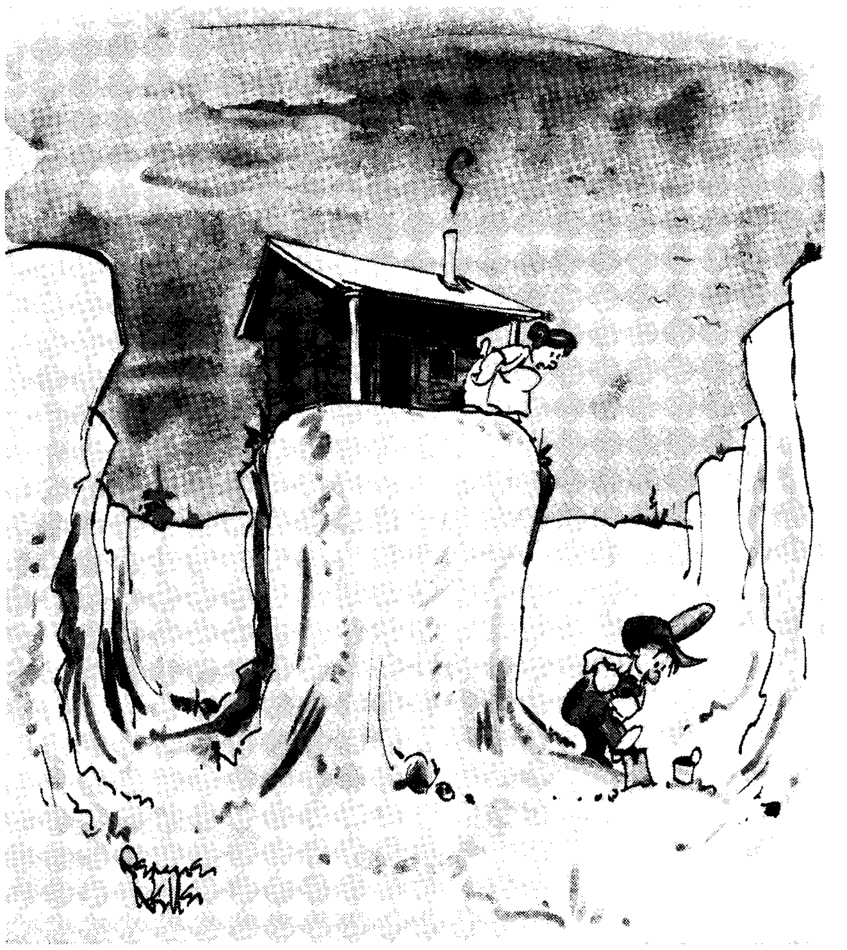
Then she smiled at us, that long, lazy smile that hadn't changed with the years which had made her so thin.

"I see Tammie's trying to match you children up," she said.

Dan laughed, but I said, "Really, Auntie?" and Dan turned quickly and looked at me in surprise.

"Well, you're both quite safe in Tammie's hands," said Ellen.

We took her back to the house, and as we left her she called after us. "Don't forget, Hannah, you come to me next week," she said. There was an indisputable gleam in her eye. I shuddered.



"I wish you'd go a little farther from the house to dig for worms, Kennesaw!"

REAMER KELLER

The next day was hot and Dan stopped by to take me to the river. I loved to go there. It was a very small river, hardly more than a brook, and the water ran clear brown over the sand and the pebbles. Where we always went, there was a little beach to lie on. In places, the river was quite deep and you could swim in under the overhanging trees if you wanted to. Dan and I stayed in the cold water for a long time.

I turned my head and saw Dan looking at me.

"Hannah," he said, "isn't it strange about your aunts and my uncle?"

"Yes, poor dears," I said.

"Why poor dears?"

"They never married anyone."

"I suppose all women want to get married," he said. "Do you, Hannah?"

"Of course."

"Soon?"

"Pretty soon."

"Hm'm," said Dan, and then we were both of us laughing like fools.

When we drew up at Tammie's gate, Dan said, "I suppose you're very rich, Hannah?"

"Quite rich," I said.

He waved his hand at Tammie's house and at Ellen's.

"I suppose you'll inherit all this?"

"I suppose so," I said.

"Of course you'll sell it?"

"Oh, of course," I said. "What would I do, living in Grovesville."

"You'll probably marry someone very rich, and travel," he said.

"Oh, of course," I said. "Money marries money, you know."

I got out of the car and slammed the door and ran up Tammie's path.

But Dan came after me.

"Hannah," he said.

"What?"

"Nothing," he said. "Good night, Hannah dear."

I didn't see Dan for two days after this, though I stayed home pretty steadily, but on the afternoon of the third day he appeared.

"I have a call to make three houses down," he said by way of explanation.

"How nice of you to stop in," I said.

He grinned and sat down on the steps beside me.

ALMOST immediately my beaming Aunt Tammie came out of the house with a plate of cookies in her hand.

"Here, darling," she said, "give Dan some of these."

"The way to a man's heart," Dan said and I nearly threw the plate at him.

"Well, it certainly is," Tammie said, "though I must say, I'd nearly given you children up these last few days."

"Auntie, don't be absurd," I said sharply, but Dan laughed.

"Miss Tammie, I think your sister's right," he said. "She thinks you're trying to match us up."

I was so hurt. I have never been so hurt.

Tammie bridled. "Ellen!" she said. "Ellen. Really!"

Then suddenly she was wary. "Tomorrow you go to Ellen," she said. She turned her head, and looked directly across the street. There, indeed, stood Ellen. She was watching us and there was no mistaking the smile on her face. In that moment I'm sure Tammie guessed that Ellen was planning to steal her thunder. She made up her mind and put her stupid little foot right into the middle of things.

She looked so archly at Dan and me. "I must say I can't think of anything nicer than a match between you two," she said. She shook her finger at Dan—

A 4th Car will soon join the "Big 3"

On April 20th STUDEBAKER will present a new car in the price field of Chevrolet, Ford and Plymouth!

"Dancin' girls, Murray, *thousands* of 'em— an' elephants—"

One evening the biggest, reddest sports phaeton I ever saw in my life pulls into my place.

There's two Hollywood guys in it. I'm checkin' their oil, and start to tell 'em about Golden Shell Oil, when one of 'em yells, *"Let me see your profile!"*

"I'm sorry," I says. "I haven't any—"

"A natural, Murray!" he says to his friend.

"Terrific!" says Murray.

"We'll get Veevee LaVerne to play opposite. He's a simple gas-pumper—she's a debutante and don't give him a tumble . . ."

"Mister," I break in, "Golden Shell is fast-flowin'—it's tough-bodied—it's the answer to stop-and-go drivin'. It only costs 25¢ a quart. You ought to have a drain an' refill—"

"He joins the Foreign Legion and finds her in a harem," one of these guys raves. "We'll have dancing girls, Murray, *thousands* of dancing girls—and a herd of elephants."

"Son," says the other guy to me, "what's your price?"

I figure quick. "Including the Golden Shell, that's $2.75," I tells him.

"Murray!" he screams, "step on it—the guy is outa his mind!"

Well, that's that. But I wonder how I *would* look on an elephant?

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

I can still feel the horror crawl up my back. "And I think you agree with me, Dr. Dan."

Her words fell between us like a lump of lead. Dan looked straight at me without even a smile. He said nothing. No one said anything. Then I heard my own voice. I found myself on my feet.

"Auntie, you're an incurable romantic," I said with a merry, merry laugh. "What would Dan do with a frivolous girl like me? And what—what in the world—would I do in Grovesville for the rest of my life?"

Dan stood up too.

"What, indeed?" he said in the blandest voice.

"Dan, you're not going?" said Tammie.

"Why yes," Dan said. He turned to me. "Goodby," he said, and then we were watching his tall back go down the walk, as years before we had watched Ellen's

"Hannah, what happened?" Tammie whispered. "I thought you liked each other."

"We hate each other," I said. I felt the tears hot on my cheeks. "Oh, Auntie, how could you?" I sobbed. "How could you? How could you?"

THE next day I left a very chastened Tammie and moved over to Ellen's for my second month in Grovesville.

The moment she saw me, Ellen said, "My darling child! What did Tammie do?"

"Oh, Aunt Ellen," I said. I threw myself on the sofa face down.

"Why, darling," she said. "I'll straighten things out for you. I'll show that Tammie."

"Don't dare," I said.

"Why not, dear?"

"I hate him, Aunt Ellen. I hate him."

Ellen patted me absently on the head.

"Then I'd just forget him," she said, and left me to my sorrows. I remember that I looked after her as she went and thought she was the cruelest woman I had ever known.

It must have been nearly an hour later that I glanced out of the window and saw her clipping the hedge. I ran out into the garden.

"Aunt Ellen, you stop," I said.

"I was just going to," she said mildly. She handed me the shears and leaned against my shoulder for a moment.

"Why Aunt Ellen," I said. "You're not well." I could feel her shaking and her face looked like death. She closed her eyes and bit her lip hard.

"I'll call Dr. Caleb," I said. "I'll get Dan."

"I thought I would overdo just a little so that you could call Dan," she said, "but the sun is so hot."

"Aunt Ellen, come into the house."

"No," she said. "I am going to pay my sister a visit. Help me, Hannah."

"Please, darling, come into the house," I begged.

"Very well then, I shall go alone," said Ellen.

She started off across the lawn, and I had to go with her.

Tammie was reading under her sugar maple. When she saw us she dropped her book and her jaw, and stood up to meet us.

"Well, sister," said Ellen.

"Well, Ellen."

They looked at each other and saw all the lines and the gray hairs and the plumpness and the spareness that the years had brought.

Ellen's mouth twitched.

"You still look pretty in black," she said. I don't think she could help it.

Poor Tammie bristled. She could never trust Ellen. Poor, stupid Tammie.

"And you," she said. "I saw you clipping your hedge just now. That ill-health of yours must have come to nothing."

"To nothing at all," said Ellen.

"Auntie—" I said to Tammie.

Ellen said, "Hush, child, we're going now."

She smiled very sweetly. "Goodby, Tammie," she said, and lifted her voice in a question.

"Goodby," said Tammie, stubborn as a mule.

We walked down the path again, more slowly this time. As we reached the gate, Tammie called, "Ellen!" Ellen didn't turn. She never gave Tammie more than one chance.

My heart was full for my Aunt Ellen. I felt her shaking on my arm and looked into her face. She was laughing.

"It's much more fun this way," she said. I thought she was delirious.

The gardener and I carried her up to her room, while one of the maids called the doctor.

"There is medicine in the cabinet," she said, and I found it and gave it to her.

"It won't really help," she said, and lay back panting.

After a while, though, she looked a little better.

"There is a black dress in the closet," she said. "I want you to dress me in it."

"But, Aunt Ellen—"

"Hurry, Hannah. I haven't long."

I don't know yet how I got her out of the gray dress and into the black. My fingers were icy, but her body was colder. I think I hurt her unbearably, but she never groaned once.

"There," I said. "There, Aunt Ellen."

"It's a lovely dress, isn't it, Hannah?" she whispered. I suddenly realized that black was no longer unkind to my aunt. She was never more beautiful.

"There's Caleb," she whispered, and I heard a step on the stairs.

"Ellen," he said. He stood still in the doorway.

"Dear Caleb," said Ellen.

I ran into Dan's arms.

"Oh, Dan," I said, "oh, Dan, she's dying."

"Darling, don't cry," Dan said. "Darling, darling, don't cry."

"Children," said Ellen. "Come here."

IT WAS exactly then, as we stood hand in hand, that someone brought Tammie. She saw us from the doorway and she came into the room with mistrust written plainly on her face. Then she saw Ellen and Ellen was dying.

"Sister," she cried. "Sister—in black." She ran to the bed and sank to her knees. "Ellen, I didn't understand."

"Dear Tammie," sighed Ellen.

I can swear to this day that I saw her eyes dance.

She sighed again and turned her head.

"Caleb," she said. She lifted her weak, white hand and laid it in his.

"Oh, Ellen, I know, I know," said Caleb. She was the lost love of his youth forever.

"Children, Tammie, Caleb," she said as though she were counting.

Then my Aunt Ellen closed her eyes.

And that is all there is to the story except that Dan and I were married soon after and that we've been very happy, and that Dr. Caleb often wears the fine, faraway look of a man who lives with a secret sorrow, and that my Aunt Tammie is spending her remaining years dressed in a very unbecoming shade of gray. She says it's the least she can do for the memory of her dear sister whom she misjudged so grievously. She also says, quite frequently, that she really looks forward to the end of her life because, in heaven, she'll be able to ask Ellen's forgiveness.

Neither Dan nor I have the heart to tell my Aunt Tammie that we're not at all sure that she'll find my Aunt Ellen in heaven.

The Drums of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 21

When presently Smith, Gallaho and I set out in the police car for Greystones, we had succeeded in learning a little more about the mysterious Mrs. Milton. A police inspector and the police surgeon we had left behind at Great Oaks; but, as Nayland Smith said, what expert opinion had failed to learn in regard to the death of General Quinto local talent could not hope to find out.

Mrs. Milton, Dr. Jasper had told us before he finally collapsed (for the ordeal through which he had passed had entirely sapped his nervous energy), was a chance acquaintance. The doctor, during one of his rare constitutionals in the neighboring lanes, had found her beside a stalled car and had succeeded in restarting the engine. Quite obviously he had been attracted. They had exchanged cards and he had invited her to lunch and to look over his laboratory.

His description of Mrs. Milton tallied exactly with that of the woman who had visited General Quinto on the night before his murder!

MY EXCITEMENT, as we speeded toward Greystones, grew even greater. With my own eyes I was about to see this harbinger of death employed by Dr. Fu Manchu; finally to convince myself that she was not Ardatha. But, indeed, little doubt on this point remained.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken," said Nayland Smith, "you are going to meet for the first time, Kerrigan, an example of a dead woman moving amongst the living, influencing, fascinating them. I won't tell you, Inspector Gallaho"—he turned to the Scotland Yard officer—"whom I suspect this woman to be. But she is someone you have met before."

"Now that I know Dr. Fu Manchu is concerned in this case," the inspector growled in his husky voice, "nothing would surprise me."

We passed along the main street of a village in which all the houses and cottages were in darkness, and pulled up before one over which, dimly, I could see a tablet which indicated that this was the local police headquarters. As we stepped out:

"Strange," murmured Nayland Smith, looking about him—"there's no car here, and only one light, upstairs."

"I don't like this," said Gallaho savagely, marching up the path and pressing a bell beside the door.

There was some delay, which we all suffered badly. Then a window opened above and I saw a woman looking out.

"What do you want?" she called: it was a meek voice.

"I want Constable Isles," said Gallaho violently. "This is Detective-Inspector Gallaho, of Scotland Yard. I spoke to the constable twenty minutes ago, and now I'm here to see him."

"Oh!" said the owner of the meek voice, "I'll come down."

A minute later she opened the door. I saw that she wore a dressing gown and looked much disturbed.

"Where's the woman," snapped Nayland Smith, "whom the constable was detaining?"

"She's gone, sir."

"What!"

"Yes. I suppose he must have been satisfied, to have let her go. My husband has had a very hard day, and he's fast asleep in the parlor. I didn't like to disturb him."

"What is the meaning of this?"

Nayland Smith spoke as angrily as he ever spoke to a woman. Accompanied by the hastily attired Mrs. Isles, we stood in a little sitting room. A heavily built man, who wore a tweed suit, was lying on a couch, apparently plunged in deep sleep. Chief Detective-Inspector Gallaho chewed ominously and glared at the woman.

"I think it's just that he's overtired, sir," she said. She was a plump, dark-eyed, hesitant sort of creature, and our invasion seemed to have terrified her. "When he's like that I never disturb him, because he's a bad sleeper."

"He's drugged," snapped Smith irritably.

"Oh, no!" the woman whispered.

Drugged he was, for it took us nearly ten minutes to revive him. When ultimately Constable Isles sat up and stared about, I thought that I had rarely seen a more bewildered man. He looked from face to face.

"I'm Chief Detective-Inspector Gallaho. You reported to me less than half an hour ago. Where's the car? Where's the prisoner?"

The wretched man steadied himself, outstretched hand against a wall.

"Oh, sir!" he said, and made a visible attempt to pull himself together. "A terrible thing has happened to me!"

"You mean a terrible thing is going to happen to you," growled Gallaho.

"Leave this to me." Nayland Smith rested his hand on Isles' shoulder, and gently forced him down onto the couch again. "Don't bother about it too much. I think I know what occurred, and it has occurred to others, before. When the general order came, you dressed and went out to watch the road. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir."

"You saw what looked like the car described coming along this way. You stopped it. How did you stop it?"

"I stood in the road and signaled to the driver to pull up. When she stopped, I told her I was a police officer and that there was a query about her car. She took it quietly, left the car at the gate out there, and came in. That was when I telephoned to the number I had been given, and reported that I had found the wanted car."

"What happened after that?"

"Well, sir, I could see she was a foreigner, good-looking in her way, although"—glancing at his buxom wife—"a bit on the thin side from my point of view. And she was so nice and seemed so anxious not to want to wake the missis that I felt half sorry for her."

"What did she say to you? What did she talk about?"

"To tell you the truth, sir—" he stared pathetically at Nayland Smith—"I can't really remember. But while we were waiting she asked me to have a cigarette."

"Did you do so?"

"Yes. I lighted it and one for her at the same time. Then I took a few puffs—and that's the last thing I remember."

"SIR DENIS evidently detained, sir. Expect him any moment."

It was the evening of the following day and I had called at Smith's flat in Whitehall by appointment. I looked at the expressionless face of the speaker:

"That's all right, Fey; I'll come in and wait."

As I crossed the lobby and entered the sitting room, which contained the big radio and that television set upon which miraculously, once, Dr. Fu Manchu had manifested himself, I heard the phone ringing. Staring at the apparatus, I took out a cigarette. I could hear Fey's clipped speech in the lobby. A few moments later he entered.

"Going out, sir," he reported. "Whisky-soda? Buffet at disposal. Sir Denis

FAIR ENOUGH!
—by C. A. Voight
PEGGY! — WHERE ARE MY PILLS? YOU KNOW I CAN'T TRAVEL WITHOUT THEM!
NEVER MIND, DAD, COME ON TO THE DINER. I'VE A BETTER IDEA—YOU SHOULDN'T LET YOURSELF GET INTO A CONDITION WHERE YOU NEED THOSE EMERGENCY CATHARTICS. YOU PROBABLY DON'T GET ENOUGH "BULK"—YOU SHOULD EAT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN!
SAY! THIS SURE DOES BEAT THE MEDICINES—IT'S GOOD PEGGY!
YES, AND IF YOU'LL EAT ALL-BRAN EVERY DAY AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER, THE WORLD WILL LOOK A WHOLE LOT BRIGHTER
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SOMETIME LATER
I FEEL FIFTY YEARS YOUNG, PEGGY, —NOT A TROUBLE IN THE WORLD!
CAN I TAKE JUST A LITTLE CREDIT FOR THAT IDEA ABOUT ALL-BRAN?
C. A. Voight

Doesn't this sound like common sense about constipation? Instead of enduring it first and trying to cure it afterward, why not avoid both the trouble and the treatment by getting at its *cause?* You can do it, if your difficulty is the ordinary one (too little "bulk" in the diet). The way is to eat a crisp, crunchy cereal that is particularly rich in "bulk"—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and "Join the Regulars"! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

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MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL SPOT REMOVER
BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

at Yard with Inspector Gallaho. Will be here inside ten minutes."

He prepared a drink for me and went out.

I drank my whisky-and-soda. Then closing my eyes I lay back in the chair.

"If you will be good enough to lower the light, Mr. Kerrigan"—the voice was unmistakable—"and sit closer to the screen, there is something important to yourself and to Sir Denis which I have to communicate."

I sprang up—I could not have sprung up more suddenly if a bomb had exploded at my feet. The screen was illuminated, as once before I had seen it illuminated . . . and there looking out at me was Dr. Fu Manchu!

For a moment I doubted what course to take; and then (I think almost anyone would have done the same) I extinguished the light.

"Will you please touch the red button on the right of the screen," the sibilant voice went on, "merely to indicate that you have observed my wishes."

I touched the red button. My heart was beating much too rapidly; but, sitting down on an ottoman, I compelled myself to study that wonderful face. Never had I seen before, and never have I seen since, such power in a man's eyes *as lay in those of Dr. Fu Manchu.*

Then he spoke, and his voice, too, was unforgettable.

"I regret, Mr. Kerrigan," he said, "that you are still alive. Your rescue meant that an old and useful base is now destroyed. I suspect that some member of the Si-Fan has failed me in this matter. If so, there will be retribution."

His words chilled me coldly—

Did he suspect Ardatha?

"In the absence of Sir Denis—" the words seemed to reach me indistinctly—"I must request *you*, Mr. Kerrigan, to take my message. It is very simple; it is this: Sir Denis has fought with me for many years. I have come to respect him as one respects an honorable enemy, but forces difficult to control now demand that I should act swiftly. Listen, and I will explain what I mean to do."

That forceful voice died away unaccountably. My brain suggested that the instrument, operated by an unknown principle, had failed. But then, conscious thought petered out altogether, I suppose. The eyes regarding me from the screen were *green*. . . . Then they merged together and became one contemplative eye. That eye grew enormous—it dominated the picture—it became a green lake—and a remorseless urge impelled me to plunge into its depths. . . .

I STOOD up, or so I thought, from the ottoman on which I had been seated, and walked forward into the lake.

Miraculously, I did not sink. Stepping across a glittering green expanse, I found myself upon solid land. Here I paused, and the voice of Dr. Fu Manchu spoke:

"Look!—this is China."

I saw a swamp; a vast morass wherein no human thing could dwell, a limitless and vile corruption. . . . I saw guns buried in the mud; in pools I saw floating corpses: the fetid air was full of carrion, and all about me I heard wailing and lamentations.

"Look! It is Spain."

I saw a waste that once had been a beautiful village: the shell of an old church; ruins of a house upon whose scarred walls bougainvillaea bloomed gaily. People, amongst them women and children, were searching in the ruins. I wondered for what they were searching. But out of the darkness the voice came again:

"Look! This is London."

From my magic carpet I looked down upon Whitehall. Almost that spectacle conquered the magic of the voice. I fought against mirage; but the mood of rebellion passed. . . . I saw the Cenotaph partly demolished. I heard crashes all around me, muted but awful. Where, I thought, familiar buildings should be, there were gaping caverns. Strange figures, antlike as I looked down upon *them, ran in all directions.*

"*Your* world!" said the voice. "Come, now, into mine. . . ."

And Ardatha was beside me!

It was a rose garden; the scent of the *flowers intoxicating*. An exquisite sense of well-being overcame me. I turned to Ardatha—and her lips were irresistible.

"Why did you ever doubt what I told you?" she whispered.

"Only because I was a fool."

I lost myself in a kiss that realized all the raptures of which I had ever dreamed. . . .

Ardatha melted from my arms. . . . I sought her, called her name—"Ardatha! Ardatha!" But the rose garden had vanished: I was in darkness—alone, helpless, though none constrained me.

Flat on the carpet of Nayland Smith's apartment, as I had fallen back from the ottoman, I lay—fully alive to my environment, but unable to speak—to move!

THE screen, the magical screen, was black. *Faint light came through the* windows. Something—some damnable thing—had happened. I had gone mad—or been bewitched. That power, suspected but now experienced, of the dreadful Chinese doctor had swept me up.

With what purpose?

There seemed to be nothing different about the room—but how long had I been unaware of what was going on? Most accursed thing of all, I could think, but I couldn't move! I lay there flat on my back, helpless as one dead. My keen mental activity in this condition was a double agony.

As I lay I could see right into the lobby—and now I became aware of the fact that I was not alone!

A small, dark man had opened the outer door quietly, glanced in my direction, and then set down a handbag which he had seemed to carry with great care. He wore thick-rimmed glasses. He opened the bag, and I saw him doing something to the telephone.

I tried to command nerve and muscle—I tried to move. It was futile.

My body was dead: my brain, alone, lived. . . .

I saw the man go. Even in that moment of mental torment I must watch passively—for I could not close my eyes!

Here I lay at the point from which my journeys to China, to Spain, to an enchanted rose garden had begun, and so lying, unable to move a muscle, again I heard a key inserted in the door. . . . The door opened and Nayland Smith dashed into the room. He looked down at me.

"Kerrigan!" he exclaimed, and bent over me.

My eyes remained fixed: they continued to stare toward the lobby.

"Kerrigan! Kerrigan! Speak, old man! What's happened?"

Speak! I could not stir. . . .

He placed his ear to my chest, tested my pulse, stood up and seemed to hesitate for a moment. I heard, and partly saw him, going from room to room, searching. Then he came back and again fully into view. He stared down at me *critically. He had switched up all the* lights as he had entered. He walked across to the lobby . . . and I knew that he was about to take up the telephone!

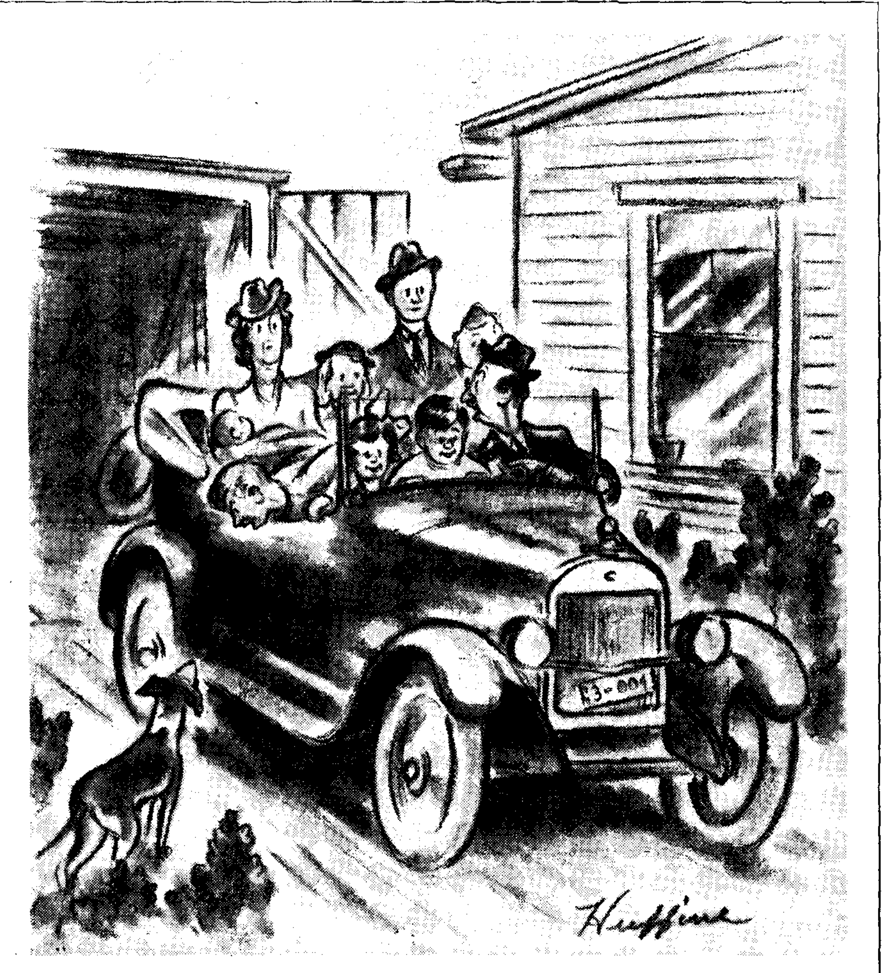
His intentions were obvious. He was going to call a doctor.

A scream of the spirit implored me to awake, to warn him not to touch that telephone. This was the supreme moment of torture. . . .

I heard the faint tinkling of the bell as Nayland Smith raised the receiver.

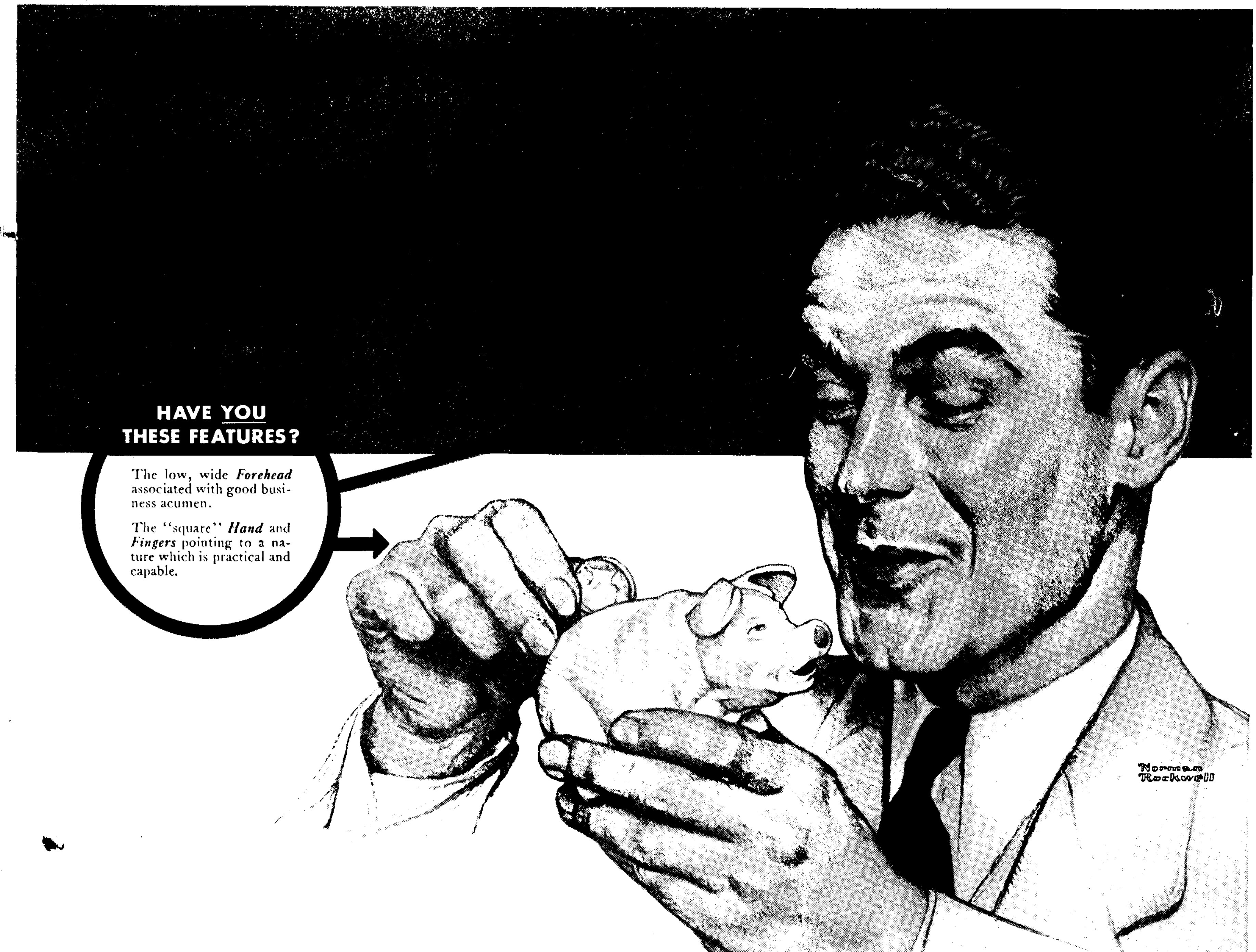
I became obsessed with the horrible idea that Dr. Fu Manchu had in some way induced a state of catalepsy! I should be buried alive! But not even the terror caused by this ghastly possibility would make me forget that small, sinister figure engaged in doing something to the telephone.

That it was something which meant



"Are you sure we're all here? I still have room to shift gears"

D. HUFFINE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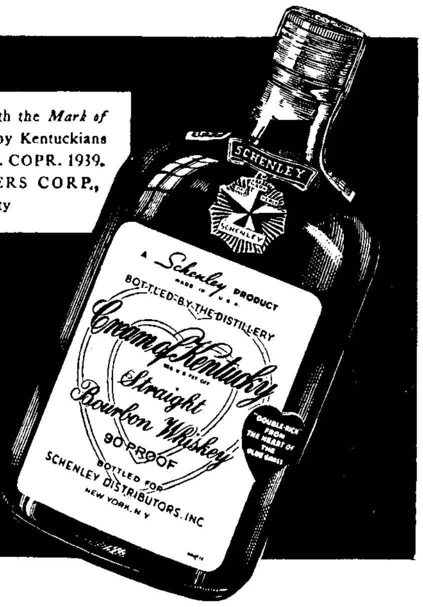
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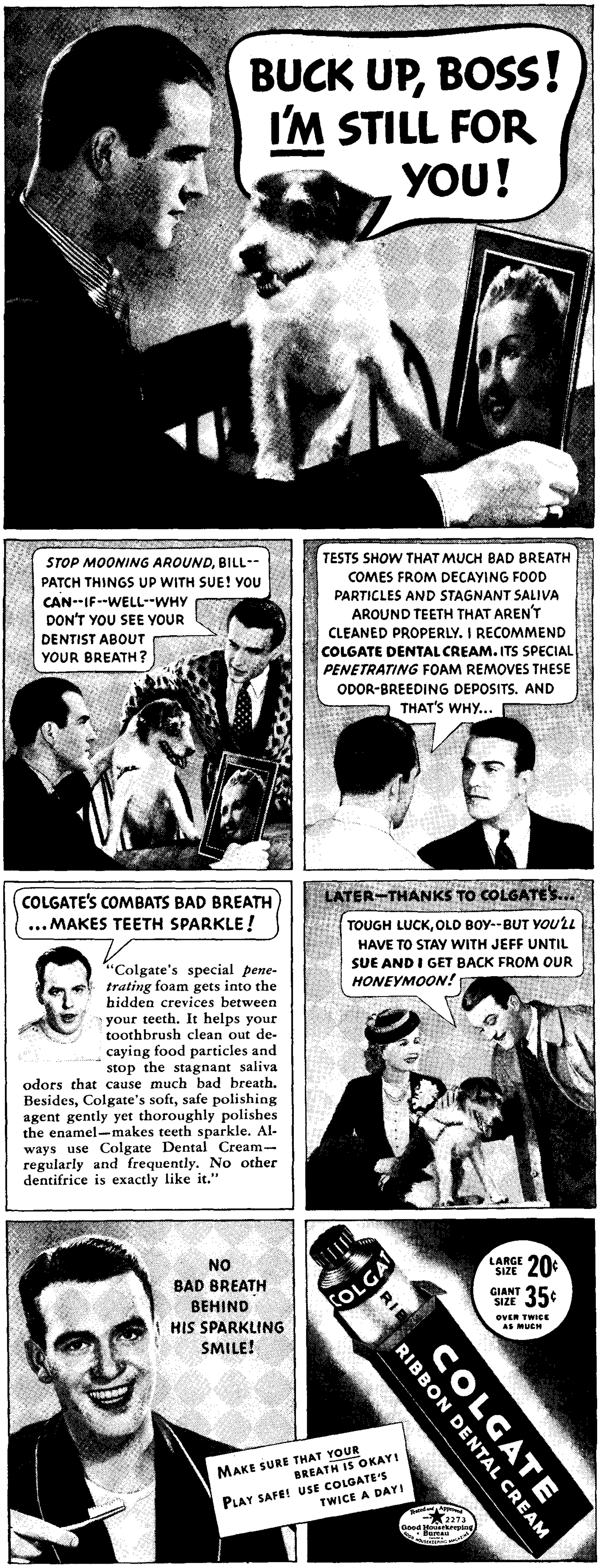
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STOP MOONING AROUND, BILL--PATCH THINGS UP WITH SUE! YOU CAN--IF--WELL--WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
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LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
TOUGH LUCK, OLD BOY--BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH JEFF UNTIL SUE AND I GET BACK FROM OUR HONEYMOON!
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death, every instinct seemed to tell me.

Yet I lay there, myself already in a state of living death!

Smith stood, the receiver in his hand, and I could see and hear him dialing a number.

But it was not to be. . . .

A crashing explosion shook the entire building! It shattered several panes of glass in one window . . . and it accomplished that which my own brain had failed to accomplish. It provided a shock against which the will of Dr. Fu Manchu was powerless.

I experienced a sensation exactly as that of some tiny but tough thread which had held the cells of my brain immured in inertia, being snapped. It was a terrifying sensation—but its terrors were forgotten in the instant when I realized that I was my own master again!

"Smith!" I cried, and my voice had a queer, hysterical ring—"Smith! *Don't touch that telephone!*"

PERHAPS the warning was unnecessary. He had replaced the receiver on the hook and was staring blankly across the apartment in the direction of the shattered window.

"Kerrigan!"

He sprang forward as I scrambled to my feet.

"I can't explain yet," I muttered (the back of my head began to ache madly) "except that you must not touch that telephone."

He grabbed me by the shoulders, stared into my eyes.

"Thank God you're all right, Kerrigan! I can't tell you what I feared—but will tell you later. Somewhere down the river there has been a catastrophe."

"It has saved us from a catastrophe far greater."

Smith turned, threw a window open (I saw now that he had been deeply moved) and craned out. Away downstream black smoke was rising over a sullen red glow.

Police whistles shrieked and I heard the distant clangor of a fire engine. . . . Later we learned—and the tragedy was front-page news in the morning—of that disastrous explosion on a munitions barge in which twelve lives were lost. At the moment, I remember, we were less concerned with the cause of the explosion than with its effect.

Smith turned from the window and stared at me fixedly.

"How did you get in, Kerrigan? Where is Fey?"

"Fey let me in, then he was called up by Inspector Gallaho from Scotland Yard to meet you there."

"I have not been there—and I have reason to know that Gallaho is not in London. However, go on."

"Fey evidently had no doubt that Gallaho was the speaker. He gave me a drink, told me that you would return directly he, Fey, reached Scotland Yard, and went out."

"What happened then?"

"Then, the incredible happened. The television screen lighted up, and Dr. Fu Manchu appeared."

"What!"

Smith's expression was very grim.

"Yes! You wondered for what purpose he had caused the thing to be installed here, Smith. I can give you an example of *one* use he made of it! Perhaps I am particularly susceptible to the influence of this man. I think you believe I am, for you observed on a former occasion that I was behaving strangely as I watched those awful eyes. Well, this time, I succumbed altogether. I had a series of extraordinary visions, almost certainly emanations from the brain of Dr. Fu Manchu. And then I became fully conscious but quite incapable of movement!"

"That was your condition when I returned," Smith snapped.

"I had been in that condition for some time before your return. A man admitted himself to the lobby with a key."

"Describe him."

"A small man with straight black hair, who wore what seemed to be powerful spectacles. He carried a bag which he handled with great care. He proceeded to make some adjustment to the mouthpiece of the telephone, and then with a glance in my direction—I was lying on the floor as you found me—he went out again as quietly as he had come."

"Clearly," said Smith, staring into the lobby, "your unexpected appearance presented a problem. They did not know you were coming. It had been arranged for Fey to be lured away by this unknown mimic who can evidently imitate Gallaho's voice; but you, the unexpected intruder, had to be dealt with in a different manner. I am wondering about two things now, Kerrigan. Do you feel fit to investigate?"

"Perfectly."

"First: how long you would have remained in that state in which I found you, failing the unforeseen explosion which shocked you into consciousness; and, second: what the small man with the black hair did to the telephone."

"For heaven's sake be careful!"

He crossed to the lobby and very gently raised the instrument. I stood beside him. Apart from a splitting headache, I felt perfectly normal. He tipped up the mouthpiece and stared curiously into it.

"You are sure it was the mouthpiece that he adjusted?"

"Quite sure."

And now he turned it round to the light which was streaming through the doorway of the sitting room.

We both saw something.

A bead, quite colorless and no larger than a small pea, adhered to the instrument just below the point where a speaker's lips would come. . . .

"Kerrigan!" Nayland Smith whispered. "Kerrigan! You understand?"

I nodded. I could not find my voice—for the appalling truth had come to me.

"Anyone speaking loudly would burst *this bubble and inhale its contents!* God knows what it contains—but we know at last how General Quinto and Osaki died!"

"The Green Death!"

"Undoubtedly."

"DR. FU MANCHU is evidently losing his sense of humor," said Nayland Smith with a smile.

It was noon of the following day, and he stood in my room. He was seated at the desk and was reading my notes. Now he laid them down and began to fill his pipe.

"What do you mean, Smith?"

"I mean that two things—your unexpected appearance, and that explosion on the powder barge—together saved my life. By the way, here is an addition to your notes."

"What is it?"

"The Home Office analyst's report. You know the difficulty we had to remove the mouthpiece of the telephone without breaking the bubble. However, it was done, and you will see what Dr. O'Donnell says."

I took up the report from the Home Office consultant. It was not his official report, but one he had sent privately to Nayland Smith.

"The construction of the small globe or bubble," I read, "is peculiarly delicate. Examination of the fragments suggest that it is composed of some kind of glass, and is probably blown by an instrument which at the same time fills the interior with gas. The effect of breaking the bubble, however, is to leave no trace whatever, apart from a fragment of powder which normally would be indiscernible. It was attached to the mouthpiece by a minute speck of gum; and I should imagine the operation required great dexterity. As to its contents:

"My full report may be consulted, but briefly I may say that the composition of the gas which this bubble contained is unknown to me. It belongs to none of the groups with which I am familiar. It is the most concentrated poison in gaseous form which I have ever encountered. In addition to the other experiments (see Report) I smelled this gas—but only for a moment. The result was extraordinary. It induced a violent increase of blood pressure, followed by a drumming in my ears which created such an illusion of being external that for a time I was persuaded someone was beating a drum in the neighborhood. . . ."

AS I laid the letter on the table: "Have you considered," Nayland Smith asked, "what revolutionary contributions Dr. Fu Manchu could make to science, particularly to medicine, if he worked for heaven and not for hell?"

"Yes, it's a damnable thought."

"The greatest genius living—perhaps as great as has ever been born—toiling for the destruction of humanity!"

"Yet, at the moment, he seems to be working for its preservation."

"But only *seems,* Kerrigan. Its preservation for his own purposes—yes! I strongly suspect, however, that his recent attempt upon me was dictated by an uncanny knowledge of my movements."

"What do you mean?"

"I am being shadowed day and night. There have been other episodes that I have not even bothered to mention to you."

"You alarm me!"

"Fortunately for myself, the doctor has his hands full in other directions. If he once concentrated upon me, I believe I should give up hope. You see, he knows that I am watching his next move, and with devilish cunning, so far, he has headed me off."

"His next move . . ." I stared questioningly.

"Yes. In his war against dictators. At the moment it is concentrated upon one of them—and the greatest."

"You don't mean—"

"I mean Rudolf Adlon! In view of the way in which he is guarded, and of the many attempts by enemies to reach him which have failed, it seems perhaps absurd that I should be anxious because one more man has entered the lists."

"But that man is Dr. Fu Manchu!"

"Not a doubt about it, Kerrigan. Yet, officially, my hands are tied."

"Why?"

"Adlon has refused to see me, and I cannot very well force myself upon him."

"Have you definite evidence that Adlon has been threatened?"

Nayland Smith lighted his pipe and nodded, shortly.

"I am in the difficult position of having to keep an eye on a number of notable people—many of them, quite frankly, not friends of Great Britain. With a view to doing my best to protect them, the legitimate functions of the secret service up to a certain extent have been switched into this channel, and I had information three days ago that Adlon had received the first notice from the Si-Fan!"

"Good heavens! What did you do?"

"I immediately advised him that whatever he might think to the contrary, he was in imminent peril of his life. I suggested a conference."

"And he refused to see you?"

"Exactly. Whatever is pending—and rest assured it will affect the fate of the world—it is clearly a matter of some urgency; for I am informed that a *second notice* has reached Adlon."

"What do you make of it? What is he planning?"

Nayland Smith stood up, irritably snapping his fingers.

"I don't know, nor can I find out. Furthermore, for any evidence to the contrary, there might be no such person as Dr. Fu Manchu in the world. Do you think it conceivable that such a personality is moving about amongst us—as undoubtedly he is—and yet not one clue fall into the hands of a veritable army of searchers?"

I WATCHED him for some time as he paced nervously up and down the carpet, then:

"Having met Dr. Fu Manchu," I replied slowly, "I am prepared to believe anything about him. What is bothering me at the moment, Smith, is this: On your own admission he knows that you are trying to protect Adlon."

Nayland Smith sighed wearily.

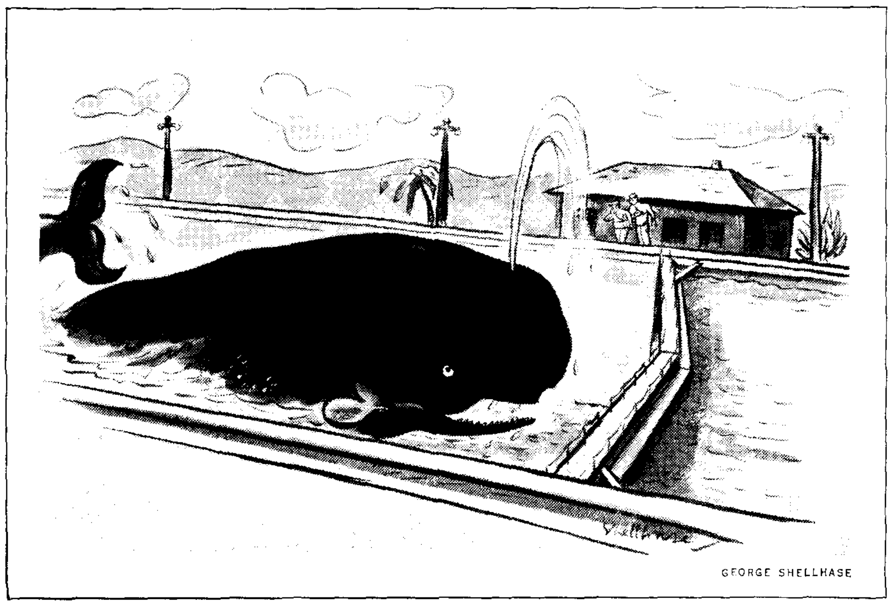
"He knows every move I make, Kerrigan. Almost, I believe, those which I am likely to make but upon which I have not yet decided."

"In other words, your own danger is as great as, if not greater than, that of the Chancellor."

He smiled wryly.

"Since one evening in Burma, many years ago—an evening of which I bear cherished memories, for it was then that I first set eyes on Dr. Fu Manchu—I have gone in hourly peril of assassination. Yet, here I am—thanks to the doctor's sense of humor! You see"—he began to walk up and down again—"I doubt if ever before I had the entire power of the Si-Fan directed against me. And so, this time, I am wondering . . ."

(To be continued next week)



THE SHOW
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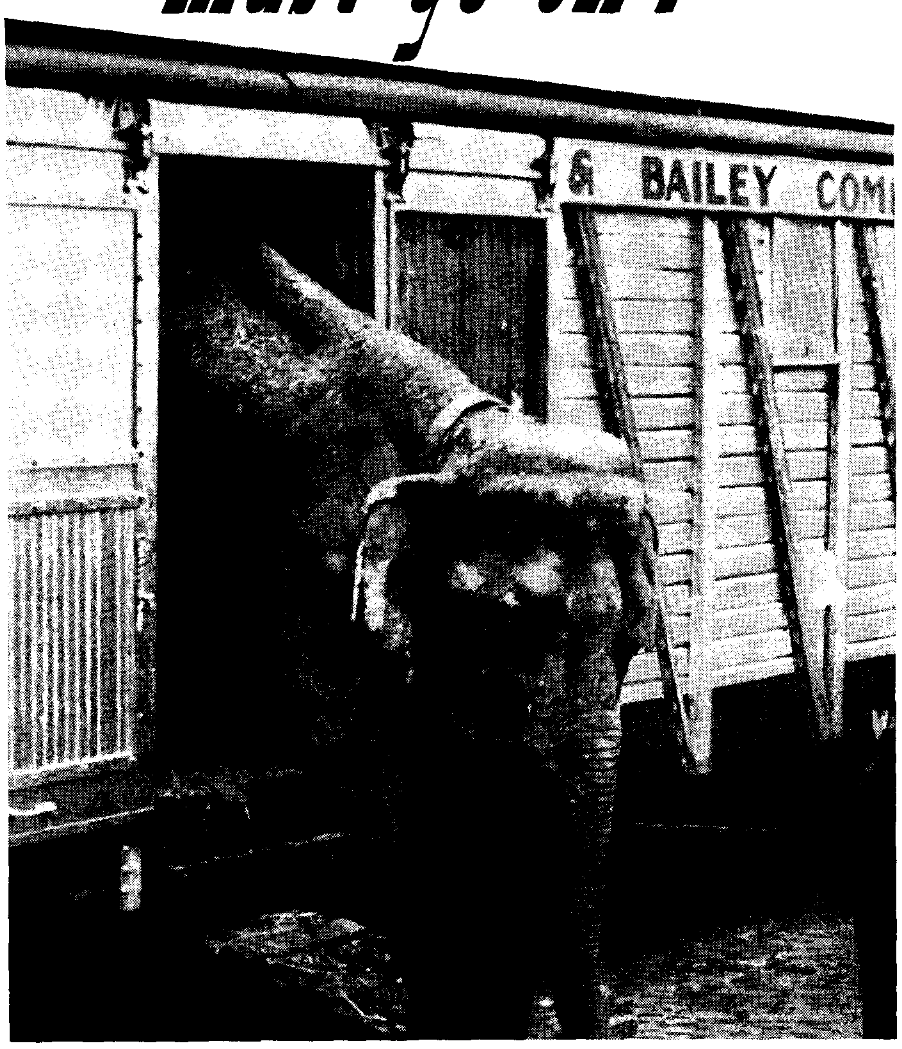

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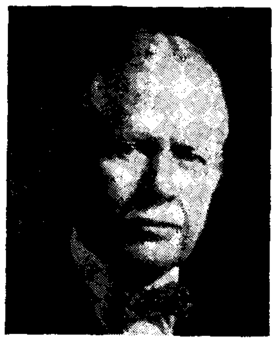

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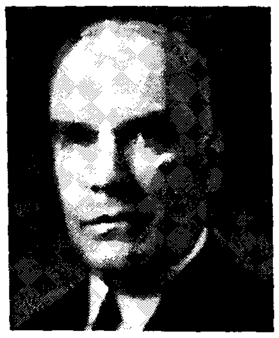

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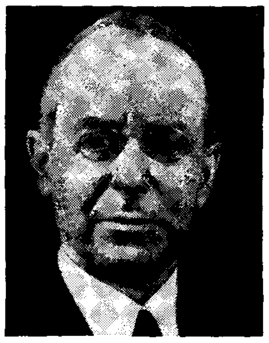

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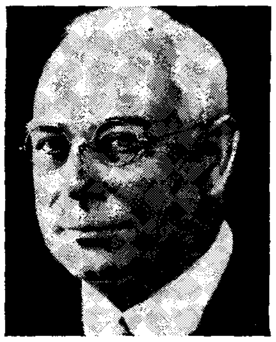

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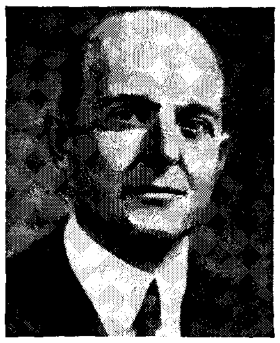

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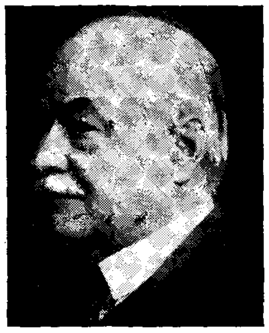

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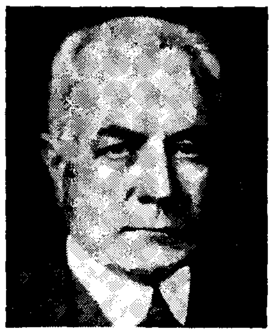

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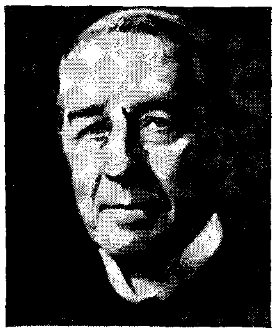

ROBERT E. DOWLING
President, City Investing Co.

JAMES G. HARBORD
Chairman of Board, Radio Corporation of America

CHARLES D. HILLES
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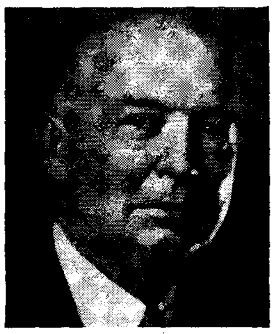

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Chairman, Southern Pacific Company

HERBERT HOOVER
Former President of the United States

PERCY H. JOHNSTON
Chairman of Board, Chemical Bank & Trust Co.

WILLARD V. KING
Retired Banker

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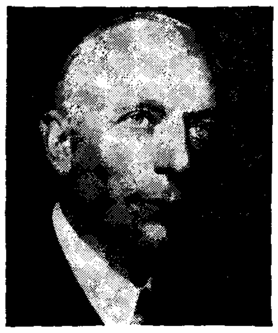
President, Deering, Milliken & Co.

EDWARD L. RYERSON, JR.
Vice-Chairman, Inland Steel Co.; Chairman, Joseph T. Ryerson & Son, Inc.



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A Mutual Company, Founded on April 12, 1845.

NEW YORK LIFE

Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York.

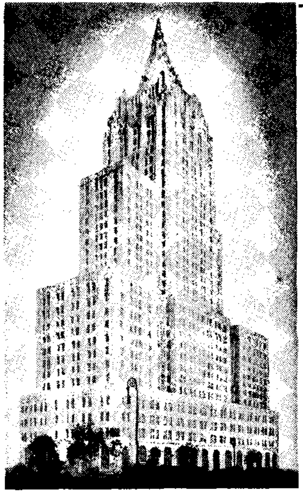
INSURANCE COMPANY

51 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A BRIEF DIGEST OF THE

94th Annual Statement

DECEMBER 31, 1938



PAYMENTS to policyholders and their beneficiaries during the year 1938 amounted to $201,494,937. Of this total, $131,804,103 was paid to living policyholders and $69,690,834 to beneficiaries.

Total payments to policyholders and beneficiaries during the past ten years exceeded $2,157,000,000.

The Company's new insurance during the year amounted to $422,817,500. Total insurance in force at the close of 1938 was $6,793,826,309 under 2,828,765 policies.

The Assets on December 31, 1938 amounted to $2,647,454,712. The principal item of the Liabilities was the Insurance and Annuity Reserve required by law, amounting to $2,159,527,400. Also included in the Liabilities are a reserve of $41,569,539 for dividends to policyholders in 1939 and a Special Investment Reserve of $45,000,000. Surplus funds reserved for general contingencies amounted to $124,555,211.

ASSETS

Cash on Hand, or in Bank	$50,466,059.12
United States Government, direct, or fully guaranteed Bonds	626,759,519.45
State, County and Municipal Bonds	252,459,640.75
Canadian Bonds	64,567,067.95
Railroad, Public Utility, Industrial and other Bonds	583,416,306.92
Preferred and Guaranteed Stocks	87,745,048.00
Real Estate Owned (Including Home Office)	135,450,673.37
First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate (Including $698,364.35 foreclosed liens subject to redemption)	436,091,057.66
Policy Loans	349,262,979.85
Interest and Rents due and accrued	29,880,864.05
Net Amount of Uncollected and Deferred Premiums	31,335,538.18
Other Assets	19,956.31
TOTAL	$2,647,454,711.61

LIABILITIES

Insurance and Annuity Reserve	$2,159,527,400.00
Present Value of Amounts not yet due on Supplementary Contracts	127,972,335.45
Dividends Left with the Company at Interest	113,087,924.11
Other Policy Liabilities	15,761,712.71
Premiums, Interest and Rents Prepaid	11,529,650.32
Miscellaneous Liabilities	3,572,265.52
Special Investment Reserve	45,000,000.00
Reserve for Taxes	4,878,673.66
Reserve for Dividends payable to Policyholders in 1939	41,569,539.00
Surplus funds reserved for general contingencies	124,555,210.84
TOTAL	$2,647,454,711.61

Securities valued at $38,738,698.21 in the above statement are deposited as required by law.

A more complete report listing the securities owned by the Company will gladly be sent upon request.

Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO
At ease soldier
..me and the Colonel...we both smoke the best!
Velvet
Better smoking tobacco

—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood

—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco for both

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Blueprint for Empire

Continued from page 13

and tradesmen work for the generals. Salesmen are the camp followers of the Japanese army.

In North China I saw them coming in with their sample cases on the very day the army invested certain towns. On military trains and ships they are privileged riders. They are scurrying now up the Yangtze, which is closed to foreign businessmen. The day after Hankow was captured, Japanese typewriter salesmen arrived. Over the occupied zones of China, as well as over all of Manchukuo, Japanese tradesmen swarm in the wake of Japanese bayonets, like a cloud of brown locusts, settling upon and devouring every green leaf of commerce.

This co-operation between Japanese militarists, capitalists, big business, tradesmen, Foreign Office, is a new thing. It has been finally achieved and solidified under the dictatorship of Premier Konoye. It has given purpose, lent infinitely more force, to Japanese imperialism; made this a much more potent and dangerous thing for the United States and other foreign powers to cross. Actually, it stems from the finger-burning lesson that the Japanese militarists got in Manchukuo.

Manchukuo's Man of the Hour

For the Kwantung army, back in 1931 and 1932, soon found that it had laid a sterile egg. New railroads did not spring up according to dream; nor did bus lines or highways. Exports and imports and currencies got into a dreadful muddle. Materials and labor somehow did not meet. Army engineers would string communication lines; but the juice would not materialize. Deficits and confusions mounted; officers, young and old, rattled their sabers aimlessly. The Manchukuoan egg, they reluctantly decided, would have to be fertilized by a union with business and industrial experience if it was ever to become an eagle.

One group at home the Japanese officers hate and despise as much as they do foreigners. It is their capitalists; the four huge family groups, or combines, which have long dominated Japanese business. The Big Four, chary of the entire Manchukuoan adventure, had made only short and desultory steps there.

The Japanese army's pride would not let it approach the Mitsuis and their kind for help to industrialize Manchukuo. Fortunately for them, in Japan there was a lone and independent business genius. One whose great enterprises were shared in by the common people, the small investor, which made him closer to the peasant hearts of the militarists. One who was hated and feared and opposed by the Big Four, as much as the latter were held in contempt by the army. He was Yoshisuke Aikawa; the American-trained miracle worker of the "Nissan," a combine of more than 100 various concerns, with a capitalization of nearly a billion yen, and more than 100,000 stockholders. Moreover, the Kwantung officers knew that in the devious ways of Japanese family relationship and interests Aikawa was concerned in the financing of the Japanese army's February, 1936, rebellion; something directed, principally, against the "impure and weak" influence of the capitalists upon Japanese foreign policies.

Aikawa-san was thereupon "invited" by the Kwantung army to come over and take charge of the industrialization of Manchukuo. In short, he was commandeered.

Aikawa is fifty-seven years old. He is the son of a humble retainer of a clan lord of the old Shogunate days; another factor to give him favor in army eyes. He earned a degree in the Engineering College of the Tokyo Imperial University; and immediately struck off at a tangent from the average Japanese lad. There is little fondness in Japan for the notion of "starting at the bottom of the ladder and working up." Graduates scramble for clean-hand jobs. Aikawa put on dungarees and marched into an iron foundry with the lowliest workers.

It's pure Alger from there on. You know that, though his back ached from daily labor, he sat up most of the night studying, and on days off took a busman's holiday in other factories. Two years of this, and he went to the United States.

In 1905 he worked as a day laborer in the Gould Coupler Company, near Buffalo, New York; five dollars per week. Struggling with the heavy casting bucket was tough for a small Japanese. Once he upset a molten pailful on his foot, and was terribly burned. He stuck along with his burly fellows; won their respect and equal ranking. Then he went to the Erie Malleable Iron Company, at Erie, Pennsylvania, for more of the same.

He went back to Japan, a seasoned, practical iron man, and founded the Tobato Cast Iron Company. It prospered. He took over the management of a large shaky coal-mining company. It prospered. He reached out for more interests—locomotives, cars, shipbuilding, the Victor and Columbia phonograph manufactories in Japan.

It was in 1936 that Aikawa-san was made adviser to the Kwantung army. First, he looked the ground over. Then he told the officers:

"The piecemeal manner of acquiring desirable men from Japan is wrong. The immense natural resources of Manchukuo call for a determined attack, made with strategy and on an ambitious scale. A mass-production system, operated on a well-organized plan similar to military drill methods, is most suitable because labor with a low standard of efficiency can then be utilized. The Ford system of supplying materials and parts should be considered. . . . There is a striking similarity in many respects between Manchukuo and America, especially such sections of America as Minnesota and Illinois. Both regions are rich in natural resources such as mining and agricultural possibilities, which in America have made possible the development of industrial metropolises like Detroit and Chicago. The admirable development that has taken place around the Great Lakes encourages me to believe that a similar development in Manchukuo would be comparatively much easier."

Matsuoka Paves the Way

It was, perceived Aikawa-san, a golden opportunity. Whereupon the necessary instructions were given, by the pleased and relieved Kwantung army officers, to their Manchukuoan creatures: laws were quickly passed and the Nissan company of Japan became the "Manchuria Industrial Development Corporation" of Hsinking; an official industrial monopoly, owned fifty-fifty by the puppet Manchukuo government and the one hundred thousand Japanese small investors of Nissan.

Many of Aikawa's views of Manchukuo had been set out previously for his easy digestion, and a good deal of the hardest pioneering in Manchukuo's heavy industries had already been done —certainly the groundwork finished—

by his friend and co-giant, Yosuke Matsuoka.

Matsuoka was out of the Foreign Office career service, a breed which the army ordinarily had little stomach for; but he sank roots into the Kwantung clique's affections right from the beginning of the Manchukuoan affair in 1932 when in Geneva he told the League of Nations to go jump in the Swiss lakes, and led the Japanese delegation from the assembly hall—and from the League. Moreover, they had a grudging respect for Matsuoka, who is considered—by Japanese and foreigners alike—the most outspoken man in Japan. He never pussyfooted with the War Ministry crowd. He praised whichever of their schemes he liked; and ripped into those he didn't. Also, the Kwantung officers knew him to possess almost fanatical belief in the possibilities of Manchukuo and to be one of the shrewdest proponents of the plan to send Japanese colonists there in hundreds of thousands. Lastly, he can talk as good a fight with Russia as that old firebrand, General Araki.

The American Influence

Matsuoka and Aikawa, in many respects, have run on parallel tracks; differing only in the choice of professions. They are the same age, and they come from the same prefecture—Yamaguchi, in the southwest. Matsuoka, too, came from rather humble parents, with good connections. He went to the United States as a youngster, and earned his schooling by working as a houseboy.

He was number one in his class from Oregon University Law School in 1902. By right of tradition and custom, this rank automatically wins for a graduate the honor of being class valedictorian. The anti-Japanese sentiment of the Northwest rose in his jealous and less brilliant mates. They voted, in secret ballot, that the second ranking student, a white American, get the honor. Whenever Americans get to boasting in his presence about our national spirit of fair play and sportsmanship, Matsuoka likes to bring this matter up.

He entered the diplomatic service when he returned to Japan, and one of his early assignments was as Consul General at Mukden, where he saw and assayed Manchuria at first hand, and fell in love with it. He was a delegate to the Versailles Conference in 1919. In 1921 he was made director of the South Manchuria Railway, and since then with boundless energy he has carried on concurrently business, political and diplomatic careers, and found time besides not only to visit but also to maintain a studious, active interest in his "second homeland"—the United States.

Aikawa and Matsuoka, thus, are the two Americanized Japanese who have saved the Kwantung army's face in Manchukuo.

The South Manchuria Railway Company was founded in 1906; an outgrowth of the Russo-Japanese War, and a successor to the primitive wide-gauge, single-track the Russians had laid down to Port Arthur in their dream of an ice-free Asiatic seaport. Japan had no facilities of her own for railroad building. She went into the world market. Because the United States factories were the only ones that could promise immediate and consistent deliveries in quantity, the South Manchuria Railway was standardized on American equipment—rails, ballasting practices, locomotives, cars. There were kicks from the customers at first, for the baggage racks in the coaches were too high for the Japanese, who had to stand on the seats to reach them.

On its main lines, however, the S.M.R. is as up to date as any modern American road, with its expresses, sleeping cars and the only air-conditioned, streamlined train in the Far East—the famous "Asia." But the S.M.R., since Matsuoka's first connection with it as a director, has outgrown its mere design as a carrier; it has become a great organization of nearly two hundred thousand employees. It went to the United States for bids, when "Asia" was in prospect. "We built the whole train," Matsuoka told me, "in our Dairen shops for what your folks wanted for one car."

The S.M.R. has pioneered the American way in Manchuria in more than railroading; it founded schools, libraries and hospitals as it pushed its tracks north, east and west. It maintains agricultural stations, various research laboratories, utilities, warehouses, shipyards and docks, steel works and coal mines. It provides a typical American corporation profit-sharing and retirement plan, as well as rated low-cost housing for employees in various wage brackets. It runs health resorts, and the largest chain of hotels in the Orient—the "Yamoto" system—with employees trained in the American chains. Each has a grill room, where you can get American "blue-plates" and cocktails. Every director has worked, in one guise or another, with some American railroad; and most of the executives and key employees of the manifold activities of the S.M.R. have labored and studied in the United States. Throughout the organization you are met not only with the English language but also with American idioms and with intimate references to people and places you know at home.

The Kwantung army officers, floundering with their stepchild, turned to Matsuoka even before they called Aikawa. In 1935 Matsuoka was commandeered from the diplomatic service, and made president of the S.M.R. The rails began to hum, and the subsequent work of Aikawa was made possible.

China on the Side Lines

Perhaps the most American thing about Matsuoka-san is his un-Japanese frankness. Because the military value of the strategic cobweb of tracks he has spun over Manchukuo and Korea is apparent even to the least initiated, you ask him:

"Do you expect war with the Soviet Union?"

Matsuoka grins: "When a sword is hanging over your head, it wouldn't be smart to wait until it falls!" And there you have the answer to the bitter, desperate pace at which Japan is consolidating Manchukuo. In weeks of wandering around Manchukuo I did not hear a single responsible person—army officer, industrialist, educator, government official—mention China. That adventure is incidental; a necessary flank defense precaution. But right here is where destiny waits.

"Chiang Kai-shek's hash could have been settled very quickly by the Japanese," a foreign military attaché told me, "if the Kwantung army had taken any notice of that war—been willing to let more than a driblet of their troops go down into China. But it wasn't. Japan's strongest, largest, best-equipped and best-trained army, the bulk of her military supplies, her best guns and planes, are concentrated in Manchukuo."

While the outside world has been reading the headlines about China, Japan has actually been expending her greatest efforts in Manchukuo. I have seen the Japanese army in China, and the Japanese preparations in Manchukuo, at firsthand; and there is simply no comparison to be made between the morale, numbers, efficiency or the equipment.

Meanwhile, the Kwantung army is steadily achieving its goal: a totalitarian

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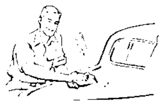
All Simoniz Kleener Now Sold May Be Used By This Faster, Easier, Method

ON WET . . . OFF DRY!
See Directions Below

How to Make Your Car Sparkle Just Like New Again:

SIMONIZ
KLEENER
MOTORISTS WISE

ON WET Use Simoniz Kleener on wet cloth. Clean with easy strokes as in washing. Let Kleener dry white on the finish.



OFF DRY
Wipe off Kleener with a dry cloth.
The finish comes up clean and bright, with all its original beauty.

THEN APPLY SIMONIZ
(*Directions in Simoniz can*)

Correct Scientific Cleaning Preserves Lacquer or Enamel

Your car dull? Then the sooner you clean it with Simoniz Kleener the better. What you may think just dirt and grime is far more serious . . . decay, a rotting away of the lacquer or enamel. Simoniz Kleener cleans the finish as it should be cleaned. Safely. Thoroughly. Brings back the natural sparkling beauty your car had when new. Makes the lacquer or enamel last longer. All in one quick, easy operation. Try it today!
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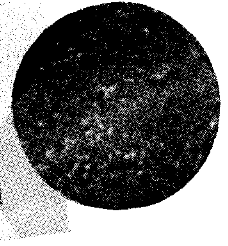
Weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays break down and eventually destroy the lacquer or enamel. Don't let this happen to your car! Save the finish, its beauty, your time and money. Protect it with Simoniz right away!



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Not made under any other name. World-famous! Nothing like them! Get them at hardware, drug, department, and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages everywhere. Insist!

"THEY CALL ME A 'SMART USED CAR BUYER' . . .

. . . but there's no trick to it at all"

"I JUST KNOW what to look for . . . and where to look! I know, for instance, that 1936, '37 and '38 Hudson-built cars have many features advertised as 'new' in other makes for 1939 . . . and some they won't have even in 1940!

"These things are an old story with Hudson: Full-width 3-passenger front seat, extra wide windshield vision, and roomy luggage compartment with spare tire inside. Many models have gear shifting at the steering wheel, and you can even get Hudson's 1939 Handy Shift installed at the steering wheel on '37 and '38 models.

"Then there's Hudson SAFETY, that nobody else can touch. Especially those Patented Double-Safe Hydraulics—finest Bendix Hydraulics with mechanical emergency brake working automatically from the *same* foot pedal, plus an easy acting hand brake. Hudson-built Used Cars can be made even safer by installing Hudson's new Auto-Poise Control—an invention that helps keep wheels straight, even when a tire blows!

"To all these up-to-date features, add the *extra long life* Hudson gives you. Super-hard cylinder blocks and alloy steel gears, for instance, help give tens of thousands of unused miles to the used car buyer.

"Take a tip from me, and look for the best bargains in used cars built by Hudson. You'll be as satisfied as I am."

MORE MILES • SAFER MILES

HUDSON

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PERSONALLY Indorsed USED CARS

SEE YOUR NEAREST HUDSON DEALER

state, completely organized and mobilized down to the last human being and the last scrap of material, for war—on the basis of the famous Ludendorff thesis.

England has Singapore, Hong Kong, and Gibraltar; France has her Maginot Line; Russia her Vladivostok; Germany her Heligoland; Italy has Pantelleria; and the United States has the island of Oahu in Hawaii. But Japan is the first power to transform *an entire* country—nearly half a million square miles—one-sixth the size of the whole United States; as large as France, Italy, and Germany combined; more than seven times as large as all New England—into a single unified fortress. A nation where every railway, every road, every town and village, is designed first of all for its military striking effectiveness; where a population of nearly forty million lives always under martial law; where, in fact, a state of war exists save for diplomatic hypocrisy and a tense biding of trigger fingers; where there is no free commerce or free movement, except under military passes. Along the entire frontier between Manchukuo and the Soviet Union—which, together with the Korean and the Saghalien Island lines makes a border about equal to that between the United States and Canada—huge armies, thinned out in skirmish line, watch each other and there is only one point of contact, at Manchouli, where, twice a week, the Trans-Siberian express is permitted to make connections for closely scrutinized passengers.

In Asia to Stay

Everywhere in Manchukuo people talk to you as if the war with Russia is already a fact. It may be Oriental fatalism; but there is none of the questioning of inevitability that goes on in Europe. War is accepted, like sunrise. Changkufeng was accepted normally, as a skirmish that could not develop into wide-scale maneuvering because it was at the wrong time of year. The big outburst will come in autumn, with campaigning all winter. There is little snowfall in Manchukuo, which becomes a vast frozen plain, over which you can drive at random. Spring and summer movements of heavy army tanks or guns are impossible on the soggy prairies.

The foreign diplomatic corps and business communities in Tokyo, in China, and elsewhere in the East have succumbed to this feeling of certainty. "On this war's outcome," one veteran legation hand declared, "will depend which is to rule Asia, at least within our time: Fascism or Communism. There won't be even crumbs out here for the democracies. Japan will have the advantage of fighting in her own front yard. Russia will have a thin line of communications, thousands of miles long; but a darned efficient corps of political agitators, who will keep the minorities and the guerrillas stirred up. If Japan is able to complete the big job she is now rushing in Manchukuo no power will ever dislodge her, I don't care how strong Russia is or becomes."

The Japanese basic strategy in Manchukuo is no mystery to the foreign military observers: protection on the west flank—North China—against attack through Kalgan from Mongolia; swift, mobile columns operating across the Manchurian plain toward Lake Baikal; air and naval raids north from Korea; and the main onslaught up the Sungari River toward Khabarovsk, to cut off the appendix of the Maritime Provinces.

Now to refer back for a moment to Matsuoka-san's enigmatic remark that it would not be smart to wait for the sword to fall. You do not have to be a military expert to see that Japan is not preparing to defend Manchukuo. She is preparing, might and main, to wage an *offensive* war from Manchukuo as a base. "Nor do we have to wait for the outcome in China," a Kwantung colonel told me, "although that is foregone. We can fight on our own—feed and supply and transport and clothe ourselves!"

The tip-off to the kind of war contemplated is visible always in the nature of military preparations. You visit the eastern frontier country of France, or the Rhineland of Germany, and you perceive at once that neither country is prepared to invade the other by land. Rather, they are set for defense.

Russia's Role is to Defend

You visit the Manchukuoan-Soviet frontier, and you see immediately only the most casual trenches on the Japanese side, but heavy earthworks and "tochskas," *(forts)* studding the opposite shores of the Amur and the Ussuri rivers. Plainly, Russia is prepared to defend; Japan to strike.

You have read a lot of publicity about Vladivostok, the number of Russian planes there, the threat it constitutes to Japan: the Japanese, in their secret way, have not told you about Seshin and Rashin, two bases they have built in Korea, each as chock-full of the means to launch destruction by air or by sea.

You can go with me today and get a visual demonstration of this truth. You will be steered away from military activities by nervous interpreters; but you have eyes, ears, and the wit to know what you are looking at. The Sungari River Valley forms a natural highway from Manchukuo northeast to Khabarovsk, the provincial capital on the bottleneck of the Soviet Union's Maritime Far East. Unlike the Amur, which meanders crazily over hundreds of miles of inaccessible wastelands, the Sungari hits straight as a dagger toward the most strategic center of the Russian area. And, most important, it stems from Harbin and a close-knit background of supply and communication. Far up the Sungari, close to the Soviet frontier, and about halfway between Harbin and Khabarovsk, is a town named Chiamussu. An old, small native village existed here; but it was neither large nor significant enough to get on the maps—until 1936.

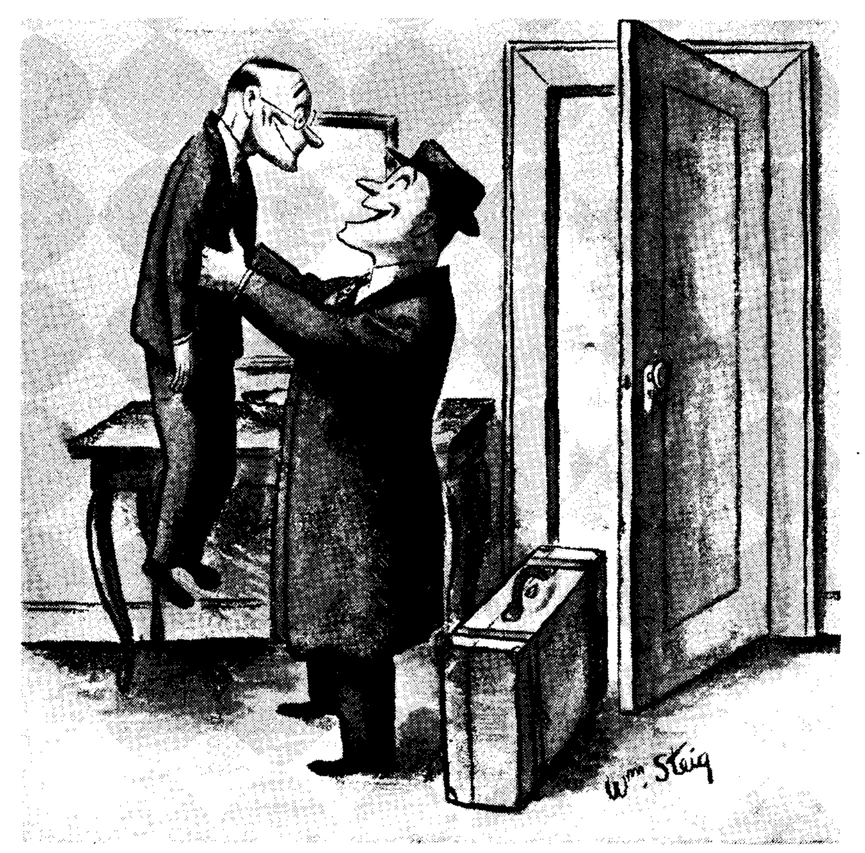
I flew into Chiamussu, with the permission of the Kwantung army, and saw why.

Chiamussu is the advance base for the Japanese army, from which the advance on Khabarovsk can be quickly made. I saw many of the largest cantonments in the United States during the World War, and some of those in Europe. Chiamussu is twice as large as any military base I have seen before, and its make-up is more comprehensive. There is no sign of a defensive work anywhere in the vicinity; no artillery emplacements, no set antiaircraft batteries. Every sign is one of a war of movement and supply. Thousands of soldiers mill around; and they *are all* Japanese. I did not see one native trooper. On hills back of the town there are vast permanent barracks of red brick; for cavalry and artillery. Nearer the town there are huge warehouses, ammunition and materiel dumps, semipermanent barracks of wood and sheet iron; corrals.

The streets of Tokyo, Osaka, and other Japanese cities today are filled with broken-down and second-class trucks; all the best are sent abroad—not to China, but to Manchukuo. Building is at a standstill in Japan, where you can't buy a bag of cement, for all that can be got is sent abroad—not to China, but to Manchukuo, for airport runways. On the river front, a short distance beyond Chiamussu, you see radio stations and another base—this one apparently for the Sungari fleet of gunboats and other naval vessels—that seems to be at least a mile square.

A Human Maginot Line

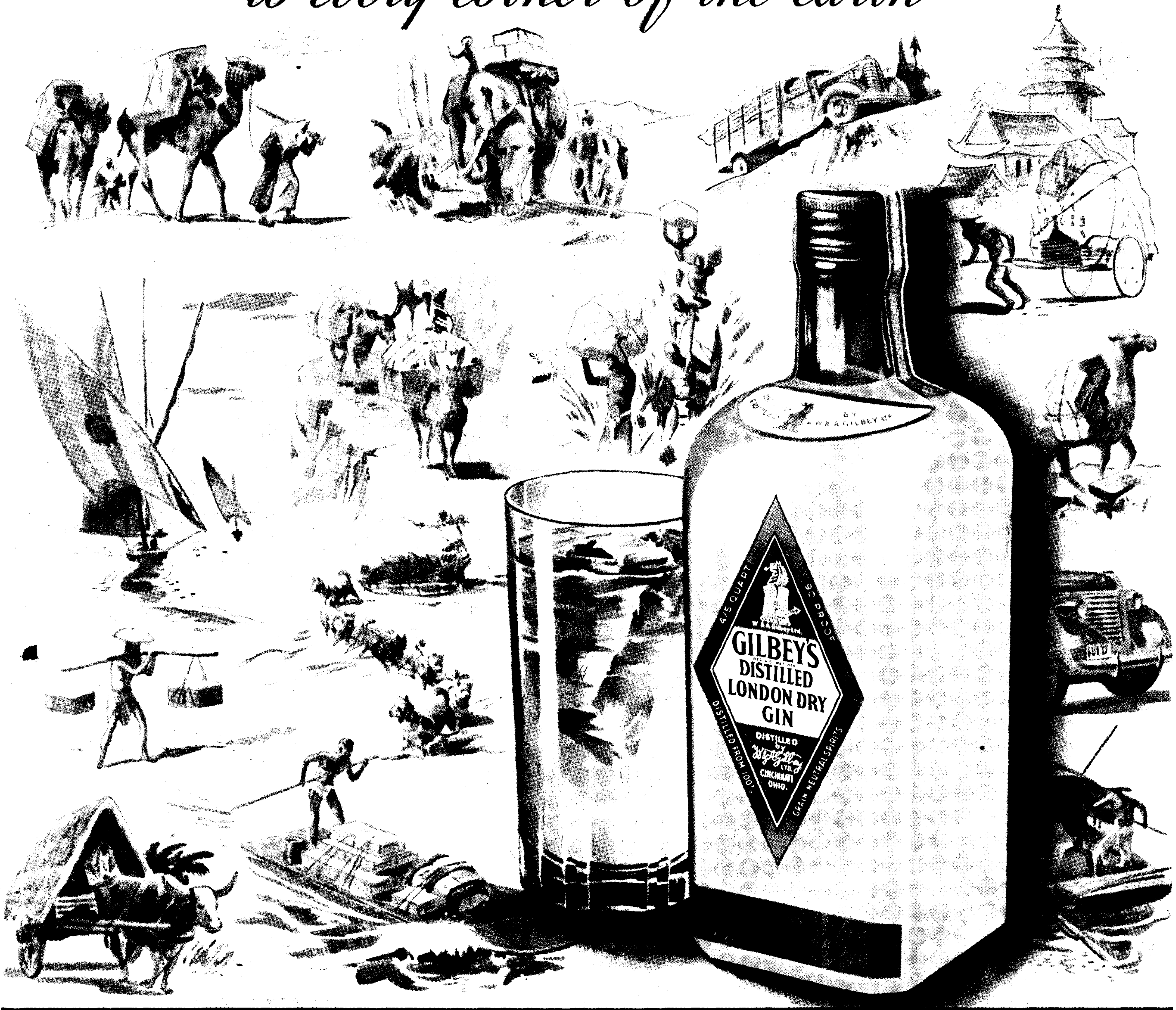
On all sides—horses, tanks, artillery parks, fodder, structural iron, hangar and barracks girders, great stacks of rice bags covered by straw mats and greater mountains of gasoline drums; new highways being laid out, rail tracks being pushed. Moreover, in this vicinity, on both sides of the Sungari River, are many of the "immigrant villages" that Japan has established within the past two years. The entire plan calls for 1,200,000 "colonists"—all young men, of conscript age, to settle in these villages, which are strung from Tumen on the Korean frontier to a point in the Amur



"Dad! Dear old Dad!"

WILLIAM STEIG

Carried for nearly a century *to every corner of the earth*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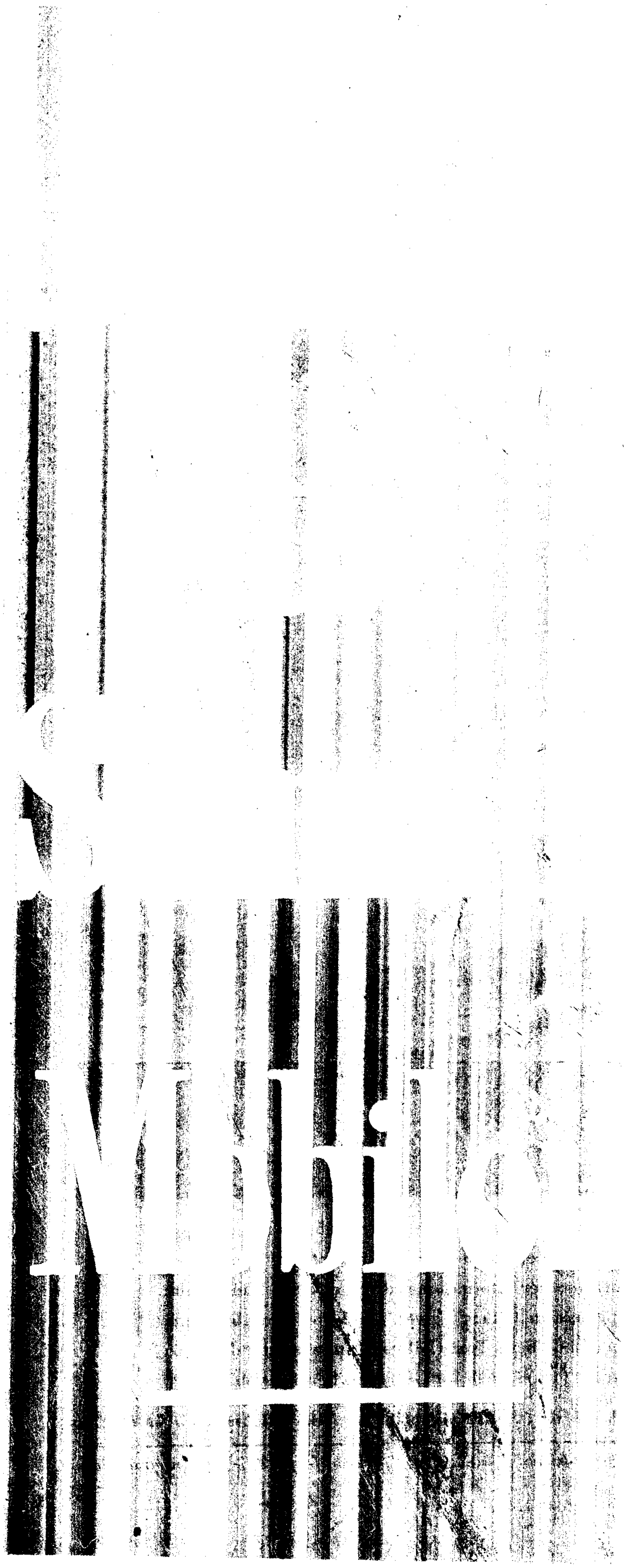
Lurching camels in the Sahara and tossing junks on China seas...kinky-headed carriers in mid-Africa and dogsleds in the icy North...they're strange reasons, aren't they, for your saying "*make it with Gilbey's*" wherever you order a Tom Collins? And *yet*...there's no more amazing proof of Gilbey's quality than the way it has spread to the very ends of the earth!

But even more amazing is the way Gilbey's has changed the world's conception of gin drinks. Not only the Collins but many another international drink owes its fame to the silken perfection Gilbey's gives. And you need only one little sip of a Gilbey's Tom Collins to know what a delicious *difference* it makes. Ask for Gilbey's wherever you go.

THE "*INTERNATIONAL GIN*" PRODUCED BY GILBEY IN THE U.S.A.—AS WELL AS IN . . . ENGLAND . . . AUSTRALIA . . . CANADA

Copyright 1939 — National Distillers Products Corp., New York City YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS *Gilbey's Gin — 90 Proof — made from 100% grain neutral spirits*



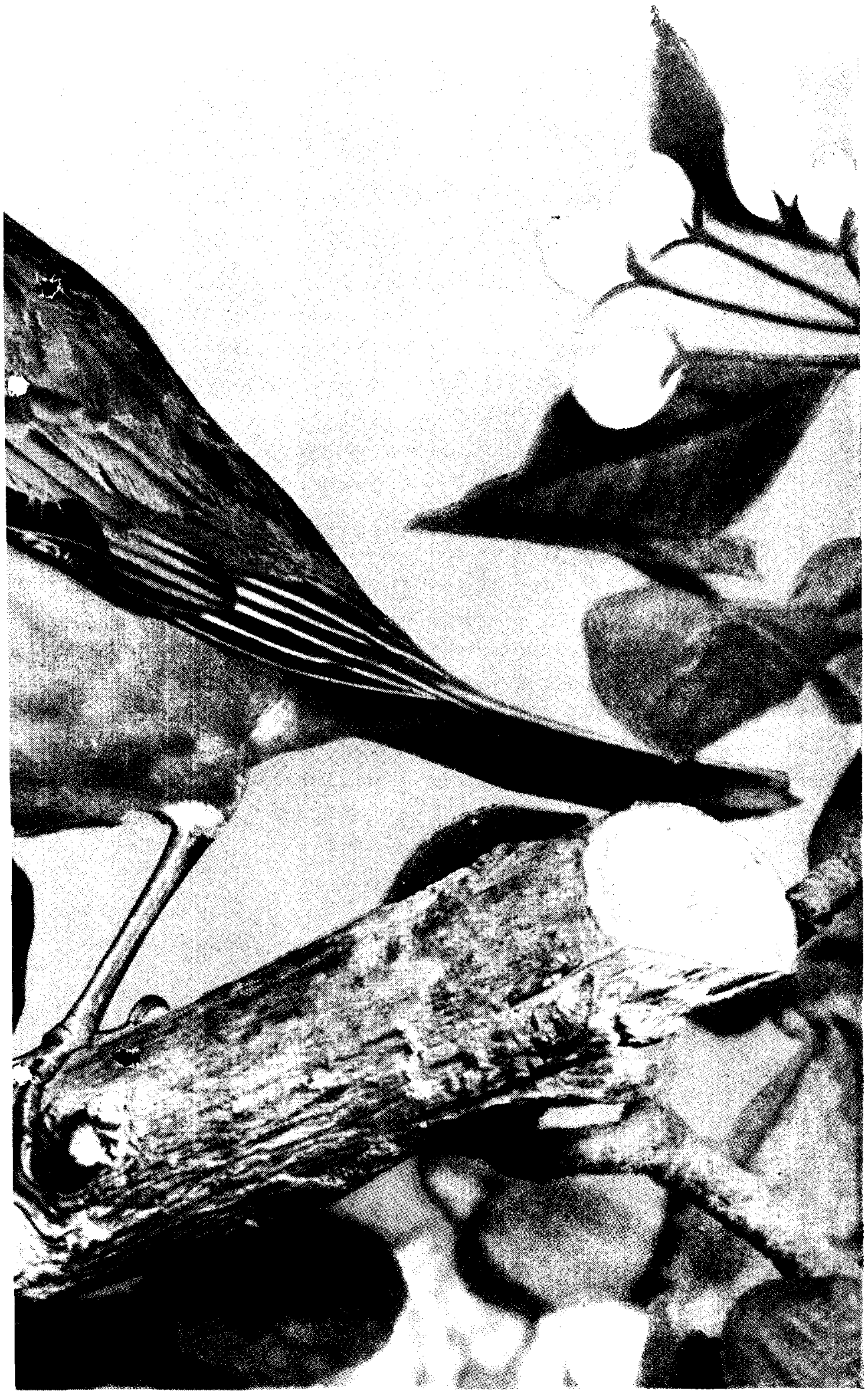
The "First Robin" warns you—g

REMEMBER THAT ROBIN! He's singing a warning, "Change Now," in front of 60,000 friendly Mobiloil dealers across America.

Take his advice. Your winter oil has been diluted with gasoline from choking. It may b dirty, gritty. It's time to get rid of it!

Remember, too, that modern engines need

MOB



the oil with Balanced Protection

nore than just one good quality in motor oil.

Engines are over 100° F. hotter...far faster han a few years ago. Mobiloil protects them rom gum, sludge, carbon, wear.

That's Balanced Protection! It saves you noney, and gives you a sweeter-running car ll season. Take the Robin's advice—today!

LOIL

GET MOBILOIL FOR

Balanced Protection

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

STOP AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
AND AFFILIATES
Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corporation

"I GET 1100 MILES OF ECONOMY EVERY WEEK"

Eleven hundred miles at high speeds every week in the year. That's what his newspaper route means to Frank Stewart of Eldora, Iowa. And Mr. Stewart depends on the rugged dependability of the Ford V-8 Commercial Car, because the news must get through.

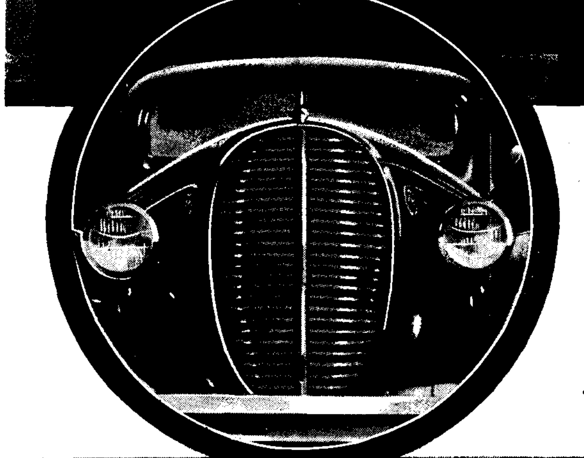
"I drove my 1933 Ford Sedan Delivery 116,000 miles," he writes. "My 1936 Ford V-8 Sedan Delivery traveled 108,000 miles, and the motor expense on this unit, beyond regular servicing, was less than $20. This was for the installation of a set of rings at 72,000 miles.

"I now have a 1938 Ford V-8 Pick-Up and am greatly impressed by the ease of handling, smoothness of operation, the new, enlarged cab and the roominess of the box."

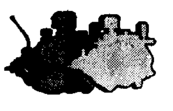
The Ford V-8 Commercial Car gives quality performance because it's quality built. Part for part, the Ford Motor Company insists on the finest in materials and engineering. The purpose: to achieve real economy. That means—delivering loads faster . . . covering more miles per day . . . *at reduced operating and maintenance costs.*

See the 1939 Ford V-8 Commercial Car at your dealer's. Study it feature for feature. Arrange for an actual "on-the-job" test. See what the Ford V-8 offers before you spend another commercial car dollar.

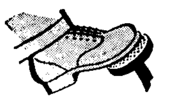
FORD MOTOR COMPANY, BUILDERS OF FORD V-8 AND MERCURY CARS, FORD TRUCKS, COMMERCIAL CARS, STATION WAGONS AND TRANSIT BUSES



HIGHLIGHTS OF 1939 FORD V·8 COMMERCIAL CARS



IMPROVED 85 and 60 HORSEPOWER V-8 ENGINES—85 horsepower for unusual speed and acceleration. "60" for unusual economy combined with top performance.



NEW, SAFE HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Four-wheel hydraulic service brakes, built to Ford standards of safety, are now regular equipment on all Ford V-8 Commercial Cars.

• Straddle-mounted driving pinion. • Worm and roller steering. Easier, more dependable handling. • New-type piston rings for improved oil economy. • Ford Engine and Parts Exchange Plan to save time and money. • Three-quarter floating rear axle. • Rugged double-drop-type frame with strong X-member reinforcement. • Safety and comfort of all-steel cabs, insulated, ventilated and with Safety Glass throughout.

1939 FORD V·8 COMMERCIAL CARS

River, directly north of Chiamussu. They constitute an unbroken line of garrison villages, extending due north and south a few miles beyond the Soviet frontier. This is Japan's human Maginot Line.

The colonists, all robust hand-picked farm lads from Japan, receive their military training here, on the spot, instead of in barracks. They are hardened to the weather; accustomed to the terrain. The organization is military; the smallest village is a company, larger ones are battalions, towns are regiments; and the cities, like Mutankiang and Chiamussu, are field army bases. The village headmen and councilors are reservist officers. Girls are being fetched from Japan, and trained in schools in Harbin, to be good wives of these soldier-colonists when the settlements are completed. Every land and financial inducement is made to the boys to stay—just as their country aims to stay, here in Manchukuo.

The blood on the moon of Manchukuo's immediate future is a handicap to the efforts of Matsuoka and Aikawa. These men, naturally, by experience and education and temperament, are internationalists; and here is virtually the only source of friction between them and the Kwantung army, led by General Uyeda. Both men want to bring foreign capital—meaning, of course, American capital—into Manchukuo; and they oppose the monopolistic decrees that have driven United States and European businessmen forth. Under the law, foreigners could buy nonvoting stock in Nissan—that is, the Manchukuoan Heavy Industries Company. Japanese bankers, controlled by the Big Four, and miffed by the goings-on in Manchukuo, have shown little disposition to co-operate with Aikawa. So he planned to go to the United States to raise additional money. Two factors dissuaded him: the plain statement of the Kwantung officers that they did not want foreigners to share in Manchukuo and the plain speaking of American friends who warned Aikawa and Matsuoka that United States bankers and public alike would not be interested in risking their dollars in battlefields.

A Nation of Robots

Meantime, the war in China has more or less come to Aikawa's rescue. I found Manchukuo enjoying a typical war prosperity and boom. There is one vital difference between Japan and her two chief brothers of the Anti-Comintern group: they—Mussolini with his bitter collection of deserts; Hitler without colonies—are "have nots." Japan is definitely a "have got." In Manchukuo Japan owns one of the natural-resources treasure houses of the earth: untapped forests, exhaustless minerals; boundless agricultural possibilities. Manchukuo, within Japan's "yen bloc," has her currencies managed from Tokyo. The surplus of her farms and animals feed and bear the Japanese troops in China; the empire's largest arsenal, in Mukden, puts bullets in her rifles, shells in her guns, bombs in her planes; the world's largest open-cut mine, at Fushun, sends coal for troops, ships and trains. Even with coolies imported from Shantung Province in Northeast China, labor wages have doubled. Cattle, pigs, leather, furs, lumber—all such things, above the Kwantung army's own needs, flow to China.

The building goes on at breath-taking pace; the express, "Asia," requires some twenty minutes to run you past the steel works at Showa. You might well fancy yourself in the river valleys around Pittsburgh—at Homestead, and the like. In Mukden, which the Japanese boast will be the Pittsburgh of the Orient, you see hundreds upon hundreds of acres of new factories and workmen's dwellings going up. The old Chinese educational system was discarded; and a vast new plan—of trade schools for Chinese and Manchus; ordinary schools for Japanese—was instituted.

"They are going to make us a nation of robots," my Chinese friends complained. "They are going to make Manchukuo into a great country—for the Japanese!"

This is the answer for American businessmen! There is nothing more profitable for American commerce in the Americanization of Manchukuo than the flattery of imitation. American money may or may not be wanted eventually—without voting power—but American businessmen are not wanted, now or henceforth.

Just Old-Fashioned Talk

There is a handful of Americans that still have a good thing in Manchukuo; several engineer consultants at Showa, one young oil refinery expert who is installing new plants. These men know that soon they will be pumped dry and discarded. Most of the American businessmen, and the American corporations that maintained branches in Manchukuo, have given up the fight. It is useless to recount their experiences, and grievances: equal commercial rights in Manchukuo belong to yesterday, and it is old-fashioned now even to talk about them.

Japan killed them by the simple expediencies of monopolies, and exchange control. Various commodities, such as tobacco, oil, moving pictures—have been designated government monopolies. No private individuals may deal in these. For nonmonopoly things, local dealers and businessmen cannot get import licenses except from yen-bloc countries—which means, from Japan.

Japanese drummers swarm into Chinese and Manchu shops and let it be known it is not wise to deal in "foreign" goods. If you stand on the street and look into a Manchukuoan grocery store, you will recognize familiar American brands. Go in for a closer look, and you will see slight changes in name—and no other excuse for this flagrant stealing of world-famous American trade-mark designs.

Let us say you are the representative of an American knife company. You can buy your stock knives in America, and personally take them into Manchuria to set up business. You might even—after you have paid heavy ocean freight rates, and a whacking big customs duty at the Manchukuoan port—be able to compete with the Japanese knives, which have not had those handicaps. You may sell all your knives. But what good will it do you? For, except for a nominal sum, you cannot take *out of the country the money you got for them!*

There's more—but this will give you the sense of how impossible it is for American businessmen to do business in this land that is more American than the United States.

Now, as you finish your tour, you find yourself wondering if, after all, it is possible to take the most intensively developed industrial civilization on earth, the highest standard of living in the history of mankind, and slap it down in a lump on one of the most antique cultures, one of the most benighted peasantries.

There is a trade sign in Dairen that crystallizes this wonder for you—sends you away from Manchukuo questioning whether Americanization is a tangible commodity. The sign is on a barbershop in the main street leading to the great modern wharves of the port of Dairen. It reads:

"American style barber. Head cut, and quickly done!"

"Our new Ford is so EASY to drive!"

"And just as EASY to buy, thanks to Universal!"

As over 4,000,000 Ford dealer customers already know, it is *easy* to arrange convenient time payments through Universal Credit Company. *Easy* because there's no red tape. *Easy* because you choose from many plans the one best suited to your budget. *Easy* because of the convenience and peace of mind that comes with Universal's low cost and liberal terms. And *easy* because your credit, once established with Universal is nation-wide — good throughout the country at Ford dealers — on the purchase of a new or used car.

Only one man, your Ford dealer, arranges your complete Universal Plan. With many time-payment methods you see at least three different people. But your Ford dealer handles your transaction in one place, at one time, day or night, with practically one stroke of the pen!

Other important advantages of "Universal" service include:

NATION-WIDE SERVICE • LOW COST • BROAD INSURANCE COVERAGE
PERSONALIZED SERVICE • CONTINUED COOPERATION

Financing Ford Dealers Exclusively

UCC

UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY

SEND FOR THESE FREE BOOKLETS BEFORE YOU BUY YOUR CAR
* UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
I am interested in a ☐ New Car ☐ Used Car ☐ New Truck ☐ Used Truck.
Please send me:
☐ "The Easy Way to Own a Car" ☐ "How to Pick a Good Used Car"
Name ____________ 7
Address ____________

What's the hurry, Miss?

"I've a date with a man named Eugene.
He's the keenest I've recently seen.
His Barbasol Face
Makes him rate like an ace
It's so soft, it's so smooth, it's so clean!"

If you're from Missouri and have to be shown, use Barbasol for ten days or so.

Then study *your* Barbasol Face in the mirror.

Note how much softer, smoother, younger-looking your skin appears.

No half-cut stubble, either.

Here's why.

Barbasol is more than a beard-softener that gives the quickest, cleanest shave you ever had.

Barbasol contains beneficial oils that protect your skin while you shave—oils that soothe the skin after you've shaved.

Try Barbasol. Note the improvement in your shaves—the improvement in your face.

Your druggist carries three sizes. Large tube, 25¢. Giant tube, 50¢. Family jar, 75¢. And for only fifteen cents you can get five keen Barbasol Blades.

For modern shaving...

Barbasol
Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush No Lather No Rub-In

No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

Child Bride

Continued from page 17

carpet sweeper. Jackie was Jackie. Henry could take it or he could get out . . . because you might rebuild the pyramids, but Jackie was no housekeeper.

The boss would probably take one look at the flat and decide for himself that a man who couldn't keep order in his own home couldn't be entrusted with responsibility in business. He'd probably hire him a new stock man tomorrow.

The kitchen was cold and dreary. Last night's dishes were stacked in the sink, half awash in greasy water. Henry put the coffee on to boil. Then he stuffed the guinea fowl and put it in the icebox, the way he had seen his mother do it when someone special was expected for dinner. Mr. Prentice was an epicure. And guinea hen is a delicacy. . . .

"If only," Henry thought passionately, "if only Jackie would do the right thing *just this once*. . . ."

He gulped down a cup of coffee and raced back to the bedroom. Seven-thirty. Just time to get to the office at eight if he caught the express.

Jackie opened her eyes and uncurled her pink-fingered hands and smiled and yawned.

"Going, lamb pie?" she said. "I must have just drowsed off. . . ."

"Listen," Henry said. He sat on the edge of the bed, tying his tie. "The bird for dinner is all stuffed and ready. All you have to do, Jackie . . ."

"Kiss me," Jackie whispered.

Henry kissed her.

"All you have to *do* is to shove it in the oven at five-thirty sharp. Will you do that? Just that one, simple thing?"

Jackie hooked her finger in his lapel.

"Kiss me again," she said. "You smell all nice."

"Do I? Well, now *listen*. Mr. Prentice is coming to dinner."

"I know, darling. It's Tuesday. And Mr. Prentice is coming to dinner."

"I won't get a raise unless he has a *good* dinner. And if I *don't* get a raise, you can't have a baby."

"Okay," Jackie purred. She snuggled. "I'll cook a wonderful dinner. Wait and see."

"We'll be home at a quarter to seven. . . ."

"Don't go," Jackie interrupted. "I *hate* to have you go to the office. . . . *Please* stay!"

Henry stooped to nuzzle in the warm hollow of Jackie's throat, and, for a dizzy moment, he believed that she *would* have a wonderful dinner all ready at seven-thirty. Because, always, when he kissed Jackie he fooled himself. She was tops. A perfect wife. And he was the luckiest guy in the world.

AS THE day passed, however, the feeling faded, and toward the middle of the afternoon he decided that he'd better give her a ring, just to be on the safe side.

"Now remember, Jackie. The bird's to go in the oven at five-thirty sharp. Bake the potatoes at the same time. Look in the icebox. You'll find everything."

"All right, darling."

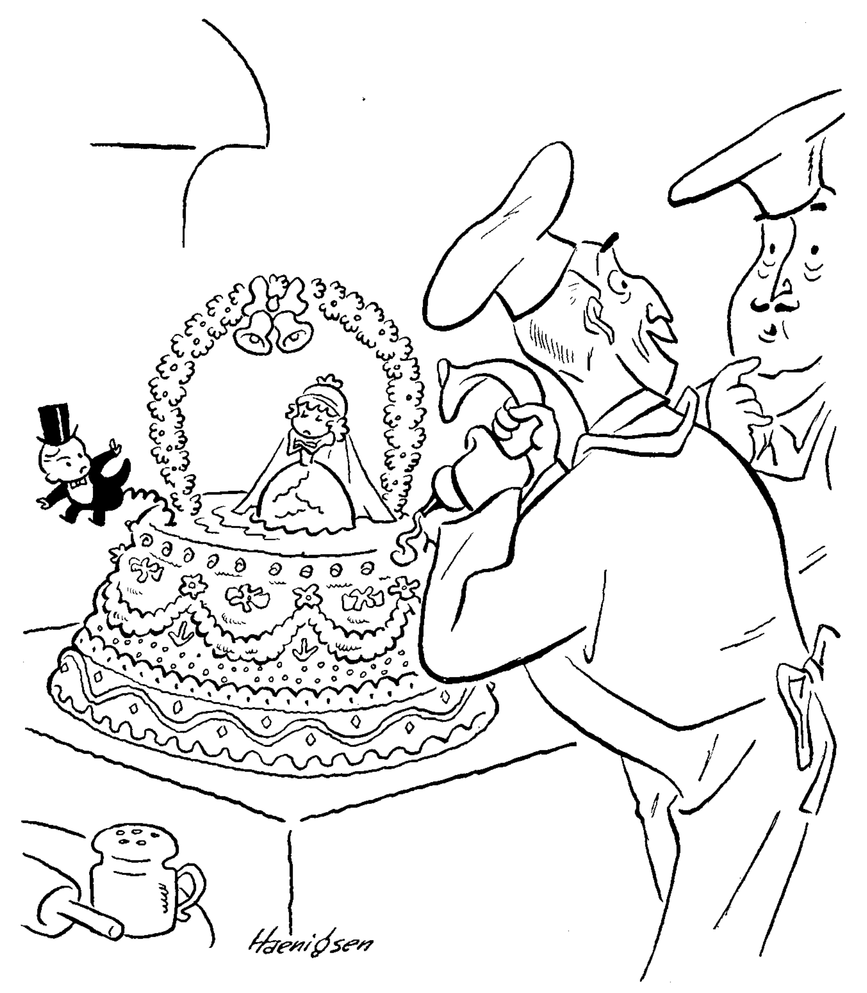
He heard a kiss on the wire.

"Don't worry. Everything'll be lovely."

Henry kissed back.

"You might clean the sitting room, while you're about it," he said. "And see that the bathroom's in order. Mr. Prentice might want to wash his hands."

Mr. Prentice lived in a Park Avenue penthouse with two Japs to serve him. He was famous for his little Sunday-night buffets. And he rode about in a big car with a driver in gray w[illegible]ord.



"It's to celebrate a divorce"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

Many things can go wrong with your health when you don't get enough Vitamins . . .

If you have SEVERE COLDS that "hang on," you very likely need more Vitamin A, the "Cold-Fighting" Vitamin

If you are NERVOUS, irritable and have POOR DIGESTION, more of the important "Nerve" Vitamin B_1 is often needed

Plenty of "Bone" Vitamin D is needed for the body's proper use of the calcium and phosphorus in your food—an essential for strong bones and hard teeth

TIRING EASILY, too EARLY AGING may be due to a shortage of the Vitality Vitamin G

Get enough vitamins *every day*. The new Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast offers richer amounts of 4 vitamins—A, B_1, D, G—plus the "booster action" of the fresh yeast. By stimulating slow digestion, it helps you make fuller use of the vitamins eaten.

Get Your Extra Vitamins this EFFECTIVE way

New High-Vitamin Yeast offers a richer combination of 4 essential vitamins, plus the remarkable *"booster action"* of fresh yeast

GREAT NUMBERS OF PEOPLE in America today are not getting *enough* vitamins from their meals—many studies indicate.

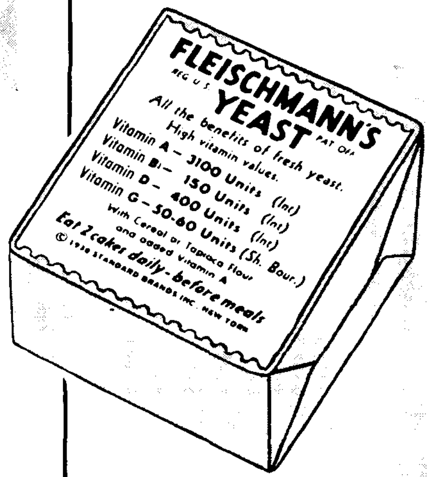
Slow digestion may also keep you—like so many others—from getting full good from the vitamins you eat.

Fleischmann's new High-Vitamin Yeast can give help in *both* these ways.

It is now *richer than ever in 4 Vitamins*—A, B_1, D and G.

The yeast itself helps *stimulate* and *quicken slow digestion*. Thus it acts like a "booster" for the vitamins eaten—*helps you make fuller use of them.*

Get extra vitamins this *effective way*—in Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast. Eat 2 cakes regularly *every day*—one cake ½ hour before breakfast or lunch and one cake ½ hour before supper. It's easy to buy. Just order from your grocer. And you'll like its economy—only a few cents a day.


FLEISCHMANN'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
YEAST
All the benefits of fresh yeast.
High vitamin values.
Vitamin A – 3100 Units (Int.)
Vitamin B1 – 150 Units (Int.)
Vitamin D – 400 Units (Int.)
Vitamin G – 50-60 Units (Sh. Bour.)
With Cereal or Tapioca Flour and added Vitamin A
Eat 2 cakes daily - before meals
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Standard Brands Incorporated

2 cakes a day give you . . .

VITAMIN A—6200 UNITS (INT.)
VITAMIN B_1—300 UNITS (INT.)
VITAMIN D—800 UNITS (INT.)
VITAMIN G—100-120 UNITS (SH. BOUR.)

All the average person needs (in addition to his meals) of A, B_1 and D, and a rich supply of the Vitality Vitamin G.

Eat Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast plain, or in a little water or milk.

"NOT-A-WINK" NELSON
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS HAD HIM JUST ABOUT "DOWN AND OUT"-- UNTIL ONE MORNING-
OH, LARRY, ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT?
NOT A WINK TILL AFTER 3... I'LL BE A DUD AT THE OFFICE AGAIN TODAY.
AT THE CLUB THAT DAY
LARRY IS SO FAGGED OUT AND NERVOUS FROM LOSING SLEEP, I'M WORRIED SICK.
WHY DON'T YOU START GIVING HIM OVALTINE? I FIX SAM A CUPFUL EVERY NIGHT--AS A SORT OF "SLEEP INSURANCE".
YOU SEE, OVALTINE IS A PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK-- ABSOLUTELY DRUGLESS! SO YOU GET NATURAL SLEEP--AND WAKE UP FRESH AS A DAISY!
I'LL HAVE LARRY TRY IT TONIGHT!
SO THAT NIGHT LARRY HAD HIS FIRST OVALTINE NIGHTCAP, AND...
ASLEEP ALREADY-AND HOW RELAXED HE LOOKS!
NEXT MORNING
DID I SLEEP! BOY-- JUST LET ME AT THAT JOB NOW!
NO WONDER SAM'S WIFE SAYS HE NEVER MISSES TAKING HIS OVALTINE NIGHTCAP EVERY NIGHT!
MONTHS LATER
AREN'T WE GETTING THE BREAKS THESE DAYS, DEAR! A NICE RAISE-AND NOW THIS GRAND PROMOTION!
BELIEVE ME, WE'RE CERTAINLY CASHING IN ON THAT OVALTINE "SLEEP INSURANCE" IDEA IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

New "Sleep Insurance" Idea Winning Thousands Everywhere

Pays Big Dividends in Clear-Eyed Morning Freshness

THE man who awakens clear-eyed and energetic after a night of really *restful* sleep, starts the day with an advantage that can often overcome the heaviest odds.

That's why thousands today are taking this *protecting* food-drink every night at bedtime—as a sort of "sleep insurance." And to help them gain the energetic "morning freshness" that follows *restful* sleep.

Called *Ovaltine*, this *protecting* food-drink is *not* a medicine. It helps the body relax normally. Relieves that feeling of "inner tension."

Also—it provides certain types of food elements needed to prevent muscular and nervous irritability that, according to some authorities, may cause night-time tossing.

In addition—*Ovaltine* contains *protecting* food elements to help build up vitality while you sleep. It helps replenish worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells to meet tomorrow's needs. And furnishes valuable minerals, proteins and the important Vitamins A, B, D and G.

So—for sleep that really rests you—and sends you out with extra "drive" and energy next day—start taking *Ovaltine* tonight. Why not get a can today?

2-Nights' Trial Can

OVALTINE, Dept. S9-C-4A
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Send me your trial size can of Ovaltine—enough for a 2-nights' test. I enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing. (1 to a person.)

Name..

Address..

City.................................State.................

OVALTINE
Promotes Sound, Natural Sleep

But he traveled uptown in the subway with Henry and was very pleasant and patient and amused about it all.

At seven o'clock, sniffing in vain for a smell of roast guinea fowl, Henry ushered his boss into the third-floor rear flat on One Hundred and Eighty-first Street, West.

Jackie wasn't there to greet him. Henry took Mr. Prentice's bulky gray overcoat, his fedora and gloves.

"We could do with a little more light in here," Henry laughed. "Just sit down, Mr. Prentice, and I'll have a drink in a jiffy."

Where in heaven's name was Jackie? Jackie had failed again. Of course. That was one way Jackie *never* let you down. She *always* failed. Right on schedule . . . up to the hilt. . . .

HENRY found her in the bathroom. Her favorite place. She was always daubing cold cream on her pretty face, and washing her curls and taking scented baths in foaming puffs of creamy-white soapsuds. Always painting her nails. Oiling her little toes. Twitching out her eyebrows. Putting stuff on her lashes. Brushing her perfect teeth. Rubbing down the satin smoothness of her body. . . .

"Jackie!"

Henry slammed and locked the bathroom door. He was white with rage. His hands shook.

Jackie was all warm and rosy, wrapped in a pink towel with fringes.

"Darling!" she cried. She put her arms around his neck. "I completely forgot! I was reading the most *exciting* murder mystery! They thought it was the chauffeur and all the time . . ."

"Get dressed!" Henry hissed between his teeth. "Get out there! And try to entertain Mr. Prentice until *I* get dinner ready. . . ."

This was the end.

Henry had stood for a lot. He had lived on smörgåsbord year in and year out. A man must at least be able to *pretend* that he has a home life, an efficient wife, happiness. . . . But to have the boss find out! . . . A fellow couldn't forgive *that*. . . .

Henry shot the guinea fowl and the potatoes into the oven and slammed the door. Let *her* entertain the boss. Henry washed his hands of the whole affair. Let *her* fill the painful silences. Her last effort in his behalf. The first and the last. Because he was through. Prentice would fire him tomorrow, of course. But that was okay. Because he wanted to leave town anyway. In New York a divorce means a man has to be caught with another woman.

"In *flagrante delicto*," Henry said aloud.

He mixed three old-fashioneds with bourbon and more than a dash of bitterness.

No. Reno for him.

He squared his shoulders and took the drinks into the sitting room. A little high-school French to bridge the chilly depths.

"*A votre service, M'sieur et Madame!*"

"Ah," Mr. Prentice said. "An old-fashioned!"

Jackie was wearing her cerise lounging pajamas. *Wouldn't* she? Henry had told her a dozen times that Mr. Prentice hated women in pajamas.

"Is there anything I can do to help, sweetheart?" she inquired anxiously, wrinkling her pretty forehead at Henry.

"No," Henry said. "You amuse Mr. Prentice. I'll see that we get something to eat."

"Go right ahead, my boy," the boss said. "I'm as hungry as a bear."

And Mr. Prentice lifted the old-fashioned in Jackie's direction.

Henry retreated into the kitchen with his drink. The oven was turned on high. He had to baste the bird every five minutes to keep it from burning to a crisp.

Life, Henry reflected, was too short to spend in making futile, unappreciated sacrifices for a woman. Even the prettiest, softest, sweetest woman in the world. A man was supposed to bring home the bacon, wasn't he?

"I *do*," Henry said aloud. "But does Jackie cook it? She does not."

Well, at least she seemed to be amusing the boss. A hum of dialogue reached Henry . . . dialogue broken by bursts of laughter. . . . Mr. Prentice's baritone guffaw and Jackie's coloratura trill. . . .

Oh, yes, Jackie was good company, all right. She knew how to listen and how to create a sort of excitement. . . . She made you feel that you were wonderful. . . . She knew how to turn an ordinary occasion into a gala one. She threw star dust in your eyes. When Jackie was around, life was glamorous, like a good play. Anything might happen. . . .

"*Yah!*" Henry said, kicking the oven door.

He set the table. Opened a can of cranberry sauce, a can of peas and a jar of brandied peaches.

Then he delivered another round of drinks to the front and went back to prepare the salad.

Neither Mr. Prentice nor Jackie noticed him. It didn't matter. He just worked here, apparently.

The bird was nearly done. Henry put the candles on the dining-room table and lighted them. Then he removed the bird and the baked potatoes from the oven, parked them on the best platters and announced:

"Dinner is served."

Mr. Prentice was in a marvelous mood. He carved the guinea hen himself, taking an epicure's delight in separating wings and legs with one clean, precise, expert incision.

"Delicious!" Mr. Prentice said.

He beamed at Jackie.

"You're a lucky fellow, Henry, to have such a smart little cook! *Magic*, positively, the way she got that dinner on. . . ."

"I'm not much of a cook, really," Jackie protested.

"I know, I know," Mr. Prentice cried, winking at Henry. "But you can't fool *me*. . . ."

Henry thought a lot. He said nothing. He was spared the need, because Jackie never ran out of words. She held Mr. Prentice captive the way she held them all . . . with laughter and mischievous eyes and by seeming to admire and look up to and believe in Mr. Prentice. Oh, yes. Henry knew all about Jackie's wiles. She trapped a fellow into marrying her and from then on, until doomsday, he had to serve her breakfast in bed every morning!

AFTER dinner they played high-low. Mr. Prentice, Henry knew, enjoyed winning at games. Golf or poker, he liked to score. Henry chose high-low because two of the players can make the third player win or lose at will.

But every time Jackie's hand looked low it was high. And every time Henry played it for high it turned out to be low.

Jackie stacked up the chips until she'd taken fifteen dollars away from the boss.

"I don't know why, but I've got a funny headache," Henry said. "Right over the left eye. . . ."

"Poor baby," Jackie cooed. And rumpled his hair and kissed his forehead. "You sit back and relax in the big comfy chair. Mr. Prentice and I are going to dance."

"You bet we *are*," Mr. Prentice cried. He went to the radio and found a particularly juicy slice of swing. Off key. Off pitch. Off rhythm. Off music. Off sanity.

Mr. Prentice held out his arms and Jackie, with a little cry of delight, nestled against the boss, her cheek against his, her pink-tipped fingers on the back of his neck.

They danced between the tables, into the dining room and back again, around behind the chaise longue, around and around until the boss was purple and puffing and it was eleven-thirty.

Jackie shook out her curls.

"*Must* you go? It's been such *fun.* You'll come again *soon?* Good *night!*"

WITH that upward trill that ends on a question, a promise and a recommendation.

"Good *night!*"

Mr. Prentice's car was waiting . . . the whipcord chauffeur alert.

The boss clasped Henry's hand.

"That's a charming little wife you've got there, Henry," he said. "They don't come that way very often."

"No, sir."

"I'm going to give you a two-jump raise this Christmas," Mr. Prentice said. "But I'll tell you frankly, Henry, it's because of your wife."

"My wife, sir?"

"Exactly. You know, I hate to see a little peach like Jackie do work about the house that's beyond her strength."

Mr. Prentice's eyes grew gentle; they sort of misted over.

"A girl like that would be busy enough doing nothing but keeping her husband happy. . . ."

"Yes, sir," Henry said.

"Take my advice," the boss said, "and get somebody to cook and clean. . . . Jackie's wasted in the kitchen."

Henry stood at the curb a moment, watching the great shiny black car bubble down the street.

Maybe, Henry thought, it *was* a full-time job for a girl . . . just making a fellow happy.

It was a job Jackie could do. Oh, boy! And how!

Maybe the breakfast-food advertisements were all wrong. Pictures in full color of brides serving bacon and eggs, hot biscuits, coffee and fruit at 6 A.M. Maybe our forefathers were all wrong . . . expecting wives to be drudges, and then yelling because they hadn't married sirens. Nowadays, the competition's stiff. . . . Every man expects every girl to be a beauty. And beauty takes time. It takes talent. It takes a lot of doing. . . .

Maybe the boss was right.

Maybe a fellow has to choose between excitement and comfort, between dreams and dumplings, between youth and safety. . . .

Henry ran up the last flight.

Jackie was lying on the chaise longue, her slippered feet in the air, smoking a cigarette and singing with Wayne King.

Henry told her about the raise.

"Oh, darling," Jackie whispered, her soul in her eyes, "you're so clever!"

Then he told her about the cook.

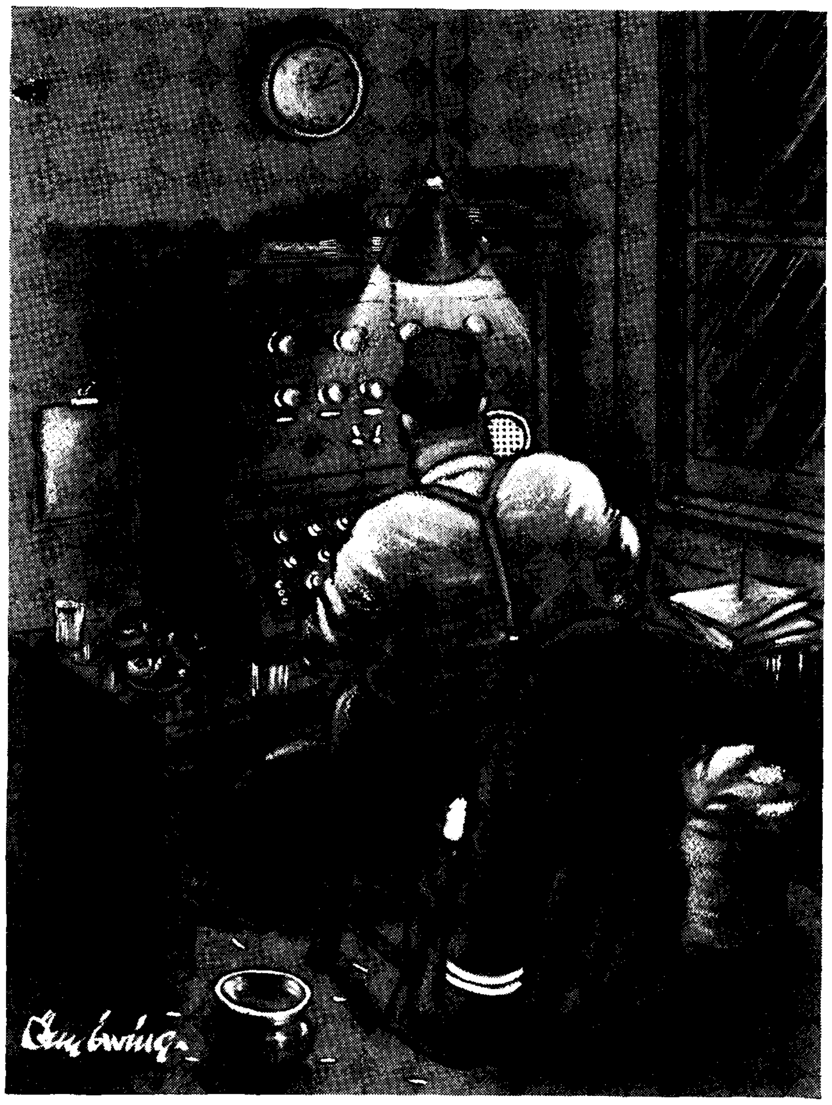
"You mean I won't have to do the cooking any more?" Jackie cried. She held out her arms.

Henry put his lips against her throat. He thought: "No more olives out of a bottle. No more tuna fish. No more paper plates and spoons. No more kippered herring."

Jackie smelled like the first hyacinth in the spring.

"Kiss me, pudding," she said. "You're the most wonderful husband in all the world."

Which was and is and always will be the right answer.



"Attention—car nine—car nine—go to the Hotcha Club —*Sixth and Broadway—opening tonight—souvenirs!*"

JAY IRVING

"Even a flyweight can have a heavyweight breath! Score a knock-out on yours with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!

"There is something new under the sun—and I don't mean me! It's the new BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS—try them!"

"When I want a different flavor, I go for BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS. They're SO refreshing! So GOOD! So butter-rummy!"

BUTTER RUM
LIFE SAVERS

"Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours!"

13 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere, 5¢

A
4th Car
will soon join the
"Big 3"

On April 20th
STUDEBAKER
will present
a new car in the
price field of
Chevrolet, Ford
and Plymouth!

Paderewski—the Boss

Continued from page 16

leaders sought to induce Paderewski to end his self-imposed exile. But he felt that he could not get on with them. He did not return. Even now he is worried by the infiltration of Nazi dogma in Poland, and he will fight against it as far as he can. He believes that the world needs peace, and the only way of peace is the way of democracy.

But let him forget the woes of the world on this trip. He wants to think of music and his American public, for whom he has a special affection. It seems to be mutual. Not even Hollywood's brightest glamor boys and girls have caught the public's imagination as has this gentleman of the old school who has been a god of the keyboard for half a century. Think of it—he will average a little less than $10,000 a concert in his jaunt across the continent. Not many Broadway plays gross more in a week. And if the halls were larger, Paderewski could match any smash hit. At his final concert at Madison Square Garden in New York late in May, he will take in about $30,000. Not even Joe Louis could draw as much without an opponent.

The money is not all. Last fall in Manchester, England, scores of men and women followed his car after the concert from the hall to his hotel, a distance of almost a mile, like pilgrims on their way to a famous shrine. And some years ago a crowd waited up until 3 A.M. for the Paderewski train to arrive in San Antonio, Texas. They started to cheer, but a Negro porter stepped out on the platform and, in a voice that was properly awesome and reverential, said: "De Mahster am sleepin'!" The greeters piped down, went home and were back the next morning to cheer "de Mahster" when he arose.

To Paderewski these are the touching things of a tour, but he can also be amused. There was the time when hundreds of women of all ages, shapes and sizes waited for him at the stage door of the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Boy, talk about the adorers of Gable and Taylor! When Paderewski emerged, the gals thronged around, trying to get his autograph, to shake his hand, to touch his clothing, to stroke his flowing locks. His retinue sweated and strained, and finally deposited him, all in one piece, in his limousine. With the valet poised on one running board and the road manager on the other, the car plowed through the mass of femininity. As the bodyguards pushed and fumed on the running boards, they heard the Boss' voice gayly chanting a phrase: "If I were only a Mormon, if I were only a Mormon!"

No, the money is not all, but you can be sure that Paderewski needs it. In fifty years of trouping he has earned the tidy sum of about $10,000,000, which isn't exactly hay. But he has precious little, if any, left. He has spent it and given it away with the openhandedness of a man whose coupons reach from here to Warsaw. Every time his money ran low, he returned to the concert wars. You can bet the price of a concert grand that he is barnstorming again because he is broke, or mighty close to it. No one will ever know—Paderewski himself certainly does not remember—how much money he has given away. He has given to Poland, to Poles, to needy friends and artists of whatever race and nationality.

On the Road with the Master

Paderewski has the gift of taking his world with him wherever he goes. His tour of America is a complicated thing, but he converts it into a simple, everyday affair, like being at home in Morges, Switzerland. He travels in a private car, and with him go his secretary, valet, road manager, piano tuner, chef and two Negro porters. Excitement may swirl about the retinue, but Paderewski is shielded and pursues the routine of his life. When his wife was alive and accompanied him on the road, there was more formality, but otherwise things were not much different.

He rises at eleven, breakfasts very lightly and takes his first real meal, lunch, at two. The secretary, valet, road manager and piano tuner are his table companions. If the private car should be at rest in some town and one of the men should be out on business, Paderewski will wait for him to arrive. He will not start lunch without his traveling family. He once waited more than two hours for one of the party.

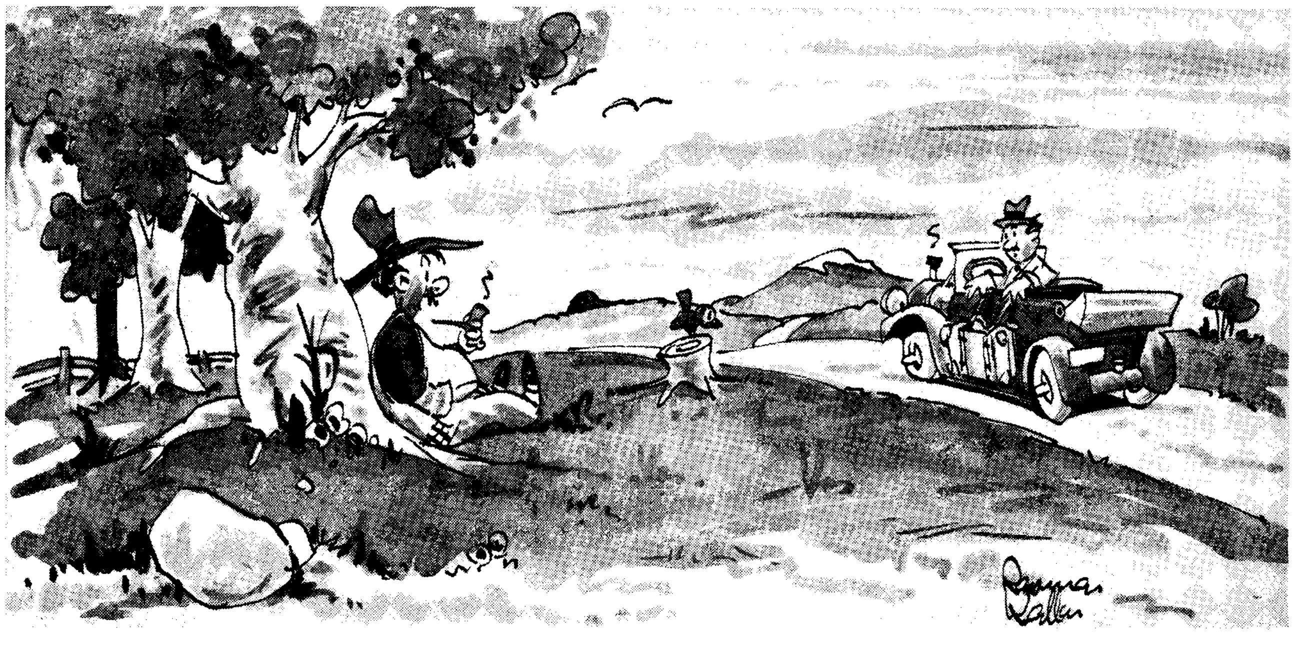
The pianist has few bursts of ill humor, and they occur oftenest at lunch. If the train has rumbled over a rough roadbed during the night and has tossed and rocked so that he has not slept well, he will be sour and sullen. Drafts are also poison to him. The windows in the private car are sealed tight. His American traveling companions dash for the station at every stop as if their lives depended on it; during the night they just toss and bear it.

Paderewski can smell a draft in a concert hall even before he enters it. Local managers are warned that the hall must be warm and no breath of air may stir in it. Often the auditorium is so hot that the unmusical husband who has been dragged away from his corncob and carpet slippers could not keep awake even if he tried. It is a choice between the unmusical husband and Ignace Jan Paderewski. If you saw the way the pianist's shoulders gather and lean forward, the way his eyes narrow and his face reddens, the way he looks, as he is supposed to, like a lion, you would let him have his way about drafts, and let the unmusical husband slumber.

Like many Europeans who have lived in the midst of intrigue, Paderewski is suspicious about things that would not give another man pause. Yet he is without guile about situations that Casper Milquetoast might suspect, like the time he shelled out fifty dollars to a Pole in California who said he needed it to pay a judgment and redeem his trained duck. As for suspicion, if Paderewski should walk along a busy street and be jostled by a stranger, he wonders if the jostling was not done with malice aforethought. When an engine backs into his private car and bumps it hard, Paderewski looks around and whispers furtively; he thinks it's a plot.

His associates get to know the Paderewski psychology thoroughly. Suppose some question comes up—the possibility of an additional concert date. An aide shows him the telegram. If the pianist glances at it and says, "What do you think?" that means he likes the idea. If he examines the message, takes off his glasses and puts them on again, and says nothing, that can be translated into an emphatic no.

After lunch Paderewski practices for an hour or so on the small upright piano which is part of the essential equipment on the private car. He goes over fragments of his program about which he has had second thoughts. This is not a serious workout, like the endless hours



"It's three miles to the village, stranger, but I don't know which way"

REAMER KELLER

DUNLOP
DUNLOP
GOLD CUP

THE NEW S-107 GOLD CUP adds strikingly to the appearance of your car. And it's not just good looking! It combines all the features of fine quality construction that have made "Gold Cup" mean the utmost in performance. Its newly designed, massive tread gives highest traction, with maximum protection against skidding or side slip. This tread design gives definitely increased mileages. The husky carcass is engineered to provide full strength for this longer operation. For the man who values smart appearance with superb performance, there's no need to look further. Available in both white and black sidewalls.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CORPORATION, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

27 YEARS OF HELPING HOUSEWIVES

Sani-Flush makes water-closet bowls as clean as new—does it easily, quickly, without scrubbing—positively cannot hurt plumbing connections. Shake a little of this powder into the bowl twice a week to keep it sparkling-clean.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Water-Closet Bowls

Sani-Flush was introduced 27 years ago with advertisements like this. Millions of women say Sani-Flush is the easiest and best known way to clean toilets. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) *See directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5c-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

BOYS!

Earn a bike, a typewriter, athletic goods, or other big prizes. More than 300 items in all. Make MONEY, besides. Just deliver our popular magazines to customers you secure in your neighborhood. To start send your name, age, and address on a penny postal card, *at once*, to Jim Thayer, Dept. C-267, The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

FREE CATALOG

Hunt. Fish. Camp. Live the life of an Indian. Own your own Old Town Canoe. (Prices start at $73.) An Old Town is sturdy and steady for years of hard use. No expensive upkeep. Write for a free catalog, showing models for every use. Also outboard boats, rowboats and dinghies. Address: Old Town Canoe Co., 535 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores.

of practice before a tour; it is just a tune-up, like a ballplayer's batting and fielding practice before a game.

If the private car is resting in some town, Paderewski hires an auto for a drive at 4 P.M. That's how he got to know the cities, scenery and life of America. He likes to observe how a community grows. He compares houses, factories, roads, schools with what they were on the tour before, or ten tours ago. He argues constantly with his associates. They have to carry a library of reference books on the train to settle daily arguments.

When there is no concert in the evening and no traveling, the pianist doesn't mind a movie at about 6 P.M. The community is at its dinner and he can walk in without being bothered by autograph hounds. He loathes stage shows, double features and movies with mushy love stories. Give him slapstick or, best of all, a hoss opera. He sighs nostalgically for the dear dead days of William S. Hart.

On concert nights Paderewski retires to his chamber in the center of the private car for an hour or two of quiet and contemplation. Any interruption is a serious breach of procedure. His valet enters and helps him dress, never saying a word. Then they drive to the hall, where Paderewski sits quietly in his dressing room until it is time to begin. If his self-communion is disturbed, he may get really mad. Once he delayed a concert because someone spoke out of turn while he was on his way to the stage. He returned to his dressing room and sat for many minutes to get in the mood again.

Look Out for Those Jokes!

There are times when he wears the mood lightly, even to the point of kidding his pals. One evening he emerged from his dressing room and, as he walked along the corridor, encountered one of his associates. Paderewski suddenly stopped; his shoulders drooped, he sighed and leaned against the wall. The aide turned livid, and his heart thumped like a riveting machine. Paderewski sighed again, braced himself and walked out on the stage with a slow step. The associate ran to the other members of the retinue. "Good Lord!" he gasped. "The Boss is sick!" The others grinned. They reported that the Boss had left his dressing room in the gayest of spirits, singing and doing a little dance step.

After the concert the party returns to the private car where Paderewski has his big meal of the day. He is eclectic about his food, but it must be prepared just so. He could qualify for membership in Les Amis d'Escoffier, or any other society of gourmets. He takes off his tailcoat and dons a lounging jacket for dinner. The road manager invariably slips under the pianist's plate a small sheet with the box-office tabulation. Paderewski looks at it and pays up his bets. He and the manager are always laying bets on the size of the audience and the box-office take. The manager generally wins, because Paderewski underestimates.

Conversation at the table is full of pep and good humor. The men swap yarns. Paderewski has a failing that all flesh is heir to: he tells the same one each year. Mention a key word—"aviator," "aviation," "airport" or "airplane"—and that reminds him of a story. You have to imagine the gusto and drama of his voice and gesture and the relish of his guffaws at the end, but the story itself goes like this:

A stingy fellow and his wife passed an airport where a pilot was taking people up in his open plane at five dollars a head. The stingy chap stopped and proposed a bargain rate, five dollars for himself and his wife, insisting that man and wife were as one. Finally, the pilot, angered, offered to take them both up. If the stingy bird should utter one sound while they were in the air, it would cost him twenty bucks; otherwise, not a red cent. Agreed. Up they went, and the pilot dived and spun and stunted so violently that a mute would have spoken. At last they came down. As the plane taxied to a halt, the pilot, seated in the fore cockpit, shouted to his passengers without looking back, "Well, you win." The stingy fellow answered: "It was pretty close, especially when my wife dropped out."

Paderewski can also talk about politics, finance, science, art, business and the humble things of life with a virtuosity that resembles his piano playing. His friends marvel at the bewildering variety of his interests, and his equally amazing grasp of them. They cannot figure out how and when he picked up his knowledge, while playing the piano, writing his concertos, symphony and opera, as well as the universally known Minuet, and campaigning for and governing Poland. Some years ago a Texas oil millionaire was dining with Paderewski at Morges, and the two discussed at length the technical details of digging for oil. After dinner, when the ladies had retired, the Texan asked: "Master, where'd you get all the savvy about oil?"

Paderewski did not explain, but he could have. He had lost money in a couple of oil wells. He invested in one in California and a gas explosion blew up the casing and his investment of some $200,000. He sank about $40,000 in a Texas well with a shaft that went down in the wrong place.

After dinner it has to be bridge, whether on tour or at home or dining out. None of your rubber or two and then we quit. It is assumed that the game will last until four or five in the morning. On the road Paderewski's playmates are his secretary and valet. They do the best they can without a fourth; bidding for the dummy isn't the best fun, but it's bridge. Paderewski tried to teach his road manager, made him sit beside him night after night. The poor fellow couldn't learn; it was a strain on the family tie.

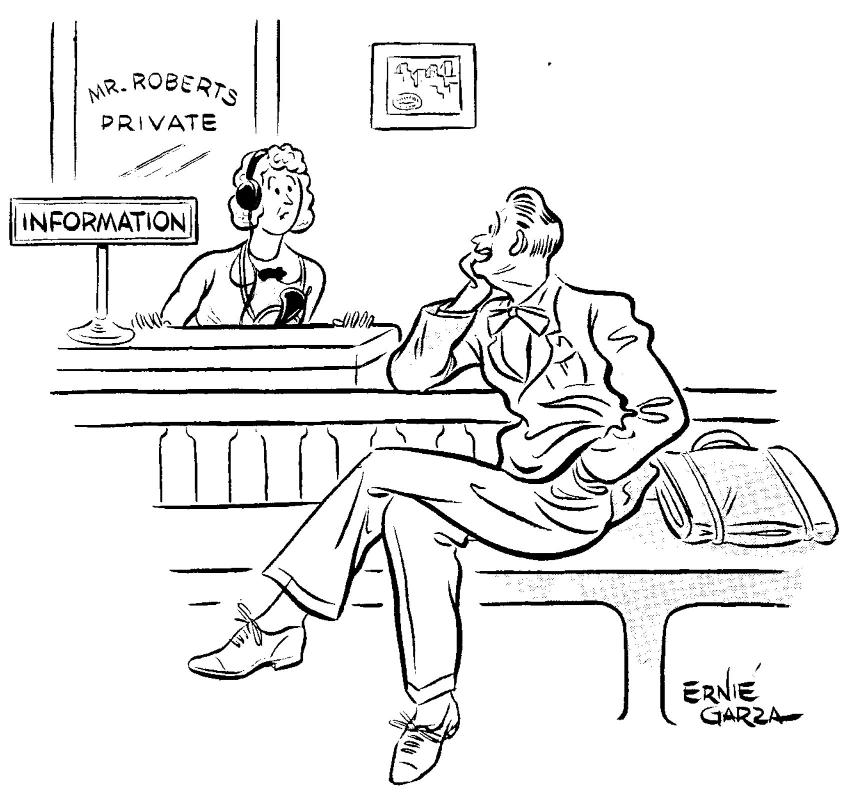
A day at Morges is like a day on tour, excepting there is more space at Morges. If you are lunching with Paderewski, he will take you down to his cellar, which is regally stocked, and he will invite you to choose your wine. You may, if you are an old friend, be allowed to go down yourself and browse. You will discover that the cellar is also cluttered with mementos of his unparalleled career. The house, from cellar to attic, overflows with gifts and tributes from everywhere and everyone. Statuettes, plates and loving cups in gold rub shoulders with a wooden medallion whose value is merely sentimental.

A Genuine Friend

Wherever you visit Paderewski and no matter how long, his attitude toward you is summed up in the Polish proverb, "Guest in house, God in house." He shakes your hand with a firm grasp. His handshake has lost nothing of its affirmation and decisiveness, although a burly Pole once injured his right hand with a crushing grip. Paderewski's bearing is courtly; he sits quietly and does not speak often. Yet he dominates a room in his reserved way with the authority of a Chaliapin who used dramatic striding, gesturing and speech to attain the same end. At a party or a reception, he used to rise and remain standing for each person who was introduced to him. Nothing in the world would keep him seated, and receptions and parties had to be cut down because they were fatiguing him.

In his friendships Paderewski is a Gibraltar of loyalty. He has remained loyal to knaves and self-seekers. But nothing is too good for you if he likes you, and if he likes you he likes you for keeps. He invited an American friend to visit him at Morges. The friend said he could not afford it. Paderewski offered to pay for the entire trip.

All his career Paderewski has been bombarded with a terrifying amount of mail from every corner of the earth, and he has made it a rule that it must always be answered. The letters are pleas for help and advice, from friends, from strangers, from lovelorn women. The fan mail has not diminished with the years, especially requests for a lock of the Paderewski mane. Those are turned down politely but firmly.



"Will you ask Mr. Roberts now if I've been waiting long enough?"

ERNIE GARZA

THANKS for the job!

Multiply him by
a million . . .

THE JOBS THAT
BEER
brought back:

- *Brewery Workers*
- *Farm Workers*
- *Maltsters*
- *Building Trades*
- *Metal Trades*
- *Glass Workers*
- *Can Makers*
- *Machinists*
- *Lumbermen*
- *Coopers*
- *Railroadmen*
- *Box Makers*
- *Restaurant, Hotel and Tavern Workers, etc., etc.*

Happy child . . . meeting his father, as dad comes home from his new job . . . one of the million jobs that beer brought back.

One million jobs . . . a job for *everybody* in a city as big as Cleveland.

That's one way to visualize what beer has done in six short years.

A man with a job . . . heading home and head up. Happy man, happy boy, happy home. And it has been going on, all over America . . . beer has helped in this great re-building job.

Brewing pays huge taxes to help keep *your* taxes low. It also uses the produce of 3,000,000 acres of farm lands.

Most people regard beer as a wholesome beverage. The brewers want to protect your right to continue to enjoy beer under proper conditions.

Beer should not be blamed for abuses that may surround the sale of alcoholic beverages in a small percentage of retail outlets. It is not the brewers' responsibility to enforce the law . . . you have public officials for that. However, we insist that retailing abuses be eliminated, to protect our industry and your privilege for the future.

So . . . in cooperation with enforcement authorities in a number of test communities, the brewers are working out a program of self-regulation that is proving successful.

This plan is being extended as rapidly as facilities permit. This is the brewers' program to protect the public's right to enjoy beer, and our right to make and market it.

In more than a hundred industries, at least 1,000,000 people are working today . . . off the relief rolls or in better jobs . . . because of beer!

SENT FREE ON REQUEST: *A booklet giving interesting facts about beer, and discussing the brewers' self-regulatory program. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B2, 21 East 40th St., New York.*

Beer . . . a Beverage of Moderation

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

Daddy, what's a Jollopy?

Young Buster and I are manicuring the lawn and chinning together when he pipes up, "Daddy, what's a jollopy? Tommy Beals says we have one." Well, for the love of Mike! I happen to know Bill Beals' bus is a couple of years older than ours!

Now next door I notice Bill Beals fussing around *his* car, so we mosey over for a look. And there is Bill putting the final licks on as nifty a polish job as I ever saw. When my eyes get accustomed to the dazzle, I see he's been using something out of a green can with a big **7** on it.

So I take the hint and get a can of the stuff which turns out to be Du Pont No. **7** Polish. Well, from 'way back I remember polishing as a tough job. But say, with this No. **7** Polish I take years off the old bus' looks in no time at all. A jollopy, is it? Look, before you can say "No. **7** Polish made by Du Pont," I have that car shining so bright I tell Buster to run and get my dark glasses!

Sample For You. We'll gladly send you a generous sample of the improved No. **7** Polish, enough for hood and fenders. Just send 6¢, to help cover postage and mailing costs, to: Du Pont, Dept. B-2, Wilmington, Delaware.

DUCO
Improved
FOR ALL CAR FINISHES

DU PONT
Nº 7 POLISH
Improved... works even quicker, easier

WINDSHIELD AND TOP MOULDING LEAKS can be stopped quickly and securely with DU PONT TOP SEALER. Use the handy tube. Good for rear window leaks, too.

The Man Who Lived Alone

Continued from page 10

entertain. They were desperately gay and desperately in love with each other. And the young husband was proud of his wife with the fierce pride of a man who had flung away his career for her. By bureaucratic society the pair was, of course, ignored. And, therefore, they definitely gave gay entertainments for what other and lesser society was to be found. Some foreigners, with those French who were either rich enough to ignore or not reputable enough to matter to the wives of M. Duchet's superiors and fellow clerks.

THEY were rather pathetic, those parties, though. There was a little French priest who came sometimes. He was chaplain of the leper colony on Pehoa, and if not forcibly prevented he would talk shop—which was ghastly. There is leprosy on Tahiti, though the authorities try to ignore it. But that is no reason for talking, at a supposedly gay party, of the tragic things that happen when a discovered leper is torn from his home to suffer heartbreak in the isolation colony. Yet there were other guests who were less tedious. There were a couple of foreigners—McClintock for one, of Polynesian Trading, and Tomlins for another, who had something to do with oil. They were really respectable businessmen. But most of the Duchets' guests were riffraff and human oddities. There were copra-schooner skippers and plantation owners and overseers and fly-by-night independent traders and promoters of dubious ventures. There were very few women. Very few.

The young husband was proud, you see. He barred the dusky mistresses of his guests, and there were not many girls from the Sisters' school at Maraa who were married to white men. Tetua shone at her small receptions almost alone. And she was very young, and she was very beautiful. The guests of her husband found her lovely and said so, or charming and let the fact be seen—and Tetua glowed with an adorable pride that she did such credit to her husband.

That was young M. Duchet's viewpoint, anyhow. He was desperately, really terribly in love with Tetua, but McClintock and Tomlins thought it almost a pity. McClintock lectured him once.

"Mon, you're a fool," said McClintock sourly, as they sipped at a drink before the Hotel Tahitien. The young clerk's immediate superior had passed them and acknowledged his salutation with something like a snort. "Madame Duchet's a fine body of a woman. She's worth a hundred o' the battle-axes who call themselves the fine women of Papeete. But you're makin' a mistake. You're doin' her harm."

"How?" demanded the young husband defensively.

"By surroundin' her with the sort o' riffraff you have come to your house," said McClintock. "Tomlins an' me included, if you will. What d'you suppose the battle-axes say about you both?"

Young M. Duchet said something savage about the wives of his superiors and fellow clerks. McClintock grunted.

"True enough. But Madame Duchet—Tetua—is near the only woman at your parties, an' there's men who come there that haven't the morals of angleworms. It's not good for a woman to know such men. It makes the tongues wag, an' Madame Duchet is too fine a woman to have venomous she-cats pulling her good name to shreds."

The young husband said nothing. He scowled at his drink.

"It might do you harm, too," said McClintock dourly. "You—"

"No more harm can come to me," said young M. Duchet coldly. "My official superiors have done all that they dare."

And he looked so bitter and so defiant that McClintock locked his jaws on the other thing he had intended to say. The other thing was that, after all, a very young and beautiful woman who is admired by many men may be very foolish. She may come to think that she is less admired by her husband than by someone else. And that way comes tragedy.

But McClintock had no warning of the affair before it happened. Neither did Tomlins nor anybody else. Young M. Duchet was a most conscientious government clerk, dealing with red tape in fathom lengths. Because his work was unexceptionable and because he was disapproved of, he was given the supervision of the paper work of the leprosarium on Pehoa. It was not a promotion, because nobody likes to admit that there is leprosy on Tahiti and the government ignores everybody—officials included—who have anything to do with it.

Ignored, young M. Duchet and his wife Tetua seemed to spend a year, and then a second year, and then a third, in a sort of passionate idyll. They had moons and stars and scented soft darknesses. They had all the adjuncts to a paradise of the senses and the emotions. And since Tetua was very beautiful and her husband at least ardent, they must have been absurdly happy. They had even the fine high elation of recklessness rewarded; of being figures in a grand passion of the most authentic sort.

THAT was the way it appeared. But this was Tahiti, none the less. And though nobody knew when the thing happened, or how, or who was involved or what actually had taken place, nevertheless on a certain morning young M. Duchet went to his desk in the municipal office with his face a queerish gray. He spoke dazedly, like a man half stunned and groping. He moved like a sleepwalker. There was a party scheduled at his home for that night, but messengers ran hastily about, carrying messages of cancellation. And for a week M. Duchet looked like a man with a mortal wound.

Then invitations went out for the postponed party, and everybody—knowing of the young husband's queer manner of the past week—looked at everybody else and tried to guess who Tetua and her husband had quarreled over. Everybody saw too, tonight, that Tetua looked as wretched as M. Duchet himself. But she tried gallantly to pretend that nothing was the matter, while her husband looked like a man who had lived through hell. He watched her with a veiled fierceness all evening. As a gay gathering, that party was not a success.

Three days later the scandal broke. Young M. Duchet went to his desk as usual, that morning. He looked shrunken, somehow. Plainly the quarrel—if it was a quarrel—had not been patched up in a fashion to destroy all memory of its cause. And on this morning Tetua put into effect what was plainly a carefully worked-out plan. She told her two servants to go home. They could have a day's holiday.

They took the day off. They went about such private businesses as pleased them. And Tetua vanished from her husband's home. Nobody saw her leave.

TRUE TEMPER
Golf Shaft of Champions
THE WORLD AROUND

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- Belgian Open Championship

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- South African Open Championship

AUSTRALIA
- Australian Open Championship
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SOUTH AMERICA
- Argentine Open Championship
- Argentine Amateur Championship

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- Canadian Open Championship
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- National Amateur Championship
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- St. Petersburg Open Championship
- Kansas City Open Championship
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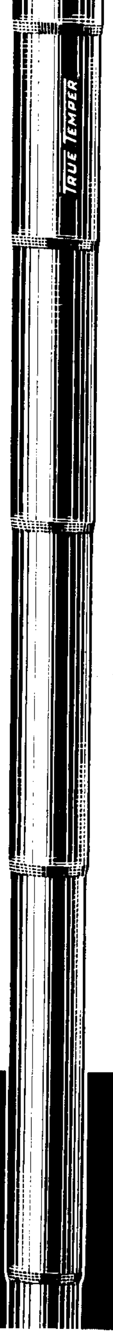

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TRUE TEMPER
STEP DOWN
The Golf Shaft of Champions

Nobody saw her at all. But since the garden was walled, that was not remarkable. Nobody saw young M. Duchet return. Nobody at all knew what he found on his arrival at home. But everybody guessed. The house empty. Resonant and echoing. No servants, no wife—but perhaps a note placed conspicuously for him to find. That was guesswork, but it was positive that next morning when the two servants returned they were met at the gateway by M. Duchet. He was gray-faced and stricken. He said hoarsely, "Madame—is not here," and thrust wages upon them with shaking hands and told them harshly that he would no longer need their services.

He did not go to the office that day, and tongues wagged freely. The morning after, however, he went blindly to his desk. He tried to work, but his eyes—they said—filled repeatedly with tears. And the tale of his desertion was all over town by now, and even his official superiors felt a sort of smug justification which made them sympathetic. The chief of bureau himself paused, in his portly fashion, and put his hand on the deserted husband's arm.

"My dear fellow," he said kindly, "I have heard a rumor I hope is false."

M. Duchet stood up and said dully:

"It is useless to deny that Madame Duchet—that M-madame—"

He choked. The chief of bureau clucked commiseratingly.

"And do you know, *M'sieur* Duchet, what scoundrel—"

"She—they took precautions," said young M. Duchet, from an aching throat, "that I should not know."

"It is best," said the chief of bureau kindly, "that you should take a leave of absence. These things— But it is useless to try to comfort you as yet."

"Quite useless," said the young man, through stiff lips.

BUT he took the leave of absence. He spent it, alone, in the house he had bought for Tetua. No servant. He did not even go out for his meals. McClintock and Tomlins left him alone for a week. Then McClintock began to worry about him. He went to the house and knocked. After a long time young M. Duchet answered. He was white and worn and thin. He looked as if he had been ill.

"I worried about you, mon," said McClintock bluntly. "'Tis natural enough to grieve, but you'll not let this thing spoil your whole life. Come to dinner with me the night. I'll not talk of anything that would bother you."

Young M. Duchet managed a rather ghastly smile. He came outside the house and closed the door.

"It is good of you," he said with difficulty, "but I shall not destroy myself, whether with drink or a bullet."

McClintock growled inarticulately.

"It so happens," said M. Duchet hopelessly, "that for Madame Duchet I feel a sentiment which—nothing can change. Nothing! And it seems to me that someday she will regret the step she has taken. So I—I shall wait here to welcome her on her return."

McClintock stared, startled.

"I shall be considered a fool and a cuckold and a man without honor," added M. Duchet apologetically, "and therefore I will not come to your home."

And he held to it. But at the end of two weeks he returned to his official duties and began a routine that from that time on did not vary a hairbreadth.

He came out of his house in the morning, and he went to his desk, and there he worked resolutely all day long. He lunched sometimes with McClintock or with Tomlins, who elaborately avoided any reference to the running-off of Tetua with some person or persons unknown. Mostly, he lunched frugally and by himself. At night he returned to his house and apparently cooked his own dinner. Next morning he went down to his desk again. And the fixed, immutable routine went on for months. Ultimately, in fact, it went on for years. At no time did he do more than respond with the utmost of reserve to those who made clumsily cordial advances to him.

"They just said to ask for the class of 1912" BARBARA SHERMUND

IN THREE months, anyhow, people grew more or less accustomed to his changed manner and habit of living. And any scandal loses its savor with the passage of time. McClintock and Tomlins tried offhandedly to rouse him, once or twice, but it was useless. He lived alone in the house with the walled garden. Once a month or thereabouts, he had a woman come in to clean. He remained with her, supervising with some sternness so that everything was replaced exactly where it had been when Tetua lived there with him. That was all.

No. There was a mild revival of interest when it was discovered that he still bought regularly the magazines of exclusively feminine interest that Tetua had studied for the latest fashions. Tomlins suspected cynically that he had acquired himself *une amie,* but when he hinted at it, M. Duchet shook his head.

"There is no reason why I should not," he said apologetically, "but I am a fool. Someday Madame Duchet will return. She will be pleased to find even such little things waiting to welcome her."

Tomlins said cynically:

"My dear fellow! Haven't you heard she was seen in Viti Levi?"

Young M. Duchet—though he did not look very young any longer—went pale. Then he said in a low tone:

"I have heard it."

And after that Tomlins had a little trouble maintaining a feeling of tolerance for M. Duchet. His superiors, however, were more comprehending. Much of the disfavor under which he had labored was removed. He was actually invited to one or two official functions. He did not attend. Then somebody's wife meditated a divorce and a marriage to one of the heat-dimmed virgins of Papeete. He was not responsive to the delicately phrased suggestion. And then it was disclosed that instead of taking his paper work about the leprosarium as a routine matter, he was actually going beyond the strict limit of his duties.

A sort of scandal-hunting commission came out to Tahiti to look over all the departments of the colonial administration. It warmly commended the conduct of the leprosarium. The sympathetic interest and scrupulous attention of M. Jules Duchet were responsible, and his indefatigable labor in behalf of the unfortunate lepers was worthy of the highest praise.

That was news. It was more. It restored M. Duchet to a definite status. He was in line for promotion once more. Even for the ribbon for his buttonhole that before had seemed impossible. McClintock congratulated him dourly.

"I have—" M. Duchet hesitated, and then said apologetically, "I have little else to think of."

"BUT they say you go there yourself!" protested McClintock. "You poke around in the kitchens an' the infirmary and all. You're taking risks!"

"It is no risk," said M. Duchet. To McClintock's amazement he spoke with precision of the disease. He seemed to know all that the doctors knew about it. "With the most elementary of precautions," he observed with complete certitude, "there is no risk. And I take those precautions."

Authority offered M. Duchet a sop of promotion. It would be good politics. High authority offered M. Duchet the governorship of a tiny island where leprosy was too prevalent. The idea was that he might educate the natives in preventive measures and so cut down the incidence of new cases.

But M. Duchet declined the promotion. He went on as a minor clerk in the municipal building, and he lived alone in the house he had bought for Tetua—and from time to time he heard a new rumor that she had been seen here, dancing, or there in an even more dubious occupation. And he admitted reluctantly to McClintock that he had refused the promotion because he wished to be at home to welcome Tetua back when she wished to return, and as governor of Otearoa he could not do so.

McClintock threw up his hands then, and M. Duchet—young no longer—went on the even tenor of his way. He was quite gray, now. He lived alone, and the cleaning woman who cleaned under his immediate supervision was the only other person who ever entered his house. He refused all invitations, and only spoke politely to those who went out of their way to speak to him. How he occupied himself no one knew. He apparently kept the latest magazines of feminine interest in his house, and once or twice he was even known to buy an article such as a man might buy for a woman. "When Madame Duchet returns," he would explain apologetically, "I wish her to be supplied with articles of the toilet." And this went on for rainy and dry seasons in succession.

But then, at last, when nobody noticed him any longer and some people had even forgotten the whole story, quite suddenly M. Duchet began to fail. He was still a fairly young man, as years go, but no one would have guessed it. His hands began to tremble again. He was absent from his work for one day after another. Then one morning a native brought a note to the chief of bureau who was M. Duchet's immediate superior. Then there was tumult in the administrative building. The chief of bureau tore his hair, swearing furiously. Officials went out to the house that M. Duchet had bought for Tetua. They found natives loitering around curiously outside. They asked questions. The natives said there had been a shot in the house a half-hour since, and there was something wrong.

THE officials prepared to break down the door, but it was unlocked. M. Duchet had left it unlocked for them. They went in. M. Duchet was dead. Then McClintock came, swearing bitterly. He'd had a note, too.

"I, *Messieurs,*" said McClintock savagely, "have been asked by my late friend to take charge of this affair. I have a letter from him for authority."

And he did take charge. His difficulties were extraordinary, because there were two funerals to arrange for. Two. Even though there had been only one shot. And the lesser authorities insisted that one of those two funerals should take place at the leprosarium. But McClintock carried the matter to high authority, and high authority was first stunned and then incredibly sympathetic. So—well, M. Duchet and Tetua were buried together, while everybody still tried dazedly to realize that she had never left her house at all.

Tomlins made the only possible comment, as he and McClintock came back from the funeral.

"He took care of her all those years," said McClintock heavily, "while we thought he was a ninny! What can you say about a thing like that?"

"'The French,'" said Tomlins in a detached voice, "'are a very polite people, fond of dancing and light wines.' Let's go get a drink."

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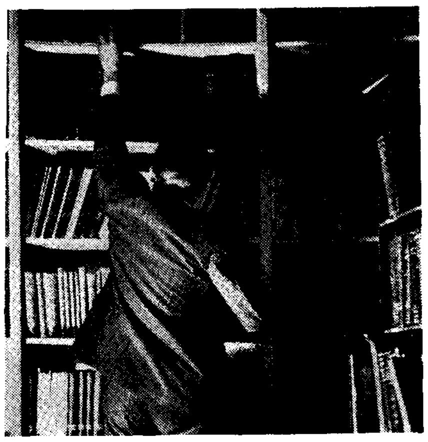

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Tiger, Tiger

Continued from page 27

He was wondering about that tiger's head. Tigers were hunted in India, and such parts. But he'd never heard of a tiger in Russia.

Shotha whispered to Mr. Nicolai. Mr. Nicolai stared at the powder fumes drifting up toward the smoke of the fire.

"Tomorrow, he says," Shotha responded, "you can hunt a *ti-gar* on our land."

Donovan laughed. He didn't believe a tiger could be found in a place like this.

But Mr. Nicolai did not laugh. The *ti-gar,* he insisted, could be found early in the morning, as he said, and the American sportsman could kill it. He'd bet on that—bet anything.

"All right." Donovan wouldn't back down. "Ten dollars that you can't show me a tiger tomorrow morning. That enough?"

Mr. Nicolai agreed, and Shotha wiped his moist face thoughtfully.

"You have American money, sir?" he whispered. "You have much American money. "You are rich. Give me fifty dollars."

"No—certainly not."

"You will be better if you give it, sir!"

There was something screwy about the place, Donovan thought that night when he turned in. Something about Shotha and the servants. They acted as if they were afraid. But he was too drowsy to puzzle about it. He put his wallet in his coat, folded his coat under his pillow, and went to sleep.

A HAND pulled the quilt off his shoulders, and he was conscious of a dim lantern shining over him. Three men were standing by his bed, and one of them had Shotha's weasel face, and a ghostly robe in his hand. They all carried swords.

"Time to go?" Donovan yawned, feeling for his coat and putting it on. The wallet was still in the pocket.

"Yes, hurry!" said Shotha. He put the ghostly garment on the American, and it proved to be a long sheepskin overcoat. Then he belted a saber on Donovan, saying that it was a yataghan. Another man handed over a mug of steaming tea.

But Donovan was hardly awake when he climbed into the saddle of a shaggy pony and looked around at Shotha and the other two, who were also mounted and armed like himself with yataghans. There was no sign of the Russian chauffeur.

"Where's Mr. Nicolai?" he asked.

"He is not coming." Shotha hesitated a moment. "It is too dark, and he is afraid. Yes, sir, he is not afraid of the *ti-gar*—only of the—who do you say?—the unburied dead who ride in these dark, looking for graves and crying out like hawks." The mountaineer shivered, fumbling with the reins. "But now you must hurry, sir, or the *ti-gar* will be away from his sleeping place."

"Look here," said Donovan, "are you going after a tiger without a rifle?"

"That is our way of hunting," Shotha almost snarled. "If you arre afraid, you pay me these ten dollars."

"The hell I will!"

By then they were dropping down out of the sky glow into drifting mist. By the action of his horse, he could tell that they were going down a steep descent—until they passed an outcropping of limestone half an hour later, and came out in level grass.

By then the sun was breaking through the mist, and out of it appeared a small stone tower. Beside it, two men in sheepskins mounted on ponies were bending over another, who lay outstretched before the tower.

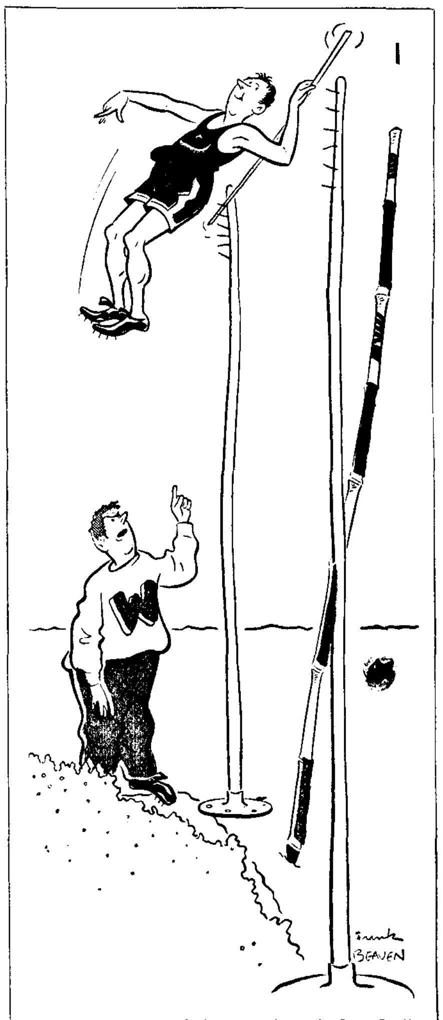
Shotha swore under his breath. "The robber-bandit David!" he whispered.

One of the riders turned, and set himself in the saddle. Straight for them he rode, whipping out a length of steel. Donovan looked into a broad, bearded face, alight with rage.

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "What in—"

He started to rein aside, and then he was fighting for his life. Instinctively parrying the savage slashes of the rider, feeling the jar of the steel up his shoulder muscles.

His adversary, a heavy man, was like a whirlwind in sheepskins—driving his horse into Donovan's. He panted as he struck, trying to beat down the American's guard. Donovan grew madder by the second, and slashed the other's shoulder. But the steel caught in the heavy wool.



"Ah-ah! No fair putting it back!"

FRANK BEAVEN

And the shaggy man yelled, slashing at Donovan's head. The American flung himself back from the steel, as his horse plunged, and he found himself on the ground with his empty hands gripping the grass.

The pony of the strange rider was stamping near his head. The man—obviously David—was peering down at him uncertainly, sword in hand. And his companion, dismounting, had caught the rein of Donovan's horse and picked up his yataghan from the ground.

Shotha and the others had vanished into the thinning mist—Donovan could hear them crashing away up the hillside. Donovan got to his feet slowly.

"Well," he growled, "what now?"

David paid no attention to the English words. Whacking Donovan over the shoulders with the flat of his sword blade, he pointed toward the tower.

And at the tower the American saw something that cooled his anger. The

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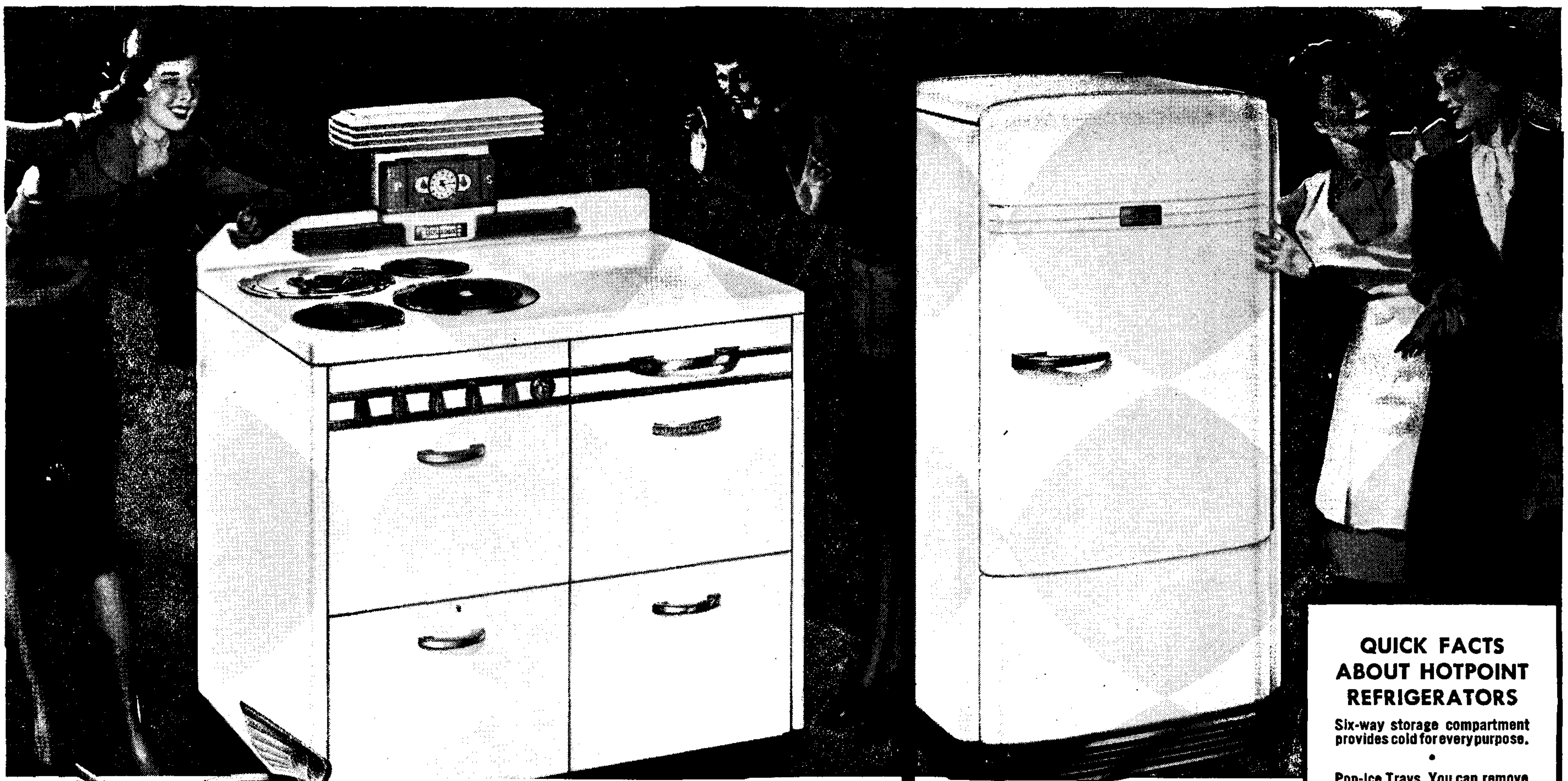

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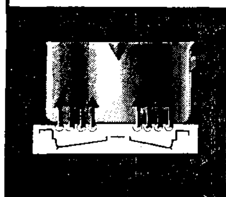

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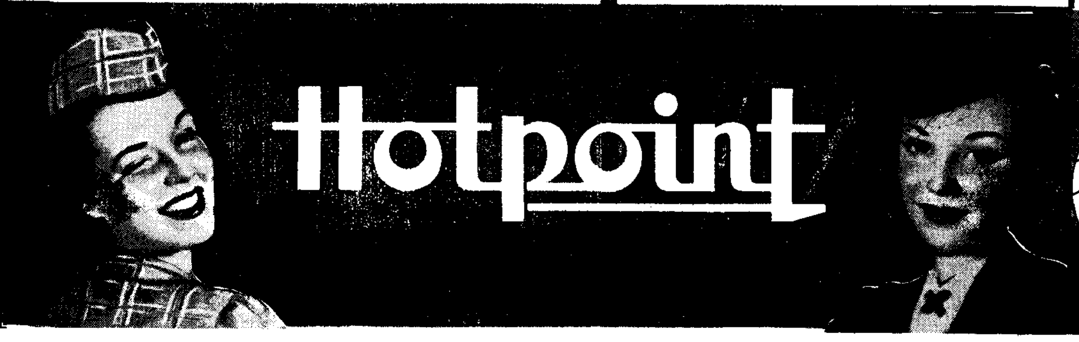

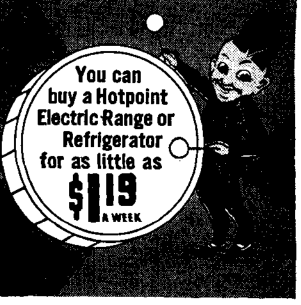
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third man, lying on the ground, was dead—the back of his neck gashed open as if by the blow of a knife. David looked at him for a while in silence, then said something to his follower, who lifted the dead man and slung him across the back of Donovan's horse.

Then David grunted and motioned with his head. They started along the trail. Presently Donovan heard the *clang-clang* of bells again, and looked back over his shoulder. David's servant was bringing up the rear, driving three cows.

"Now what," Donovan thought, "is the idea of all this?"

No tiger, he knew, had killed that fellow at the tower. But he wouldn't have been surprised, just then, to see a tiger come out of the brush and join the procession. Instead of that he found himself, presently, at a house.

It stood at the edge of a small lake where white swans floated, and it was made of rough stones, running up the hill. After the bandits had driven the cows up to a rude corral built on the hillside and the flat top of the house, they made Donovan climb a ladder into the upper room, where David pulled the sheepskin overcoat off him. The big man seemed surprised when he saw the American's clothes. And he puzzled over the contents of the wallet—peering at the American banknotes as if he had never seen the like before.

"Maga!" he called.

A girl answered the call, climbing in the opening by the ladder—a girl as slight as the bandit David was big. When she noticed David, she stopped as if struck.

Then she saw the American money, and cried out: "*Akhi mhendruli!*" Snatching the wallet and money from David, she thrust them back into Donovan's hands.

"Oh, dear Lord," she cried, "are you American?"

"Yeah," Chuck assented, "from Texas."

"Tex-as. I remember that. It is on the Gulf of Mex-ico."

SHE looked as scared as if she had seen a ghost. For a moment she poured out words at the impassive David, who answered with growls. Then she turned on Donovan. "Tell me, for why do you 'unt David? For why do you attack him in his own place?"

"For why?" Donovan asked, surprised. "Ask him—he started it. I was going after a tiger with Mr. Nicolai's men, when he jumped me with a sword."

"After w'at?"

"I told you—a tiger."

"I do not know w'at a tiger is."

Donovan explained what a tiger was, and she shook her head impatiently. "You mean a *pelenk*. No *pelenk* comes so 'igh as this on a mountain. No one 'unts *pelenks* with 'orses and swords. Don't lie like a fool!"

She was telling Donovan what he had figured out pretty well for himself. And she was growing angrier by the minute.

"If you want to know," Donovan said lazily, "I'm not lying. Suppose you tell me what this racket of yours is, young lady, and what these bandits want to get out of me."

"David is *not* a bandit. He never does 'arm no one."

Donovan grinned. "All right then, he doesn't. He was only having a little saber practice with me."

Her dark eyes gleamed forbiddingly. Sarcasm was lost on her.

"Look here," he said, "how do you happen to speak English, and what are you doing in this godforsaken place?"

"I have been to your school, at Robert College in Istanbul. And this is *not* a godforsaken place. Look!" Running to a wooden chest, she pulled a book out from under some clothes and showed it to the American. It was a cheap Bible and it looked as if it had been used. The shaggy David watched her, like a drowsy bear. "Now you swear by this that you will tell me the truth—everything that happens up at Mr. Nicolai's house."

It gave Donovan a strange feeling, as if he were called to the witness box. He told her exactly what had happened in the last eighteen hours. And the girl—Maga her name was—listened intently.

At the end she seemed to droop. The fire went out of her eyes. Instead of answering Donovan, she spoke quietly with the man David.

"Our house is ruined," she said at last.

SHE looked white and fragile—hungry, he thought. With the shadow of weariness under those expressive eyes.

"Maga," he said, nodding toward the big man, "he doesn't understand English, does he? Well, will you help me get out of this bandit's—"

To his surprise, Maga began to laugh softly. "*Okh—okh.* He is not like you say a robber. He is a good Christian. And, likewise, David is my 'usband."

Then David, hearing his name, began to talk. And Maga stopped laughing on the instant.

"Where did you order these new mechanical shovels, Boss?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"David says," she interpreted, "he is sorry he did not know you were an American, but he 'as never seen an American. He is sorry he 'urt your 'and, and he wants you to eat a festival dinner with him. Now you are his guest, and he *has not* a guest since the trouble began."

"Why—sure."

"David," she went on, "is Kartvelian. That is what you call Georgian, and also he is *mhendruli,* that is warrior with a sword. Like all of his fathers. He says you handle a sword well, but you cannot ride a 'orse like an *abrek*. That is, like a man of these mountains."

The big man's beard twitched in a smile, and he added a word or two.

"He wants you to know surely that his 'eart is made big, because he has an American guest in his 'ouse."

Donovan thought of something. "Why did you say I'd ruined your house, Maga?"

"Because you 'ave done it." Her slight shoulders moved impatiently. "You do not understand nothing." Suddenly her dark eyes flamed. "Mr. Nicolai is a dog-born dog. He is sadist. He is—like Nathan's rich man."

"Like what?"

"The one in the second book of Samuel, chapter twelve. Please don't talk to me now. After dinner you can go away, where you like."

And she slipped away, down the ladder, David following. Donovan whistled softly and got out a cigarette. He felt as if he'd tumbled into a stage where everybody was acting. Everybody except himself. Why, he wondered, had Shotha and the other boys run off when David jumped him? And what were they doing now? Certainly Maga hated Mr. Nicolai, but why should she? She was an appealing little thing, with a temper. Thinking it over, Donovan was sure that the book of Samuel she mentioned had something to do with the Bible.

So he took up that volume, turning the leaves while he smoked. He hadn't had one in his hands for twenty years, but it wasn't hard to find chapter twelve of Samuel. Donovan read it through twice—that story Nathan told of the rich man who had exceeding many flocks and herds. The one who coveted the one ewe lamb of his poor neighbor. So, when a traveler came to the rich chap's house, he spared to take of his own flock, and took the ewe lamb of the poor man—the one that played with the children and slept with the family—and dressed it for the traveler.

FINISHING his cigarette, Donovan looked out of the hole in the wall. The Georgian servant was pounding down the earth with the flat of a spade, on a new grave. Up the trail a way David was sitting on a rock.

Smoke curled up from the lower region of the stone hut. Donovan climbed down and found Maga bending over the iron bars above the charcoal embers of the fireplace, where the haunches of a pair of rabbits were sizzling. Rice steamed in a black pot.

"That one ewe lamb," said Donovan thoughtfully, "what is it?"

"Me," Maga explained briefly.

Her hair fell loose about her face, her cheeks were flushed with the heat. Donovan drew the story out of her.

More than a year ago, Mr. Nicolai had seen her face, when she had been out on the upper pastures with David's sheep. And he had desired her, although he had his house full of Circassians and a gypsy or two, with a Persian half-breed. But Maga loved David, and she could not be enticed up to Mr. Nicolai's house. Mr. Nicolai had dogs, servants, sheep—everything.

Because Maga would not come to him, he had made things hard for the couple in the stone hut. His men had driven off David's sheep, and had shot the dog. They were afraid of David because he would kill anyone who touched her.

Now, Maga explained scornfully, Mr. Nicolai had caught David in a trap. He had baited the trap with an American tourist, and David had blundered into it, because David had been blind with rage when he found Kupri murdered at the watchtower, where the Georgian servant had gone at sunrise as he always did when they drove out the cows to graze.

"Now they will send a lie to the police at Tiflis. They will say that David attacked you and made you prisoner." She sighed. "And that is just what he did, because he is stupid in the head, and does not know what a tourist is like."

Donovan grinned, thinking of the ten-dollar bet. "He can't get away with a thing like that."

The girl lifted her tired eyes. "But he will. The Russian police will come to take David to prison, and after that Mr. Nicolai will come for me."

"Not much. Not if I go back to Tiflis and tell them exactly what happened."

Maga shook her head. "You do not understand what it is like here. They will shoot David, because he has made trouble for a tourist."

"I'll talk to Nicolai—"

"And he will laugh and say I am full of crazy lies. You are a good man, Mr. Donovan, only you understand nothing."

THINGS like that, Donovan thought, didn't happen nowadays. He couldn't believe it all, when they sat at the feast that evening. Maga had lighted candles for them, and dressed herself up in a velvet vest. She had combed out her hair and put on a silvery cap with a veil. And embroidered slippers. She talked to David, low-voiced, in their own speech, sitting by his knee—waiting until the men finished eating the rabbit and rice and cheesecake. It was not proper, she explained to Donovan, for her to eat with men.

"*Gaumerjuba!*" David said, smiling, stroking her hair.

"He means, be happy—victorious," she said. "You do not have a word like it in English."

Donovan noticed how she'd put henna on her nails, when she brought them a silver basin to rinse their hands, after eating, and gave each of them a clean towel.

"I am not 'ungry," she explained, clearing away the remains of the feast. "Perhaps later."

But she didn't eat anything. She sat with her head against the big man's knee, her mind wandering somewhere out of the room. "Will you stay with David as long as you can?" she asked Donovan once.

In spite of his protest, they gave him the couch in the upper room. After he'd blown out the candles, he tried to think of some answer to Maga's tale. Probably she suffered from a persecution complex, he reasoned. Certainly the whole thing could be cleared up . . . he dozed off, thinking about it. Once he roused, hearing a rustling of paper, and he fancied the floor boards creaked.

It was long after that, in the cold of early morning, when he heard flames crackling. Heavy boots moved over the floor. David stood in the room, holding a torch.

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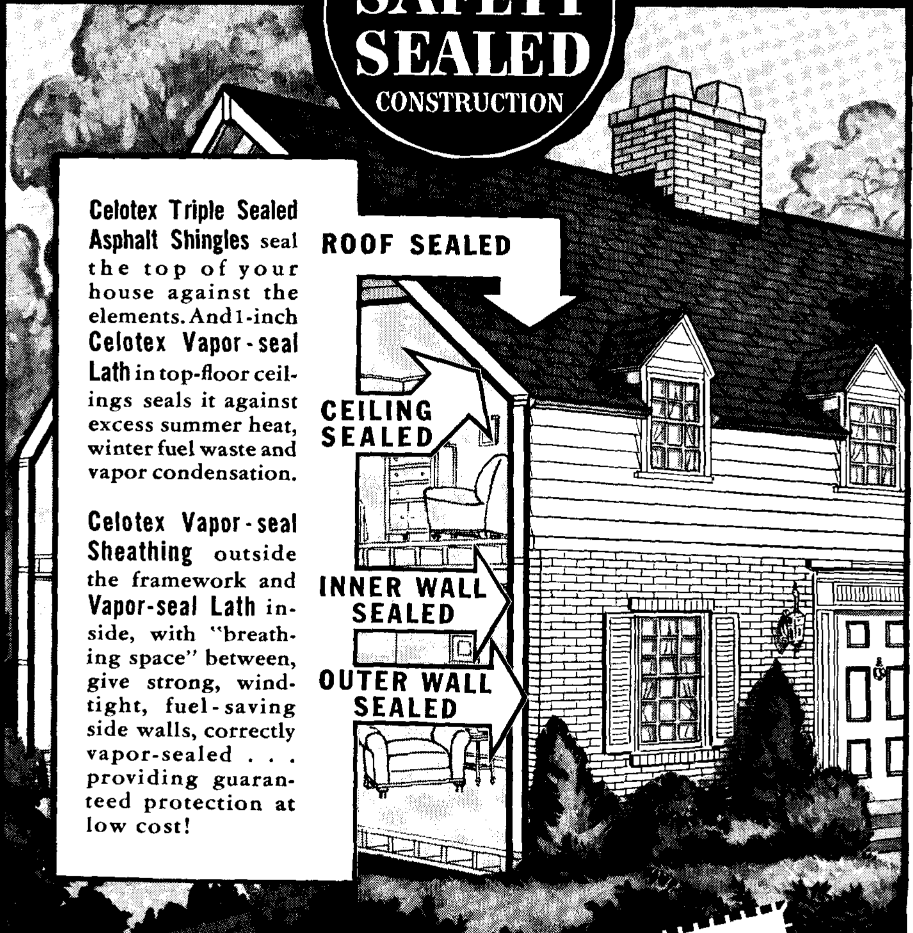

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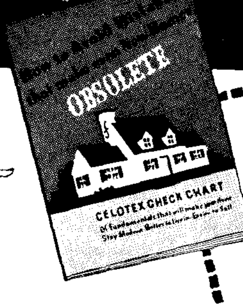

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Donovan sat up, as the big Georgian walked around the room.

"Maga," David said. He looked restless and anxious. Down below someone was moving hurriedly.

When Donovan started to get out of the couch, a folded paper slipped to the floor. He had not seen it before, and he picked it up and glanced at it.

It had a few words written on it in charcoal, in a round, schoolgirl hand. *Mr. Donovan I am going away to the only place where I can so David he will not be killed. Please you do not tell him nothing but tell the G. P. U. in Tiflis he never does mean no harm and so goodby. Very truly yours, Maga.*

Maga's grammar might be screwy but her meaning was clear enough. Only Donovan couldn't think what she had done. Might have jumped in the lake, or gone off.

DAVID fixed the torch in the wall while he took some things out of the chest.

He took out what seemed to be a bundle of jangling steel chains. When he put it on over his head, it proved to be a shirt of chain mail, the links polished until they gleamed. His arms in long white lambskin sleeves moved slowly, putting a steel cap on his head, and taking up his sword again.

Then he went down the ladder with the torch, and Donovan followed. The servant was holding the stirrup of a saddled pony. David mounted, and rode away.

Donovan wasn't going to be left behind. He wanted to be up there, to explain things to Mr. Nicolai when David arrived. But it took him some time to find the pony he'd ridden that morning, and saddle the restive beast with only a smoldering torch for light. By the time he was on the trail, David was far out of hearing.

Lashing the pony into a canter, Donovan let him have his head—figuring that he'd find his way back to the Nicolai stables. After a while he sighted the tower of Nicolai's house, and something else that he couldn't make out at first. A white, gleaming figure pacing toward the darkness of Nicolai's courtyard.

This, he knew, would be David. Dogs were howling and snarling somewhere. And David was riding up to Nicolai's front door. Riding slowly. Donovan lashed his pony into a gallop.

He was almost up to David when a spurt of light came out of the darkness of the courtyard, followed by the crack of a revolver. Then a spattering of shots from two revolvers.

Donovan started to get out of his saddle, down to the ground. The bullets were snapping over his head, but David kept on.

"Nicolai!" Donovan yelled. "Shotha! What the hell are you firing at—"

They must have heard him. He got in front of David, in that haze of moonlight, and the shooting stopped. Donovan's pony shied violently, and he noticed the dark blur of the mangled bear's carcass on the ground. Getting out of the saddle, he walked forward.

And Nicolai and Shotha emerged from the shadow of the house, thirty feet away, coming toward him.

"Mr. Donovan, sir," Shotha babbled, "what arre you doing? Come in here, sir, or that bandit he will surely kill you!"

Donovan's temper was getting hot. "That's what you say. Now listen to me. Who killed this man's servant? And where's his wife? And what's your reason for blazing away at us now?"

Shotha's jaw dropped, and he whispered to Mr. Nicolai.

"You two," Donovan told them, "will have plenty of questions to answer in Tiflis. I'll see to that—"

Then he saw that Mr. Nicolai was shoving cartridges into the cylinder of a revolver, holding the other one under his arm. He looked frightened. His lips twitched back from his teeth, and he yelled with sudden rage.

Why, Donovan thought, this man was going to shoot again. Mr. Nicolai shoved the cylinder back and a fist hit the side of Donovan's head. The flash made everything red.

He couldn't see, and he coughed out the fumes in his throat. He heard a jangling of metal and pounding of hoofs. Then he could see Mr. Nicolai dodging, and a gleam of steel coming down. He wiped his eyes and looked again.

Mr. Nicolai was lying on the ground, and David was reining in his horse above him. David had a sword in his hand; he hadn't argued with Mr. Nicolai. When Mr. Nicolai shot at Donovan, he had ridden him down, and killed him. And now David, paying no attention to Shotha, was dismounting, going into the house.

When Donovan stopped coughing, he picked up both the revolvers by the body, and looked at them. One had five loaded cartridges in it.

Shotha was whining, and women were screaming in the house. A few men came out to look at Nicolai's body, and at Donovan. Then David appeared again.

He carried Maga in his arms, and he paid no attention to anyone. Going to his horse, he set the girl gently back of the saddle, and mounted. She held tight to him, crying. Donovan noticed that her boots were muddy.

He watched them ride off.

After he lighted a cigarette, he tried to think things over. "Where's that car of mine?" he asked. "And that Russian driver."

"Sir," Shotha said, "he was afraid—he went back to Tiflis. He will return."

"I see." Donovan contemplated the ring of faces around him. They were like animals, afraid, and waiting for him to speak his will. Donovan didn't argue any more.

"Shotha, you all want to live, don't you?" he observed briskly. "And you know what will happen to you for risking the life of an American tourist?"

Shotha cringed, his mouth open.

"And kidnaping that man David's wife?"

"But, sir, I swear she came here herself, just—"

"Do you think anyone in Tiflis will believe that? Not if I testify to what you tried to do to me." Donovan nodded. "Now the best thing you can do is to bury Mr. Nicolai and forget all about David and Maga. I'll forget about—everything. So no one will be arrested. Do you understand?"

Quite fully, Shotha understood. He threw himself down in front of the American, and pressed his forehead against Donovan's shoe. And all the others acted, when Shotha talked to them, as if a death sentence had been revoked. It was a crazy way out, Donovan thought, but it would work. Only those girls in Mr. Nicolai's house weren't satisfied. They kept on wailing as if their world had come to an end.

AND the Intourist manager, who drove up later that morning with Donovan's worried driver and three soldiers with bayonets fixed on their rifles in the car, had a lingering doubt.

"But, Mr. Donovan," he complained, when they were all on their way back to the hotel in Tiflis, "the chauffeur said you had been kidnaped by a Georgian bandit. Believe me, sir, I was on my way to arrest that man before any harm came to you. What happened?"

"We only went tiger hunting. I had a grand time, and that Georgian fellow gave me a swell dinner. They *all* gave me a grand time."

The Intourist manager looked immensely relieved, but still puzzled. "You say you went *tiger* hunting—what, sir, do you mean by that?"

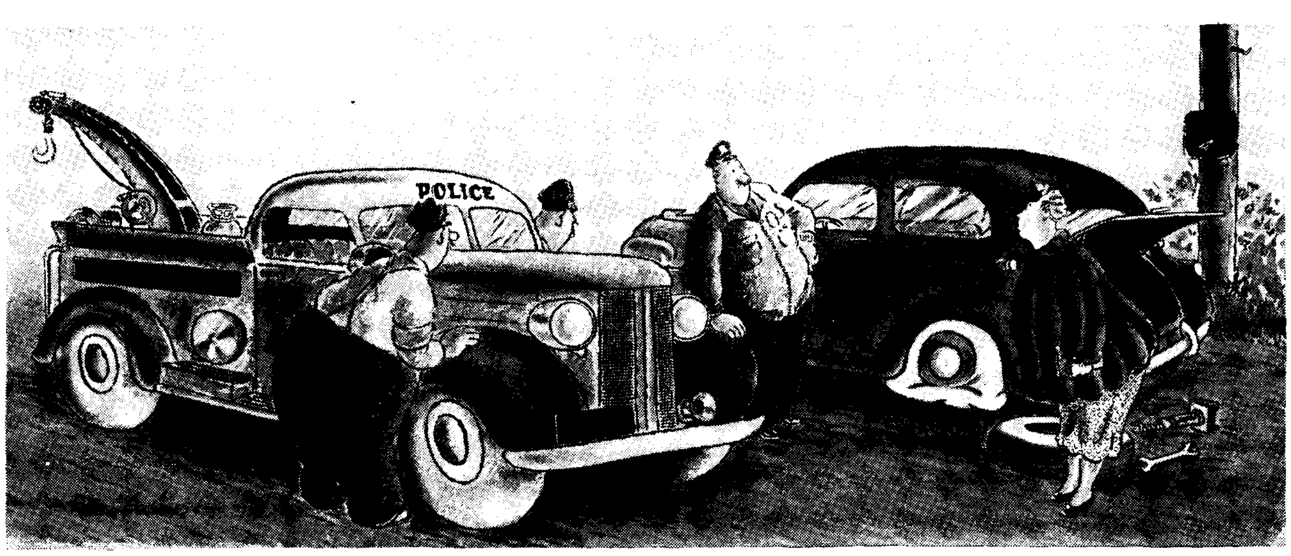
Donovan explained what a tiger was, and the Intourist man laughed.

"Oh, that. You call them tigers in America, but we have another name for them in the Caucasus. A *ti-gar,* like you say, is a head of the works here. A—a big shot like Mr. Nicolai, who died last week, they say, when he was kicked in the head by a horse."

Donovan said nothing. He was thinking.

"I hope," the Intourist man made a joke, "you did not go hunting such an important person in our mountains?"

"Well," said Donovan, "not exactly."



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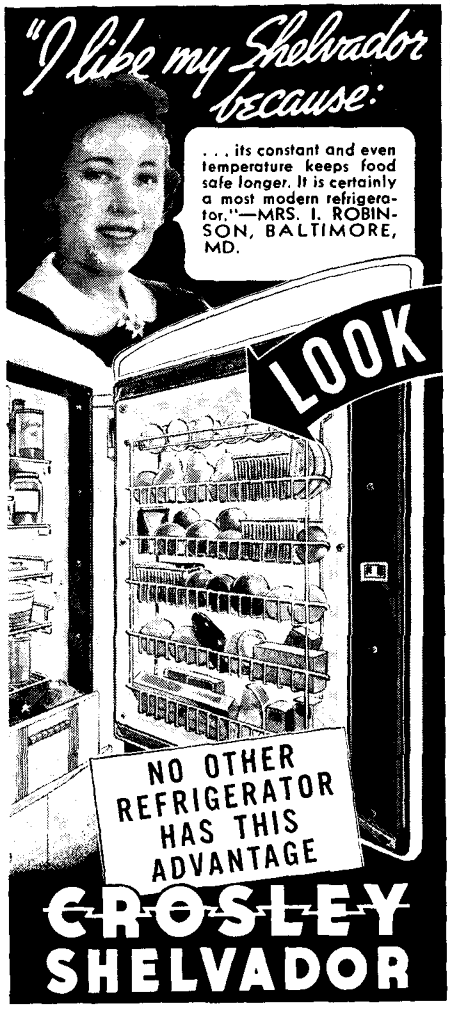

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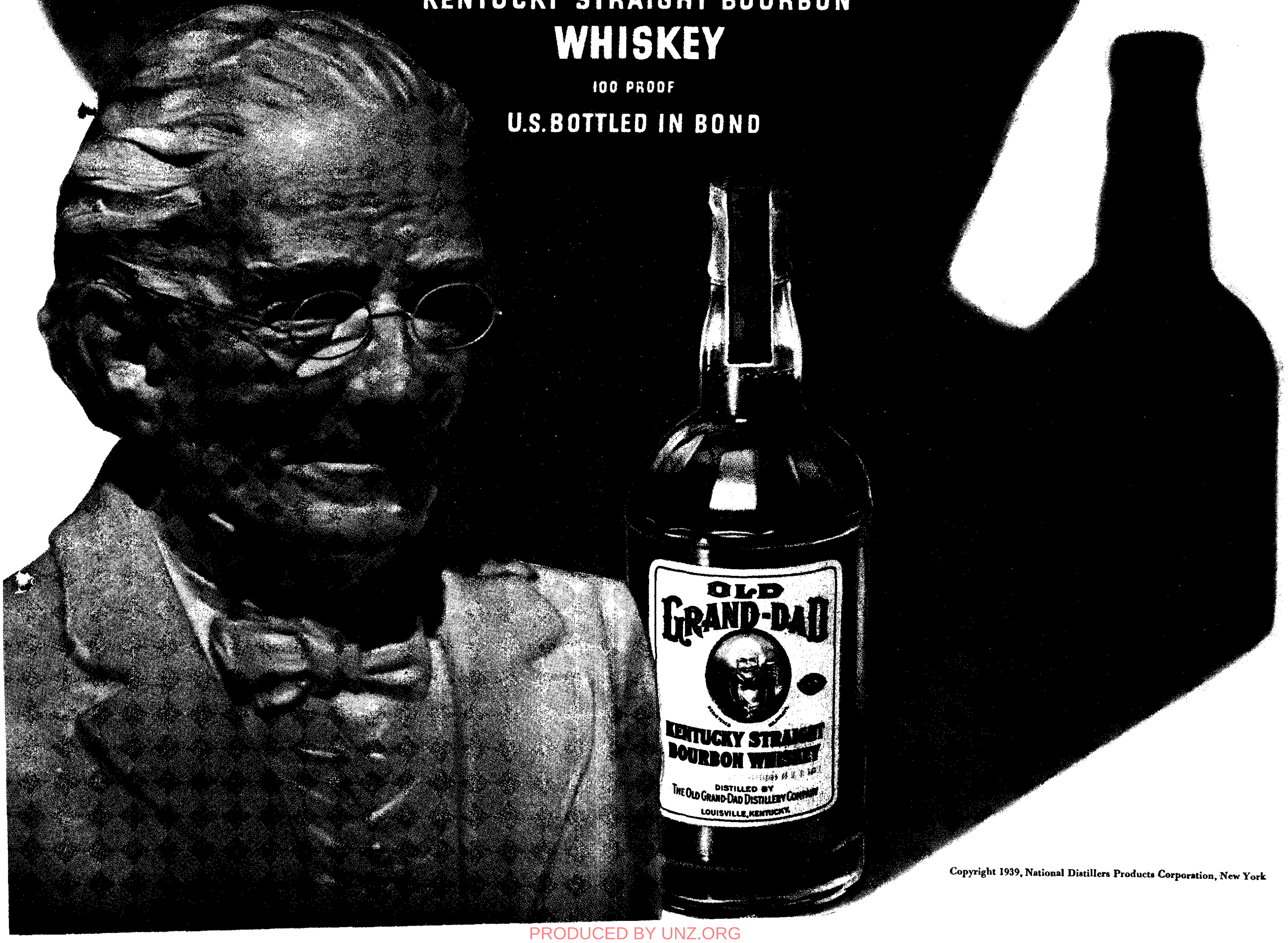
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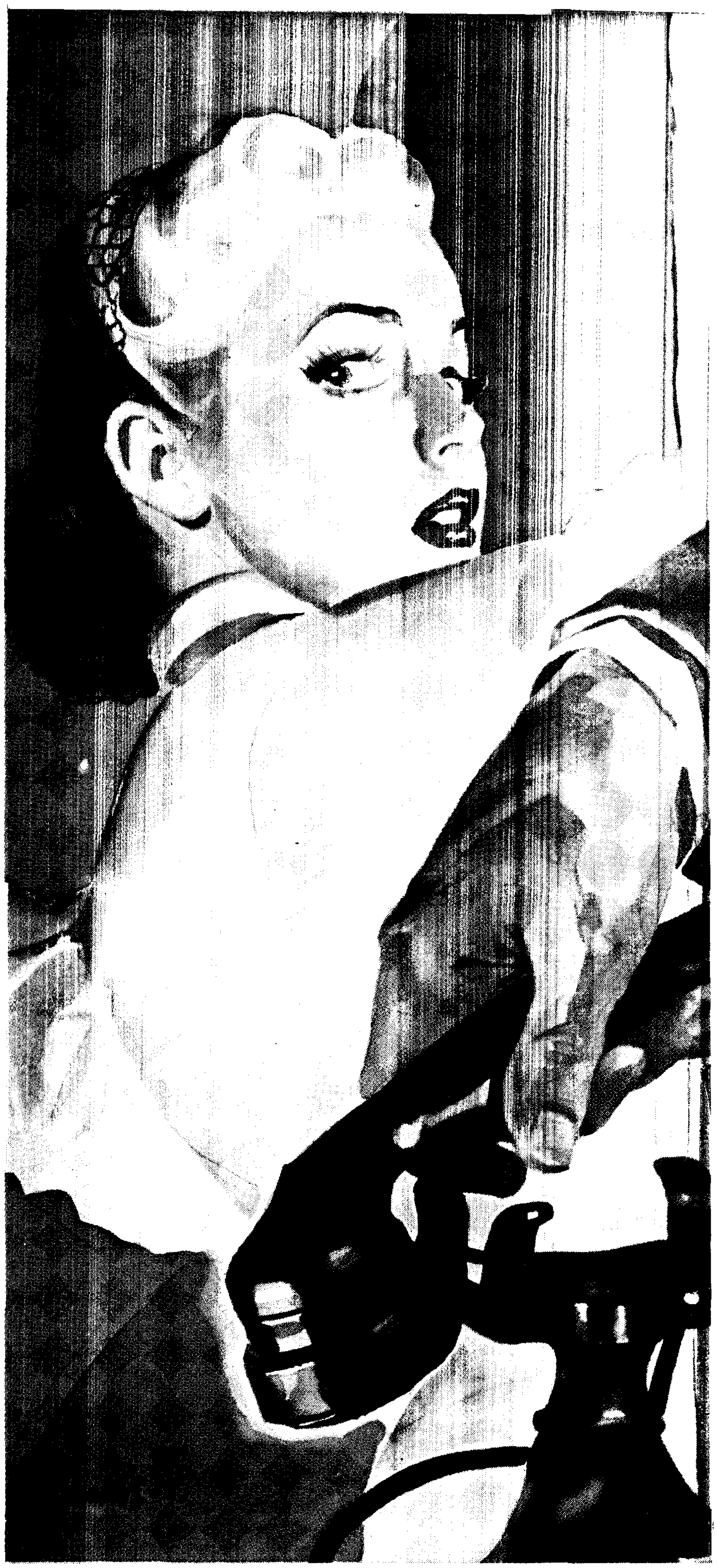
If A Man Answers, Hang Up

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



When the phone rang, Harold jumped up impulsively. "Hello," he said

THE telephone rang.

Harold Wharton had come to his wife's place of business to take her out to dinner. He had thought it would be a pleasant surprise, and now he was waiting alone in her office while she was away powdering her nose.

"Hello," he said.

"Ah-h-h," said a man's voice at the other end of the wire. "Can I speak to Mrs. Wharton?"

"She's out for the moment. Who shall I say called?"

"Ah-h-h," the man repeated. He sounded puzzled. "Her husband."

Harold laughed into the mouthpiece. "One of us," he said, "is talking to himself. I am Mr. Wharton."

There was a moment of silence. "Horton," the man finally said. "I want Mrs. Horton. Is this Clodiana 5-7364?"

"Oh, I see," Harold said. "I thought you said Mrs. Wharton. No, wrong number." He hung up and chuckled, especially pleased with himself because of the gag he had created. He would tell it to Estelle. Then, as he waited a few moments longer and kept on thinking about it, his amusement petered away. It wasn't so funny. When his wife returned to the office, she said: "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Nothing," Harold said. "Let's go to dinner if you're ready."

Harold would have probably forgotten all about that second-husband incident if he had lived in an apartment that had no telephone. The phone, resting smugly in its place in the foyer, became a living, malicious thing and held a powerful fascination over him. Whenever it rang, Harold always tried to answer it before his wife could reach the foyer, and the two or three times it was a wrong number somehow disturbed him a good deal.

Then there was that Sunday afternoon some time later when he had decided at the last minute not to go to the ball game he had planned to see with a friend of his.

Just before three o'clock the phone rang.

"Hello," Harold said.

It was a man's voice this time again. "Walter?" the voice asked after a pause. "Is this Maxwell 2-0069?"

"No," Harold said unhappily. "Maxwell 2-6090."

"Sorry, wrong number." The voice was positively cheerful.

Harold went slowly back to his chair in the living room. As he sat down it struck home to him that the wrong number had happened just when he was supposed to be away from home at the ball game. Overcome by rage and helplessness, he nevertheless forced himself to be calm, to think, to plan. It surprised him to note how profoundly one could hate a harmless, inanimate object like a telephone.

On the evening of his monthly lodge meeting, Harold calmly waited until eight o'clock and then drawled out to his wife that he wasn't going. He just didn't feel like going out of the house, he said. She stared at him.

"Why?" he asked. "Does that upset your plans for the evening, Estelle?"

"No," she said. "I told Evelyn Meister I'd go to the movies with her but I can call it off."

WHEN the phone rang, Harold jumped impulsively out of the chair.

"Hello," he said softly.

"Is this Maxwell 2-6009?"

The wrong number would do him no good this time.

"Yes," Harold said.

"I want the Almay Delicatessen store," the voice said. "This it?"

"Yes, sure," Harold said.

"Well, listen, is Charlie around?"

"Speaking," Harold said. He waited.

"Okay," the man said. "Listen, Charlie, this is Frank Angus in 50 Rodney Street, 5E. Send somebody over with a dozen tongue sandwiches, some pickles and a dozen cans of beer. You got it right?"

"I got it," Harold said and hung up. He straightened his tie and took his hat out of the closet. He'd see if there really was a Frank Angus at 50 Rodney Street, 5E, and whether he needed a dozen tongue sandwiches, the pickles and beer.

Estelle came up to him in the foyer.

"Where are you going now?" she asked.

"The lodge meeting," he replied. "I guess I'll go after all. Why?"

"It's funny, that's why," she said. "I can't understand you lately."

"Well, a person can change his mind, can't he?" Harold asked. He opened the door and went out.

As he bought the articles at the corner delicatessen store and carried them to the Rodney Street address, he was strangely thrilled, even happy. He knew he was finally approaching, after all these days, the end of his pursuit and it brought him in advance a strong, satisfying sense of triumph, perverse though it was. But when he rang the bell at 5E, a man in suspenders opened the door and nonchalantly took the bundle from him. Looking inside, Harold could see a group of men playing poker under the heavy haze of cigarette smoke. The man in suspenders paid the delicatessen bill.

"And this," he said, closing the door, "is for you."

Harold looked down and saw a dime tip in his hand. He suddenly felt overwhelmingly foolish. He had been a suspicious fool, a dope, a sap. Feeling the way he did, he couldn't think [illegible] facing Estelle just then and he decided to pass time by going to the lodge meeting after all.

WHEN he returned, late at night, the lights were all on in the apartment and he found his wife waiting for him. He went up to greet her with his old-time affection but the strange look on her face made him stop.

"What, Estelle?" he asked.

"I could tell something was wrong from the first day you came to my office," she said tearfully. "And I always wondered why you ran to answer the telephone before I could get to it. Now I know!"

"You know what?" he asked. He was trying hard to smile but he had a feeling of guilt he knew he could not hide.

"As if you don't know," she wept. "I'm talking about tonight. First you're not going to the meeting. Then the phone rings and you answer it and suddenly you find that you want to go after all."

"Yes, but I really went," Harold began. "You're imagining things, Estelle. . . ."

She wouldn't listen to him. "There's nothing to imagine. It's all perfectly clear and simple," she cried. "Evelyn Meister told me when I called her up about the movies. She saw you. Harold, they don't hold lodge meetings at 50 Rodney Street! They use halls, not apartment houses!"

She ran away from him and collapsed on the couch, sobbing bitterly. Harold put his hat down and took a deep breath. He didn't know how he would ever be able to explain it.

"Estelle," he begged ardently, "listen, please, Estelle. Now, if you'll only listen calmly, Estelle. . . ."

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For Keener Refreshment

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1st ALL-STEEL CABINET!
1st STAINLESS-STEEL SUPER FREEZER!

And Now a G-E Refrigerator WITH PERFECTED Selective Air Conditions!

FOR years, General Electric has led the way to basic betterments in food preservation. And now, in the beautiful new 1939 General Electric Refrigerator, G-E presents perfected Selective Air Conditions! These *different combinations of temperature and humidity* keep foods at their fullest, finest flavor and provide the most practical method known for convenient and economical food preservation in the home.

SEE for yourself the multiple advantages of the 1939 G-E Triple-Thrift Refrigerator. Remember, G-E brings you Selective Air Conditions plus every proved G-E contribution to better refrigeration at the lowest prices General Electric has ever quoted.

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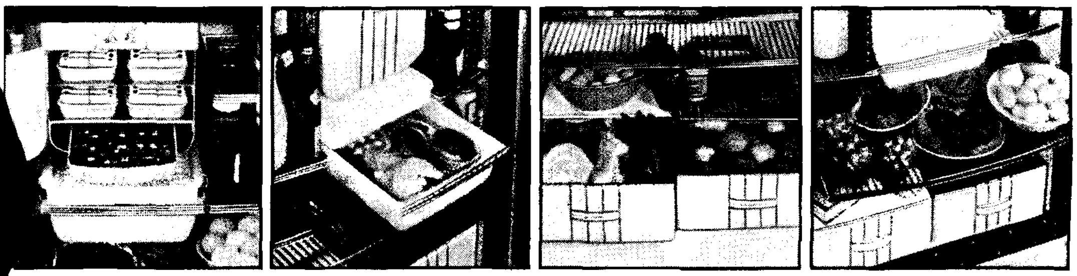

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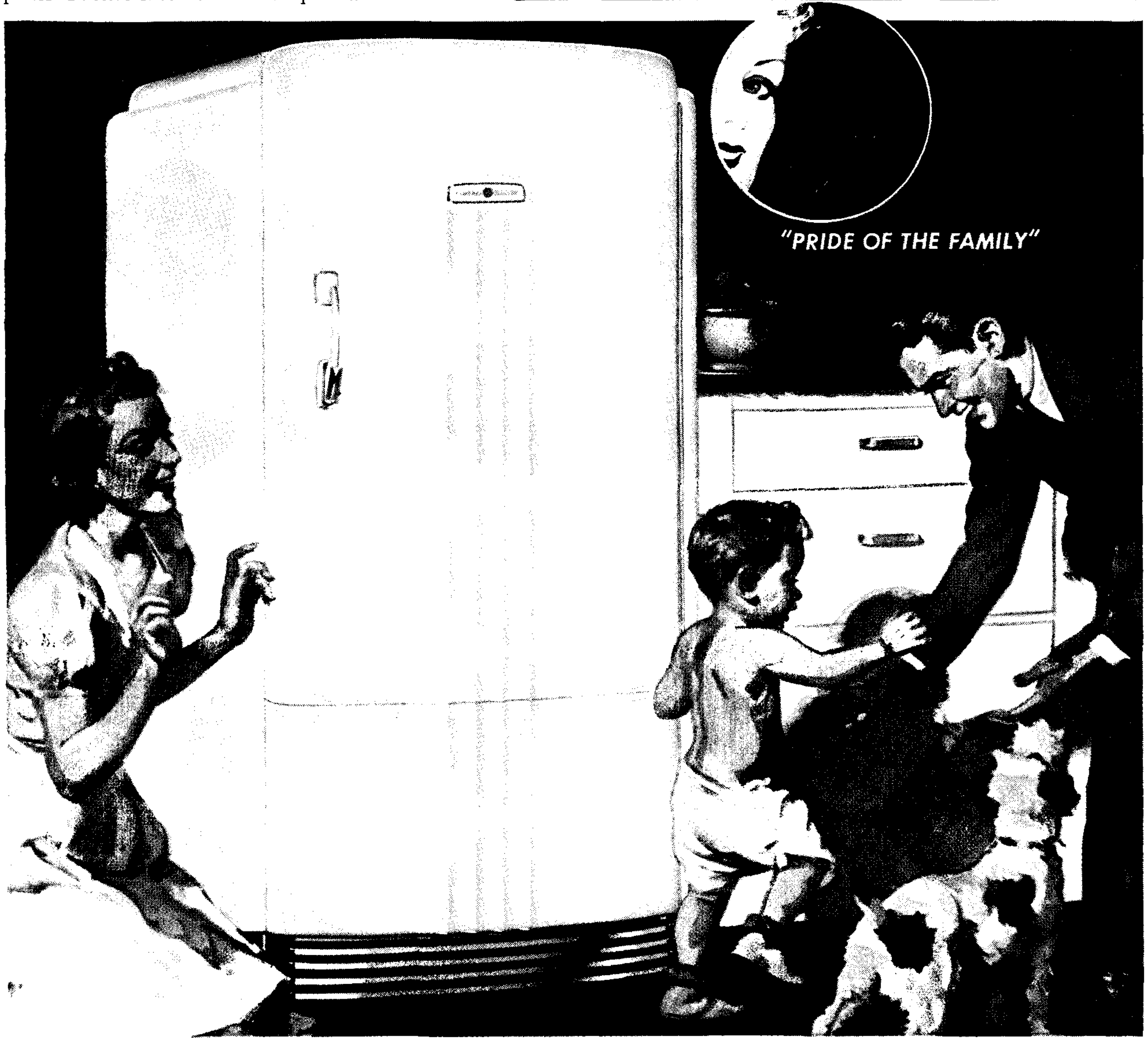
No other refrigerator keeps foods looking better and tasting better . . . none protects health-giving vitamins longer . . . than does this new 1939 G-E with Selective Air Conditions.



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Here's Why G-E Is the Buy of a Lifetime!

1. Selective Air Conditions perfected at world's greatest electrical research laboratories.
2. Stainless-steel super freezer with removable shelf.
3. Fast freezing, easy releasing Quick-Trays.
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7. Forced-feed lubrication and *oil cooling*.
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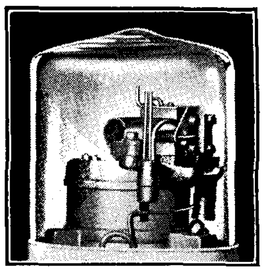

Famous G-E Thrift Unit

IN the G-E Refrigerator you get the only *sealed* refrigerating device that has been improved and perfected through 13 years of manufacture. For General Electric originated the *sealed-in-steel* cold-making mechanism and has built more of this type than any other company. In the G-E Thrift Unit you get forced-feed lubrication, oil cooling and other advancements that have made the G-E Refrigerator world-famous for quiet operation, low current cost and long life.

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SEE *G-E's New Quick-Trays that release two or more cubes at a time—freeze up to [illegible] lbs. of ice in 24 hours. G-E's New Adjustable Interior Arrangements.*

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See G-E "House of Magic" at both World Fairs

GENERAL ELECTRIC

How to Hit a Home Run

Continued from page 30

moving your head so much," he said tersely, and by obeying that suggestion I added many home runs to my record. If your head swings around with your body, you necessarily take your eye off the ball; you lose your balance and you destroy what we call your "timing."

Another fundamental a good batter must learn is to hit the ball squarely, not to hit above it or under it. You must swing straight at the ball. Babe Ruth seldom swung in a straight line but he was always above all rules. He golfed the ball a lot. He liked to swing from under the ball and lift it, almost as a golf player drives. However, he had such terrific, explosive strength that if he even caught a small piece of the ball, it went out of the park. Many of his home runs would have been pop flies had anyone but Ruth hit them. The ordinary batter must hit the ball squarely in a straight swing or the ball is going to pop up or hit the dirt.

Watch Jimmy Foxx hit and you'll know why he's great. He is relaxed as he stands at the plate. I once asked Jimmy about his stance. He just shrugged his shoulders and said, "I have no rules. I just get a comfortable stance."

If you feel comfortable up at the plate you've found your right stance even if it is like no stance ever seen before. It's right for you. Ballplayers who can really relax are valuable. You can only do it if you have found your natural batting swing so that you don't have to think consciously about what you're doing. Di Maggio has that ability to stay relaxed to a remarkable degree. So, of course, has Jimmy Foxx.

The man who eventually breaks Ruth's home-run record will have that knack of relaxation to a marked degree. If you consciously go after a home-run record you are apt to be beaten from the start and your value to the team lessened. I almost broke the record last season by accident. To begin with I didn't start the season with that in mind. I had hit forty home runs the year before—but I had driven in 187 runs, which to me was more important. When you go to the boss for a raise he looks at just one record, how many runs driven in. The man who hits home runs and triples with no one on base and who pops out with men on base isn't of much value to the team.

I wanted as usual to drive home a lot of runs. I started off badly. When July came around I had hit only ten home runs and I hadn't been getting many lesser base hits. I don't know why, I was just in one of those slumps that no one can explain. I tried to fight my way out of it. I tried swinging harder and faster.

Sometimes this anxiety will only drop you deeper into the slump. It worked with me. I got into a streak during which it seemed as though every ball I hit sailed over the garden wall. In seven games I hit nine home runs and someone noticed that I was right up with the Babe's record during his best year. Once I discovered that, I became home-run conscious.

When the Going is Tough

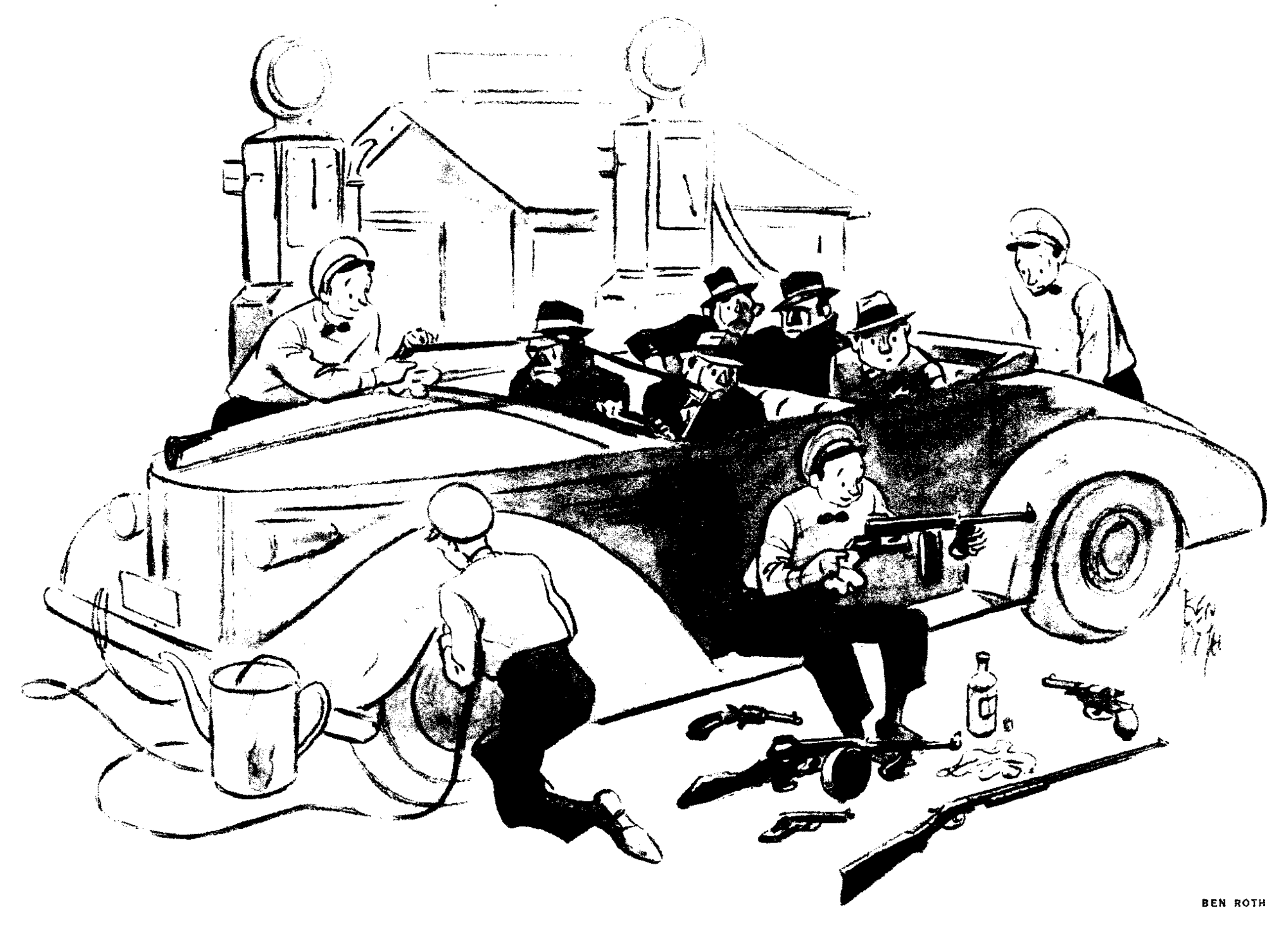
During August and September, I really tried to hit those four-baggers. With a week to go I only needed two to tie the record. Most people thought I'd make it. I wasn't too sure. I knew the many things there were against it. Here are some of the difficulties the man who eventually breaks it will have to encounter:

To begin with, he'll have to hit a lot of four-baggers in September and that's the hardest time of the year to slap the long ones. First of all, you're tired. You've already played 140 games and that daily pounding has taken its toll. Second, the weather is cooler and the ball is less lively than it is in very warm weather. Third, the sun goes down earlier and the shadows are longer. The ball coming from the pitcher has to pass through the shadow and it is harder to follow. In 1927 the Babe hit seventeen home runs in September. Sure, but I've already said there was only one Babe Ruth and ordinary rules never applied to him.

I didn't feel tired during that final week and I didn't feel tense. But I was tired and the pressure was on me. I realized that when it was all over. During the final five games I had to bat against Mills and Newsom of St. Louis and Galehouse, Feller and Humphries of Cleveland. Howard Mills is a young pitcher and I really should have hit one off him. But I didn't. He was trying too hard, anxious to strike me out. That's the greatest thing about baseball. You don't ask any quarter and you don't expect any. You earn your base hits. Mills was so anxious to pitch his best against me that he lost his control and walked me three times. He never gave me a real home-run ball to hit at.

Newsom, Galehouse, Feller, Humphries? I was lucky to get a base hit, much less a home run, off any of them. Newsom was trying for his twentieth win and how he poured that ball through there! The day we batted against Feller, he broke the major-league record for strike-outs. No, I didn't even tie that record. When the last out was made against Cleveland on the final day of the season I still had 58 home runs alongside my name. I was satisfied. Any time I can come within hailing distance of any Babe Ruth record I feel good about it.

I'm going after it this coming season all right. Do I think I'll do it? I wouldn't bet on it. My teammate, Rudy York, has just as good a chance. I think he'll be playing regularly as our catcher next year and Rudy can hit a lot of long ones in a season. But if he does break it, it won't be him another Babe Ruth. If Di Maggio or Foxx or Dickey or I break it, we won't be second Babe Ruths. There was only one and there'll never be another.



BEN ROTH

his
EYES
are bigger than
his
STOMACH

Pepto-Bismol quickly helps soothe, quiet, and relieve the stomach that's in an upset condition. Its action is gentle and mild and its flavor is decidedly pleasant. Children like it!

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Don't make the mistake of further upsetting an upset stomach with doses of drastic, irritating physics and purges. Take Pepto-Bismol and help quiet the irritated stomach and intestines.

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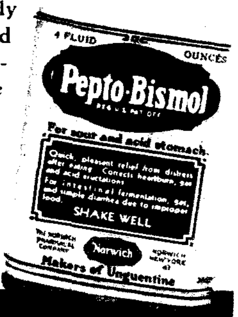
Makers of Unguentine



PEPTO-
BISMOL
WHEN YOUR STOMACH
IS UPSET

Lovely Cliff Dweller advises...

. . . get tough with your teeth

A smile to climb mountains for. Strong white teeth, sparkling with health. And all because of tough, chewy foods that *exercised* her teeth. Soft modern foods have no exercise value. Yet you can get a mouth workout in one pleasant easy way.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
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DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH IN TRIM

Many dentists advise Dentyne for daily mouth exercise. Its special firmness invites vigorous chewing. The gentle massaging action aids healthful circulation of blood in the gums. And through its use teeth are cleansed and brightened.

EXTRA FLAVOR— SPICY, EXCITING

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DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Stage Station

Continued from page 14

it will do her no good. American men are cold."

Rosalia said: "The Owner is not cold."

"Has he looked at you?" pointed out Señora Dures. "Has there been in his eyes a thing to make you afraid, or glad? With Tomas Folliard you are as safe as in the tomb. With a Spanish man it would be impossible. It would be a wound to his pride to disregard the possibilities of a woman."

Rosalia said, soft and stubborn: "The Owner is not cold. I saw his face when he looked at Señora King."

She lowered her eyes from the critical examination of her mother, who said: "You are twenty-three. It is a shame. It is not that you are plain, for you are not. It is not that you are of poor blood. The Dures were great people in Spain two hundred years ago. You do not know your gifts. You are shy. You need younger women to instruct you and Spanish men to try your eyes on. I should take you to Cousin Felipe's in Tucson."

"Spanish men," said Rosalia in expressive scorn. "They do nothing but talk and smoke cigarettes in the sunshine. As you yourself have said—"

"So," murmured Señora Dures and sighed. As a young girl she had married Dures, who had been fifty; and on the wedding night he had stayed away, drinking until his friends brought him home and laid him like a log on the bed. Men were difficult at times and though she was doubtful of American ways she had a sympathy for her daughter, and was tolerant. She rolled herself a cigarette and laid her hands across her knees. "If the Señora brought a look to the face of Don Tomas, it may be you can learn from her—"

Rosalia said, "It is not the way. A man must see for himself. The Owner is lonely and the Señora King reminds him of his people. Luz, move faster or I will send you back to the hills."

She went down the shadowed hall, past the door of Señora King's room, past the little barroom with its rank smell of tobacco and whisky, and out to the back yard. The hills in the distance were ashen-gray and iron-brown under the beating light; and up there on the bare summits Apaches would be watching.

ALWAYS they watched; always, at night, they crept down. This was the heart of Indian country, with no settlement nearer than twenty miles. But the Owner's walls were thick and the Owner had never deserted his station. Long and low and solid, the dobe house faced the wicked emptiness. Behind, lay the ramparts of the hills; in front the white, flat, endless floor of the desert stretched away; and far, far off the heat haze closed down. The stage road's twin ruts came out of the northern desert and vanished in the rocks and stiff-standing cacti southward. A horse laid its nose against the surface of the pool; Guiterrez, the Mexican hostler, slept in a shady angle of the mesquite fence.

Rosalia returned along the dusky corridor to the main room. The Owner sat in his big chair by the front door. He had his back to her. His feet were spread forward; his cigar's pale blue smoke spiraled in the room's dusk. The shutters were closed and the door was shut but faint pencil streaks of light searched through the cracks, diamond bright. Rosalia watched the Owner's black head roll a little against the chair's rung. His skin was light and his shoulders were very wide. When he raised his cigar to his mouth she caught the heavy row of knuckles on his fist. She made no sound; she was still, she was dreaming.

He said: "Rosalia."

Rosalia's heart quickened. The Owner had sharp ears; he had a sense for things around him. She walked on until she stood before him. His hair was tumbled around his head. He had a sleepy, heavy, troubled look. His lips were big, and tight at the corners and the gray in his eyes was darker. He was a young man and he was lonely.

Rosalia said: "Was there something for tonight you wanted?"

"No," he said. "I leave all that to you. The keys are yours, Rosalia."

Rosalia thought: The keys are only for rooms, they do not unlock all things. But she said: "You must speak to Luz. He is worth nothing. He is an Apache. He dreams like an Apache, even when he washes dishes. One day he will take a knife and stab you."

He said with a more alert tone: "Bothered you?"

She looked up in some surprise. "Me, Tomas? No." She squared her small shoulders; and then she was willful and cool and afraid of nothing. "I would skin him alive."

The Owner's smile took the loneliness from his face. There was a look in his eyes that sent up the beating of her heart again. She held herself steady and knew that he was interested; and kept her lips even and gentle. Something was in his eyes. It came and passed; and it was not quite as it had been when the Señora King had placed her hands on his chest. Rosalia turned away.

At four o'clock the house awoke. Señora Dures' voice was in the kitchen, using hard Spanish on Luz. Rosalia stirred around the long table and the Mexican hands appeared, to water stock and to run in the cattle from the outer range. Tom Folliard went to the barn to see that the relief horses were fed and ready for the Lordsburg stage.

At sundown he returned to the house. The table was set. Mrs. King sat in a chair with her hands in her lap. She watched Rosalia; her head was turned and the side of her neck showed a sharp line and her lips were pressed in from thought. At sight of Folliard this faded and she was smiling and she was softly at ease in the chair. Rosalia stood by the table with her face thoughtfully bowed over its dishes.

Mrs. King's talk was persuasive: "You didn't come from this country originally, Mr. Folliard?"

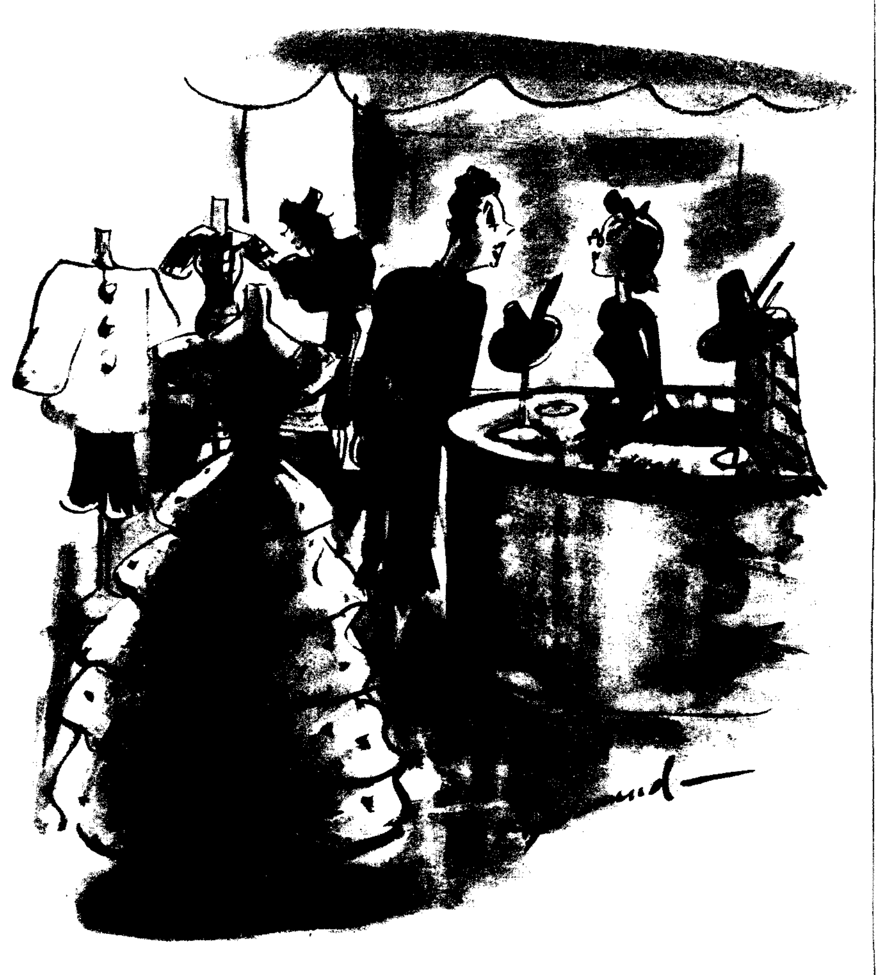
"No," he said. "I drifted into Arizona Territory as a runaway boy, eight years ago. My people all live in Maine."

She said: "I knew you were a Yankee. So am I. From Rhode Island. I married Lieutenant King the year he graduated from the Academy. He was killed last summer by the Sioux."

IT WAS the way she talked that shook up a man's interest and made him aware of her; and made him aware of himself as well. He said: "For you it's a long way from home."

"I've been visiting at Fort Whipple. Now I'm going on to New Orleans. I have people there." She paused and her hands expressively turned. "I hate to go. This land—I hate to leave it."

Her voice was a soft, steady breeze fanning alive a fire in him. Rosalia saw this. The sun dropped over the rim of the desert and there was the distant sound of the Lordsburg stage running up. Folliard left the room. Mrs. King's breath was a sharp cut in the silence; she stared at Rosalia and her sh[illegible]lders fell lower in the chair.



'hese are college clothes, Miss Reed. Refer to them as 'snazzy' "

BARBARA SHERMUND

The stage came off the desert with a jarring of its wheels and the passengers came into the room, stiff-jointed and weary—and relieved. There were four of them, one an army major in crumpled blue, with the yellow piping of the cavalry branch running down his trouser leg. The Owner came in and for a moment all the men were restrained by the presence of a woman. The Owner said: "This is Mrs. King, gentlemen," and the army major's bow was a faint break at the hips. Afterward they sat down.

Rosalia circled the table, her white round arm poising the coffeepot, and pouring. She watched the Owner's face turn toward Señora King; and saw the Señora's quick, frank smile answer him at once, willing and eager. But there was a thing here the Owner did not see. The army major sat opposite Señora King, and there were times when his glance touched her and remained on her with a full curiosity. There was a look on the major's face that was not like the look of a stranger; it was bolder and wiser, it was more insistent.

Cull Durrie, who drove this stage, rose promptly at the quarter-hour's end and said: "Time to go." The passengers filed out. The major paused before Mrs. King. He said in his civil voice:

Beginning Next Week

BORDER TRUMPET

By
Ernest Haycox

A stirring chapter from the epic of the American West—the romance of a fighting man, and of the girl who in the end brought him peace in the midst of violence

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting you since last year in Tucson."

Rosalia held her shoulders still. The Owner was listening. Señora King's face, by lamplight, was grave and its color diminished. Her voice hurried out an answer: "I'm on my way to New Orleans, Major."

"I wish you luck, Mrs. King," said the major, and gave his faint bow and left the room. The Señora King's smile, small and brief, touched the Owner as he followed these men into the compound; and then the Señora's smile died and support seemed to leave her shoulders. She wheeled and sat in a corner chair, darkened by the shadows. She spoke to Rosalia with a tone that hurt: "Bring my coffee here."

Rosalia said, soft and compliant: "Yes, Señora," and brought the cup. The Señora's eyes lifting to her, were wide open. They were old and desperate.

Luz, the Apache boy, padded in to take away the used dishes. The Mexican hands came in to eat and the Owner appeared and took a chair beside the Señora King. He put his long legs before him and pulled cigar smoke deeply into his chest. His half-curly hair made a black shine under the lamp. Rosalia, back in the room's corner, saw the Owner change. His big fists were loose on the arms of the chair and the corners of his mouth were not tight and he had forgotten—he who so seldom forgot—the Apaches back on the rim of the Mesquites. The Owner was dreaming. Rosalia knew what his dreams were. She lowered her head so that her eyes might not see.

Night's startling black swept over the station and heat drifted out of the room and then—because this was the only shelter—men began to creep in from the wild heart of the desert, and in from the treacherous hills. A friendly Mescalero chief came to the room as silently as the cool night came, and ate and sat a while and spoke ten words and was gone. Charles Rice, one of Crook's scouts, came in. He waved a hand at the hills and said, "It is hell back there." A cowpuncher from the Santa Rita rode up. A solitary civilian messenger from Fort Apache appeared. These were all men who knew the country by heart; and it was at night they did their traveling. They ate and talked a while with the drowsy, brief phrases of their kind; and were silent when a rider drummed into the compound. And continued silent as the rider entered. Rosalia said to herself in disfavor: "The bad one again."

The Owner, who was a just and impartial man, said: "Hello, Bill. Take a chair."

PESO BILL was old in wickedness but his eyes were bright and careless. He was slim and he could laugh quickly and show these people an insolence, which he did. For he knew how well the Owner's hospitality sheltered him as long as he was within these walls. Alkali dust was heavy on his clothes and it caked his face like powder. He sat to the table with his hat on; black, lank hair came down beneath the brim. When Rosalia poured his coffee Peso Bill stared at her, his smile very sharp. Rosalia moved away at once and the Owner's chin lifted a little and he watched Peso Bill with a moment's hardening attention. The silence of the room was a wall surrounding Peso Bill.

Mrs. King said to the Owner: "How did you come to pick this place?"

The Owner smiled at the question, as though it brought back a fresh memory. "One day—this was five years ago—I took the stage out of Lordsburg, intending for Tonto. We broke an axle, about here. There was nothing at the time between Lordsburg and Tonto at all. I liked the spot, came back to it later and put up my station. This is pretty fair cattle country. I had five hundred head run off by the Apaches. But someday this range will all be used. It is a matter of waiting."

Charley Rice said, around his pipestem: "In the mornin', ma'am, go outside and look at the bullet marks in the walls."

The Owner showed a smile which was a sign to Rosalia that he was pleased with the recollection. The Owner's jaw was a long solid line and there was no man in this room, Rosalia told herself, who did not have a trust in him. Even Peso Bill trusted him. The Owner said:

"My people were all sailing men. My father is on the sea now. It is a far cry to the desert. But this is a good land."

The Señora King's voice, so graceful, so easy for a man to hear, filled in the silence: "But there is no difference, really. This desert is like the sea. This house is the only thing on it, for miles. You are responsible for these people. You are the captain, Mr. Folliard."

Charley Rice slanted a speculative and taciturn glance at the Señora. The fancy attracted him. All these men looked at the Señora and were pleased with her presence. Men were men, and

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made so for a purpose. But they could not see.

Peso Bill reared from his chair. "I'd like a drink, Captain," he drawled, and showed the Owner a malice with his eyes. When he stood up this way, his right arm brushed the back-curved butt of his gun. The Owner weighed Peso Bill briefly, still holding judgment out of his face. He nodded at Rosalia who walked down the hall with Peso Bill's spurs jingling behind. She turned into the small barroom, unlocked the cupboard and placed bottle and glass before him.

Peso Bill poured his drink and took it at one impatient tip of his head. He put his elbow on the bar and watched her until Rosalia, who was a discerning girl, saw devils dancing their pin-point brightness along the pupils of his eyes. There was a greediness in him, and a want. He moved his hand forward until he touched her waist and he waited, cat-like, to see what she would do. Rosalia stood still, composed and scornful. She said: "Señor is a fool. You want more out of this bottle?"

"Maybe," he said, and moved around the bar. "A Spanish woman is a hellcat, but I know—"

THERE was a shadow in the doorway strong enough for Peso Bill to feel. He turned around and Rosalia almost smiled to see this. The Owner was a big man but he had come down the hall without sound and stood over Peso Bill with a blackness on his face. The Owner's eyes were small streaks of light and the Owner had his fury. But he held it back in him and softly spoke.

"Ride out, Bill. And don't come back."

Peso Bill's smile was whiter. He said, "About that—" and paused with his head tipped aside. Other men were riding forward through the black, which was a sound that took Peso Bill out of the side door on the run. Rosalia heard his horse rush away, toward the south. Rosalia's lips were smooth and her heart beat faster; she kept her eyes down while she put away the whisky and locked the cupboard again. When she turned to leave the barroom the Owner was still in the door and it was necessary that she look up. The blackness was still on his face. "Rosalia," he said with a roughness, "hereafter I'll wait on this bar. It is a poor place for a woman."

Rosalia said: "Of what am I afraid, Tomas? Certainly of no man."

He kept watching her and this pause was strange, for the Owner was no man to hesitate. Men were in the yard; they were coming into the living room. Rosalia said gently: "You have guests, Tomas."

She followed him down the hall, pleased that his back was so high and wide against the lamplight. There were four men in this new party and one was James Breaid, who wore a star. The marshal spoke out to the Owner.

"Tom," he said, "Peso Bill has raised hell in Tonto. He killed Lyle McGarrah. His second shot hit Henry Graham's wife. Miz Graham is poorly."

This was as much of a question as the marshal would ask, knowing that he stood under the Owner's roof. The Owner was not a talking man and if he said anything now it would be because of the badness of Peso Bill's bullet striking a woman. There was a silence. The Owner moved a hand across his jaw. He said then: "I would know nothing about Peso Bill. Jim. Sit up to the table and we'll get something to eat—"

"Why—" spoke up the Señora King. "I—"

The Owner dropped one hand on the chair; it made a brief, arresting sound. He looked at the Señora King with a steadiness more important than words. The other men in the room kept still and the marshal's face, as he watched the Señora, was faintly amused. Presently he said:

"We're a long way from home."

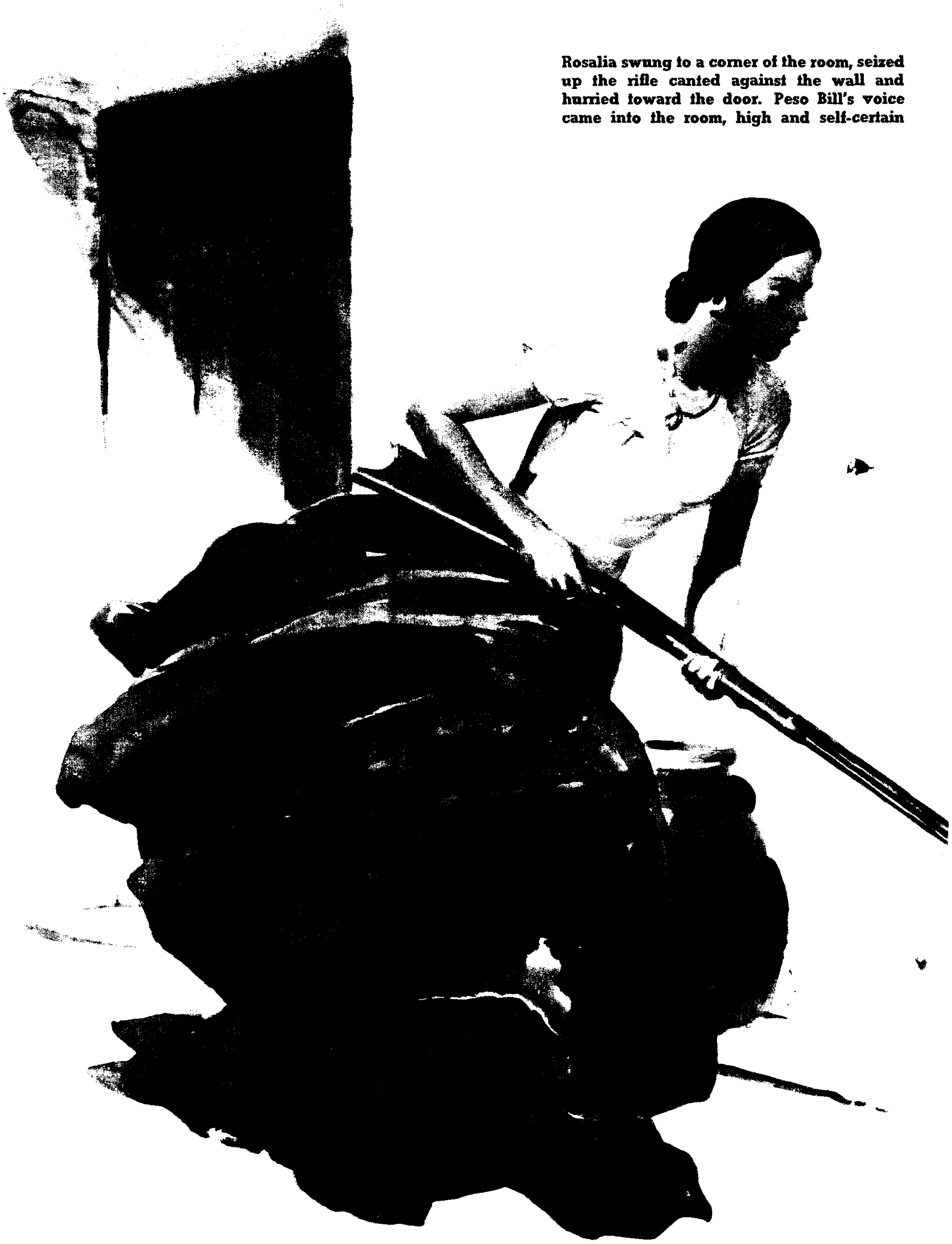
That was all. They went back to the yard. Everybody listened to the fading run of their horses. The Señora said: "I'm quite sorry."

The Owner said: "No harm done. Jim Breaid knows I can't talk. All kinds of men come to my place. I question no man; and answer none. On the desert it has to be like that."

The Señora said: "Is that moonlight I see on the ground?" She rose and Rosalia, watching from the background, saw her wish reach out and lift the Owner from his chair. The Señora placed her hand on the Owner's arm. They left the room.

Rosalia went back to the kitchen and caught Luz idling in a corner. "Luz," she said, "there is still work." She crossed the kitchen and let herself into the rear compound and walked along the baked earth with her arms folded tight and high across her breasts. In the low east lay a new moon's yellow-orange arc, but it shed little light on the soot-black shadows of the desert. The ramparts of the Mesquite Hills showed raggedly along the sky and a cooling wind brought in the dry, aromatic odor of the desert. Folliard's station was a black rectangle solidly resisting the wild loneliness; its lights shone out a challenge to the Apaches in the hills.

Rosalia returned to the house and finished her duties. The civilian messenger and the cow hand and Charley Rice had gone to bed; and the Señora had turned to her room. In her own room Rosalia listened to the house settle and grow still. She changed to her long white nightgown, and braided her hair in two pigtails and stood a moment, grave and young and caught by some thought that softened her lips and made her eyes glow. She took up a Hopi blanket from the bed and wrapped it around her shoulders, and padded barefooted down the hall, to the edge of the living room. The Owner sat in a corner chair with his back to her. He held a cigar poised in one hand. He wasn't smoking it. He would be thinking and he would be lonely. The Señora had a way, Rosalia thought, and looked down at her small toes. Her heart quickened and her toes crept forward until they were almost in the room. This was as far as she could go; turning, she returned along the hall to the Señora's room.



Rosalia swung to a corner of the room, seized up the rifle canted against the wall and hurried toward the door. Peso Bill's voice came into the room, high and self-certain

There was a light shining beneath the door and Rosalia pushed the door before her and entered. The Señora sat at a table with her shoulders bowed forward and her glance fixed into a small mirror. The Señora jerked about and spoke with a startled sharpness: "What do you want?"

"Did the Señora want anything?"

Señora King said, "Come here." Rosalia walked nearer, seeing the coldness of Señora King's eyes and the knowledge in them that was not soft. The Señora said: "How old are you?"

"I am twenty-three," said Rosalia. "You are older, is that not so, Señora?"

The Señora King breathed, "Go away. Go away."

Rosalia returned to her room and made her prayers and listened to the broken cry of the coyotes on the bench not far away.

THIS was another day, with the light of the desert growing brighter and hotter and the horizon slowly sinking behind a powder-blue heat haze.

At eleven-thirty Peso Bill rode down from the Mesquites at great haste. Rosalia, moving around the dining-room table, heard the drum of his horse and paused at the slitted window long enough to identify him. Alkali, as before, was thick and fresh on his clothes. He had pushed his hat away from his face; all his features were thin and expressive, and he was smiling at the Owner who suddenly appeared. The Owner stood before Peso Bill's horse. The Owner's voice was slow, but it had closed out Peso Bill. "Keep going, Bill."

Peso Bill said: "Hell, the country is full of Apaches. I saw 'em this mornin'. A man's a fool to ride alone."

"That's your trouble, not mine. I've got no place here for you."

Peso Bill's grin sharpened. He said: "You wouldn't push a man away without water or grub?"

"Water your horse," said the Owner. "And break the dust."

"Maybe," breathed Peso Bill. "Maybe."

"I've told you," said the Owner and walked deliberately away, toward the barn.

Rosalia turned back to the table to make sure that the Owner, who was a generous man, would find no fault with the food. The stage, coming on from Tonto, would be here in half an hour. The Señora King walked from her room and crossed to the door. She wore a plum-colored dress that rustled as she walked. Her chestnut hair lay in smooth folds on her head and her lips were fixed in softness. She went into the compound.

Rosalia hurried through the kitchen to the back door. Peso Bill's horse nosed the water in the dirt pool. Peso Bill stooped over the mouth of the pipe and drank with his hat removed. His lank hair fell down around his ears. He straightened and replaced the hat. Water clung to his face but he made no move to brush it away. His eyes came over to the kitchen door and saw Rosalia; and he was smiling again.

Rosalia turned through the kitchen. The Owner came down the long hall with a quick soft step. His shoulders were wide and heavy against the shadows and his face was very grave as he reached for his gun and belt hanging to the wall. When he strapped it around his waist he turned to look at Rosalia. Rosalia was straight and still; her eyes were dark, but composure held her lips even. She said, "Tomas—" and said no more. The Owner walked through the front door, into the compound. Mrs. King was saying something to him. Through the slitted window Rosalia saw Peso Bill round the corner of the dobe, without his horse. He walked on with a swing to his hips, faced the Owner over a distance of twenty yards, and stopped.

There was talk between them. Rosalia swung to a corner of the room, seized up the rifle canted against the wall and hurried toward the door. Peso Bill's voice came into the room, high and self-certain: "To hell with you, Folliard."

The Owner's voice was deep and steady and complete: "You had my order, Bill. Move back to your horse."

Señora King screamed and that shrillness overrode the two flat bursts of revolver fire. Rosalia ran through the door, into the compound, feeling that sound collapse around her. Her eyes were for the Owner. She saw him standing with his feet apart and the revolver half lowered. Peso Bill had fallen. He didn't move.

Señora King ran from the dobe wall of the house. She ran with her shoulders pulled together and her arms clenched. She stopped near Peso Bill and her voice was strident and accusing; it had a swift rage in it. She said: "The beast, Thomas! The beast! You shouldn't have given him the chance!"

Rosalia put the butt of the rifle on the ground and laid a hand over her mouth, and drew it away. Astonishment changed the Owner's face as he watched the Señora. He listened to her and there was a pain in his eyes at hearing that shrillness, that outpour.

Rosalia said nothing. But the Owner's eyes came around and he saw the gun she held. Rosalia at the moment looked upon the fallen Peso Bill and her grave features were pitying the man. Even though she would have killed Peso Bill, regret came to her now. She stood straight-shouldered in the full glare of the sun, soft-eyed and sad. This is what the Owner saw.

There was a loose ball of dust in the north, which would be the Tonto stage rolling up. The Señora King came back to the Owner. Her cheeks were brilliantly flushed and she stared at him with willingness on her lips. "You remember what I told you, Thomas? You are the captain."

The Owner said, even and courteous: "The stage is coming, Mrs. King. You will have time to pack and eat."

ROSALIA turned at once and went into the house. She was there by the table when the Señora King entered and walked toward the hall. The Señora's eyes were very old; they reached Rosalia and hated Rosalia, and then the Señora vanished into her room. The Owner appeared through the door and the sound of the stage grew stronger. Rosalia lowered her eyes and her heart beat very fast and strong. The Owner was before her and his voice lifted her chin. "Rosalia," he said; and then she saw the look in his eyes, which was the look the Señora King had brought there. But it was not for the Señora King. It was for her, for Rosalia Dures.

The Owner was smiling. "Rosalia," he said. But said no more, for the stage had rolled before the station and the driver's voice, dry and flat, said: "Fifteen minutes for lunch." The Owner walked reluctantly out. Rosalia, standing in the shadows, thought: I should thank the Señora, for Tomas has seen me and it was she who made him see me.

The passengers came in, speaking with weary relief. It was a hard ride and, these days, a dangerous ride from Tonto to Folliard's. After they had seated themselves at the table Rosalia moved forward and when she poured the Owner's coffee her round white arm gently touched his shoulder, and brought out his smile. The Owner did not like to be served first, but there was a gentle stubbornness in Rosalia. This was the Owner's house, and his table. Next meal she would sit at the table's other end, with Luz serving.

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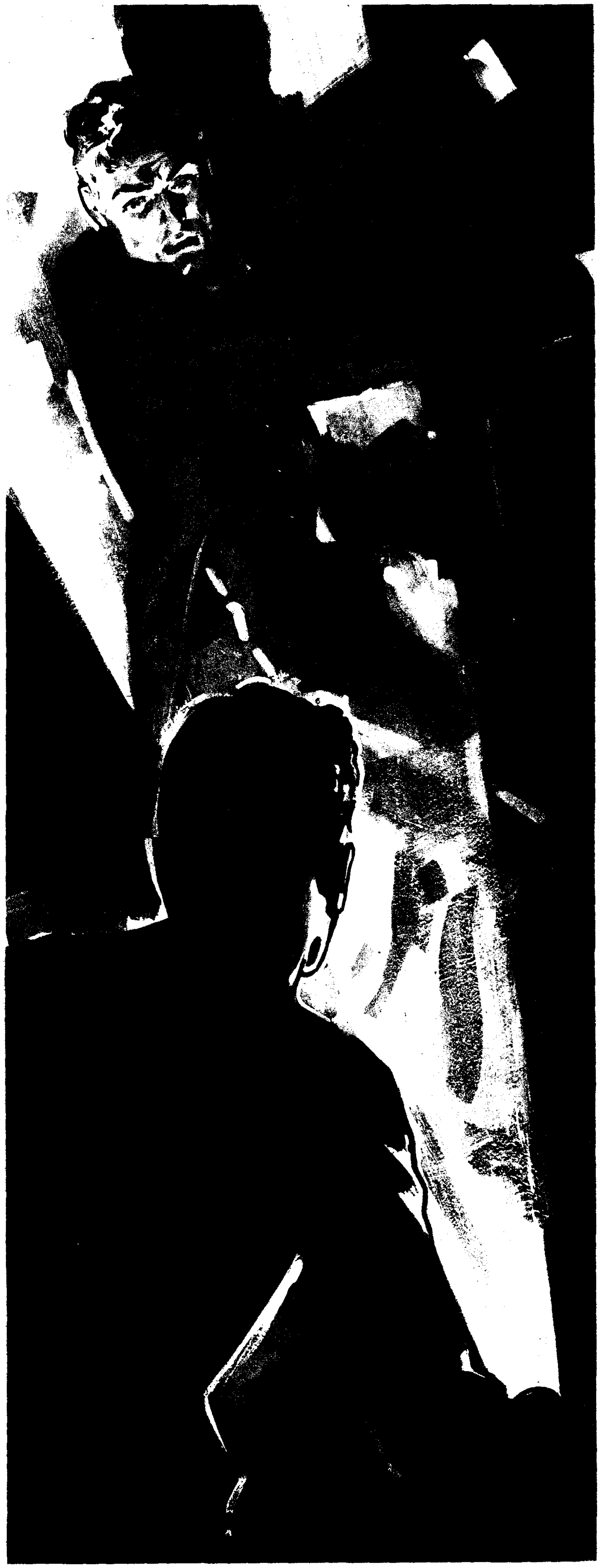


Rodney said, without apparent alarm, "So this is how it is"

The Green Angel

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

BY RESORTING to a stratagem, Rodney Barnett tricks his ten-year-old nephew, Peter Barnett, Jr., out of a fortune; and when, after a number of years, Peter (who has taken the name of William Boone and become a successful artist) fights for his rights, he cannot prove that he *is* Peter Barnett, Jr.

Remembering a box of toys with which he had once played and which (secreted in an attic of his old home, now occupied by Rodney Barnett) unquestionably bear his fingerprints, "William Boone" goes out of his way to meet Rodney's stepdaughter, Nancy. When he promises to paint the girl's portrait, she invites him to become one of Rodney's house guests. And, ensconced in the house, he finds the toys.

Unfortunately, his valet, one Harmon, promptly steals the toys and offers to sell them to Rodney for fifty thousand dollars. But Rodney does not pay the fellow anything—he kills him with a revolver. Whereupon, Yvonne, a maid who had been in cahoots with the valet, hides the toys, informs Rodney that she had witnessed the murder, and demands two hundred thousand dollars for keeping silent.

Among the house guests is Suzette Aberdeen. In a position to ruin the girl's brother, if he cares to do so, Rodney has blackmailed her into promising to marry him. But, seeing much of each other, Suzette and Bill Boone are in love. . . . Rodney has a secretary: Thelma Pond. For years she has dreamed of becoming Mrs. Rodney Barnett. Now, having learned of what is going on around her, she believes she may be able to force Rodney to marry her.

While Inspector Teeple and his men are investigating the death of Harmon, Yvonne, the maid, is murdered; and someone tries to assassinate Suzette. For a time, Boone is suspect. But, confronted with new evidence, Teeple decides to shadow Rodney Barnett. Together, he and Boone make their plans for trapping Rodney. After which, Bill tells Suzette that he is going into the attic (used for years as a theater); he asks her if she will tell Rodney that he is there.

Suzette is appalled. "Don't you realize," she exclaims, "that if I tell him that, he will go up there and kill you?"

Conclusion

HE MAY attack me," Bill admitted. "He may have the idea of killing me. And I'm fully prepared for that. He will go up there prepared to wipe off those smudges in the dust on the rungs and the platform. You see, there's a shack on the stage. The inspector, Sergeant Dutton and a policeman will all be hiding in the shack with me."

Suzette said, "Bill, it's too dangerous. If he goes, he'll be sure to have a revolver."

"So will I."

The inspector looked up, started to speak, then closed his mouth again.

Suzette walked to a window. She turned around and started back. She looked frightened. "Don't you realize that what you're asking me to do is to persuade him to go up there and kill you?"

Inspector Teeple stood up. Bill got up, too. He walked toward Suzette. "If we don't do this," Bill said, "I may never have another chance to clear myself."

"Yes," the inspector said, "and with all the evidence that's stacked up against you, I can't go on ignoring Mr. Barnett's request that I lock you up."

Suzette wasn't looking at him, but at Bill's eyes, and what she saw in them made her say suddenly, "All right. I'll *do it. Go up there and be ready* and I'll get dressed at once and find him and talk to him. But be careful."

Bill said gravely, "Thank you, Suzette."

"Miss Aberdeen," Inspector Teeple said, "this isn't going to be easy."

"I know it isn't going to be easy," Suzette said. "It will have to be done indirectly. It will be difficult, because he's so suspicious. And my last meeting with him wasn't very friendly."

"Do you know just how you'll handle it?" asked the inspector.

"I'll know," Suzette said.

THROUGH the dusty window of the shack, William Boone watched the first light of dawn appear at the windows *along the eastern wall of the theater.* The absolute silence was beginning to make him uneasy. It was such an absolute silence that it rang in his ears. He stood just inside the doorway of the shack, listening and going over and over in his mind all of the aspects that this strange and hazardous situation presented. He was aware of the dusty smell, and he was oppressed by the airless warmth.

He was thinking that, in a room downstairs, Inspector Teeple, Sergeant Dutton, Mr. Winter and a policeman were waiting. He wondered if, when the time came, they would be able to get up the stairs quietly enough not to be heard by Rodney—if he came.

If he came! He pictured Suzette talking to Rodney and he wondered again if she would be successful.

Watching the cold, dreary light increase at the row of windows, Bill tried to visualize what would happen. Would he hear Rodney coming up the stairs? Rodney would be very cautious. And when he reached the head of the stairs, he would look carefully around. He would be suspicious. Would he search the shack?

Bill had not told Suzette quite the truth. He had told her that when Rodney came up, Teeple, Dutton and a policeman would be hiding with him in the shack on the stage. The truth was that Teeple, Dutton, Winter and a policeman were waiting in a room off the hall on the floor below, a room near the attic doorway, prepared to follow Rodney up the stairs.

They were hiding there instead of here because there was no place for them to hide in the theater except in the shack, and there was no way of knowing whether Rodney would search the shack. If he did, and surprised Bill and the four officers, the entire plan would be ruined. But if he searched the shack and found only Bill, then the four officers would be unseen witnesses to whatever happened. And if Rodney did not search the shack, Bill planned to precipitate the scene.

HE WONDERED just how this would work out. Whether Rodney looked in the shack and found him or he stepped out and confronted Rodney, the moment would come when Rodney might shoot before Bill could raise a hand. Teeple was sufficiently swayed to permit Bill to conduct this experiment, but he had not been sufficiently convinced to let him have a revolver.

So, if Rodney had a revolver, the moment was sure to arrive when it would be Bill's quickness against Rodney's ruthlessness.

"The condemned man," Bill reflected gloomily, "ate a hearty breakfast of bullets."

It was so still in the attic that it was difficult for him to make no sound. Even the slight shifting of his weight from one foot to the other created a faint creaking of floor boards and a slight rustling of his clothes, and he was too excited to stand perfectly still.

Was Rodney coming?

A flashlight flicking on suddenly at the head of the stairs came as a shocking surprise. Bill had not heard the faintest sound.

The light blinked off, then came on again. The beam swung swiftly about the theater and then it advanced steadily toward the stage. The white spot of light passed from his view as the man with the flashlight went onto the stage. Bill saw the diffusion of light as the flashlight was played here and there, quickly, about the stage. He saw the glow shift as the beam of light was sent upward, and in the reflected glow Bill saw the green angel, seeming to hover in the dense dusk overhead as if it were about to pounce.

FOR a moment he saw its closed eyes in its green face, and its evil enigmatic smile, and as he looked at it he realized, with a thrill of triumph, that it was slowly swaying!

He wondered, in that brief moment of triumph, if Sergeant Dutton and Inspector Teeple had successfully followed Rodney up the stairs, and if, out there in the darkness, they now saw the green angel swaying.

This was Bill's moment. He opened the door of the shack and stepped out and sent the beam of the flashlight in his hand upward, holding it well out from his body because he was sure that Rodney would turn and fire directly at that light.

He saw the back of Rodney's head, saw him turn swiftly at the top of the ladder. The flashlight dropped from Rodney's hand, to fall, crashing, on the stage.

Rodney was looking down at him over his shoulder, squinting his eyes against the bright light in Bill's hand.

Bill said, "Good morning."

And Rodney said, without apparent alarm, "So this is how it is."

"Yes," Bill said. "This is how it's done. You murder Harmon and up the ladder you go. And now you're trying to wipe off your fingerprints."

Rodney was looking down at him with eyes that were cold and glittery in the white beam. He started to descend the ladder, and Bill saw that he was wearing gloves.

"If I've left any fingerprints," Rodney said dryly, "you're welcome to them, Mr. Boone."

"You did," Bill said. "You didn't wear gloves the other time you climbed that ladder."

Rodney paused, then came down another rung. "You think pretty fast, don't you, Boone?" he said, still in that dry, rather amiable voice. "I wonder if you've thought fast enough."

He came down another rung.

"I don't have to think fast," Bill said. "You've done the thinking for me. You've just thought yourself into a nice spot, Rodney. And I'm enjoying this little chat. It's very cozy. It seems just like old times. This is the second time you and I have been in this theater together tonight."

He was watching Rodney's hands, prepared for one of them to drop into a pocket and to bring out a revolver, blazing as it appeared. He was prepared to jump aside if that happened. But Rodney made no move toward any pocket. He came on slowly down the ladder.

"The third time, Mr. Boone," he said reprovingly. "Have you forgotten the time we came here to look for a little box of toys that was not here?"

Bill said, "Ah, yes," cheerfully. "The first time when you shot Harmon and hid on the ladder, the second time when we looked for the little box of toys that was not here, and the third time—now."

Rodney had reached the bottom of the ladder. "Yes," he agreed, "now." He turned from the ladder, took two steps and suddenly sprang.

Bill was prepared for it. At least, he had been prepared all the time Rodney was descending the ladder for a surprise attack, so that it was not a surprise. But what he was not prepared for was the awful ferocity of it. He was prepared to bring the flashlight down on Rodney's head like a club if he should spring at him, and he brought it down clublike, but it missed its mark and struck Rodney's shoulder and flew out of his hand.

Rodney's hands were at his throat, closing down on it. And Bill had been prepared for that, too. He had visualized this encounter with remarkable clairvoyance. He had known that Rodney would go swiftly and unerringly for his throat. He had watched those long, slender, powerful dark hands all evening and had visualized them at people's throats.

He sent a blow with each fist with all his strength into Rodney's stomach, and when the hands at his throat relaxed, he pulled back and freed himself. Then he stepped in again and aimed a single blow at the place in the blackness where he believed Rodney's face to be. His fist smacked into the unseen man's chin, and he heard him stumble back and fall heavily.

Three spots of light appeared at the back of the theater and Sergeant Dutton's voice said, "Take it easy now, Barnett."

But Rodney Barnett was not moving. He had fallen forward, away from Bill. His arms were stretched out ahead of him and he was trying to move them, to push himself up.

Inspector Teeple came up and said amiably, "Nicely done, Mr. Boone."

Rodney pushed himself up to his hands and knees and Sergeant Dutton helped him to his feet and held firmly to his elbow.

He said again, "Take it easy, Barnett."

RODNEY looked at him as if he did not recognize him. His eyes had a shocked look. He looked at the flashlights glowing into his face and squinted his eyes. He shook his head as if attempting to clear his brain.

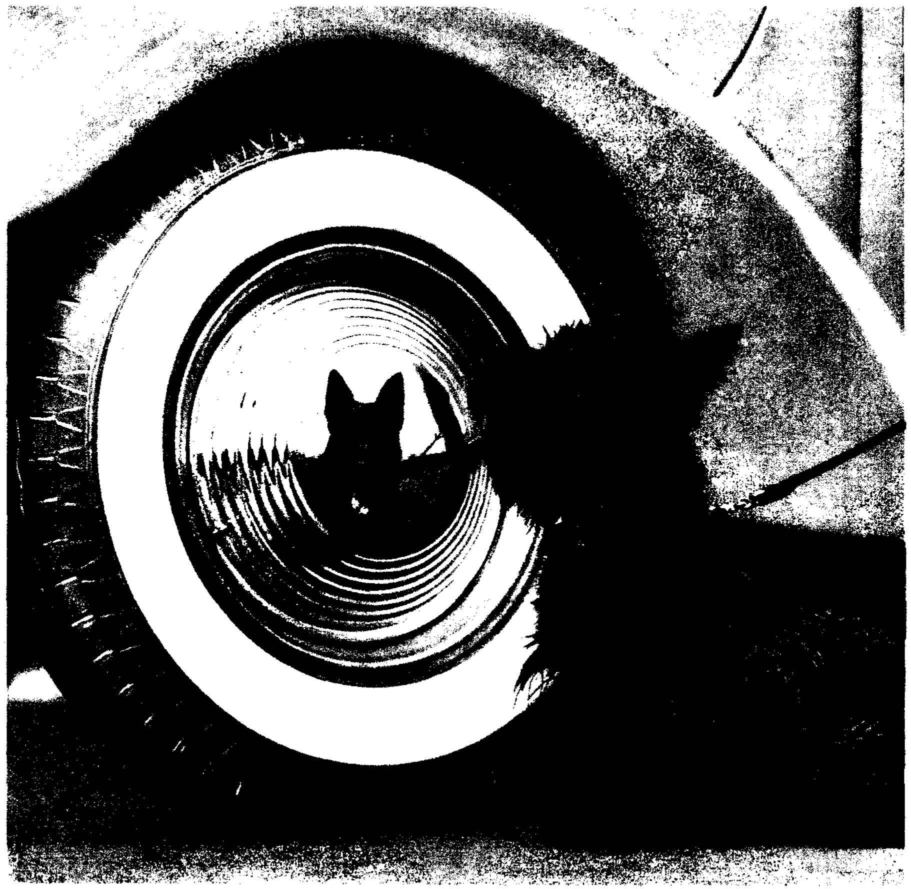
He said in a dull voice, "Well, I'm sorry about this. I'm sorry you gentlemen interrupted this. Mr. Boone and I were settling a difference of opinion."

"Is that so, Mr. Barnett?" Sergeant Dutton said with heavy jocularity. "And who won?" And when Rodney didn't answer, the sergeant said, "We heard it all. We were standing back there all this time. We saw you go up that ladder, and we heard everything you said."

Mr. Winter had gone backstage with his flashlight. He evidently found a light switch for, suddenly, a row of dusty yellow lights glowed overhead. Bill, watching Rodney, saw his eyes clearing, and saw that he was doing his utmost to drive the clouds out of his brain, trying with a tremendous effort to get himself in hand. His expression, from that dull one of shock, was changing to a familiar one. It was, to Bill, an amazing demonstration. He had the strange impression that that long, dark, clever face was being put back together again. It was losing its loose look and becoming firm and crisp.

The inspector said calmly, "Well, Mr. Barnett?"

Smart and Thrifty



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And Sergeant Dutton said, in his blustering way, "You said in so many words that you killed that fellow. Speak right up, Mr. Barnett, and let's have the details."

Rodney turned and looked at him with surprise. Sergeant Dutton was still holding his arm. Rodney tried to pull away, but the sergeant held on.

"I'm afraid you misconstrued me," Rodney said.

The sergeant, taking a fresh grip on his arm, said scornfully, "Now, don't pull any of that stuff, Barnett. We've had enough of that stuff. It won't do you any good to be foxy now. We tricked you up that ladder to try to wipe off your fingerprints, and when you fell for the trick we had you cold. You're in a tight box, Barnett."

Rodney, still pulling away from him, turning his head to look at him, still had that look of astonishment. He nodded and said, "I see your point, Sergeant. But, you see, I didn't come here precisely for that reason. I came here to remove the fingerprints, if any, of the person who murdered Harmon."

Bill took a step toward him. His rumpled hair, his dangling tie, his flushed face made him look, not ludicrous, but dangerous. He looked as if he were about to swing his fist at Rodney again, but he didn't.

He said, "So you're going to try to wriggle out of it! We've got you absolutely cold, Rodney, and even so you're going to try to squirm out."

The inspector said, "Just a moment. What person, Mr. Barnett?"

And Rodney answered, "Inspector, if anything I said on that ladder can be interpreted to mean that I killed that unfortunate man, that was certainly not my intention. I did not kill Harmon."

SUZETTE came up the stairs in time to hear the inspector say, "What person, Mr. Barnett?" And she heard Rodney's answer. She had been waiting in her room, with the door open a crack, enduring the worst suspense she had ever known. She had been listening for the sound of a shot, and when she finally found sufficient courage to leave her room and tiptoe down the hall, she had seen the attic door open and had heard the sound of voices upstairs. What she heard, as she ran up the stairs, convinced her that Bill's plan had failed, and for a moment she was so disappointed that she had hardly the strength to go the rest of the way. She crossed the theater. Rodney was in the center of a group composed of Sergeant Dutton, Inspector Teeple, a policeman and Mr. Winter, and Bill, standing some distance away, was looking at them with an expression of disgust. But he was safe and evidently unhurt.

When she approached him, Bill seized her arm and said, "Did you hear it? He admitted in so many words he killed Harmon, and now he's trying to squirm out of it."

The inspector repeated, "Just a moment, Mr. Boone."

For the first time she saw Rodney's face, and what she saw in it frightened her. He had assumed the mask that he wore on all difficult occasions. He loomed above them. He looked hard and sure. There was a red swelling on one side of his jaw, and there was a smudge of dust on his nose, but these evidences of what Bill had done to him—she supposed Bill had knocked him down—did not detract from his poise, his absolute self-assurance.

He said, with an air of resignation and sadness, "I see that I can't shield that person any longer."

Bill said in a voice of disgust, "Rodney, you're wasting your time."

"What person?" the inspector asked.

Rodney hesitated. He looked as if it were giving him real pain to answer. "This is very difficult for me to do," he said, "because I've spent most of the night trying to avoid it. You see, Inspector, these killings were done by a very pathetic and unfortunate person."

Bill said cynically, "You don't, by any chance, mean Miss Pond?"

"I do," Rodney said with surprise.

Bill was slowly shaking his head, still with that air of disgust. "You're so damned clever. You think so fast. And now, as a last resort, you're passing the buck to a pathetic girl. Don't you realize, Rodney, you can't get away with it?"

SUZETTE was still clinging to Bill's arm. She wanted to say, "Don't be too sure, Bill." Of them all, she realized, she had better reasons for respecting Rodney's genius at squirming out of difficult situations.

"Mike" the inspector said curtly, "go down and find Miss Pond. Don't talk."

"Yes, sir," the officer said.

The inspector said, "Mr. Barnett, do you actually know that Miss Pond killed Harmon and Yvonne? Have you the proof?"

"I simply *know* that she killed them both, Inspector."

"Why did she kill Harmon?"

"She was in love with him."

"That's ridiculous," Bill said.

Inspector Teeple compressed his lips and shook his head dubiously. "Mr. Barnett, Miss Pond told me that Harmon was in love with Yvonne. I've had that checked with several of the servants."

"It's quite true," Rodney said. "And that was why Miss Pond killed him."

"Why did she kill Yvonne?"

"The same reason, Inspector. She hated Yvonne."

The inspector was still shaking his head, slowly but no longer dubiously. "Mr. Barnett, this is a waste of time. You're clever. You know it is."

Watching Rodney, Suzette was certain she had seen a faint, momentary gleam in his eyes, and she suspected that it meant that he had somehow made a point. And she wondered what it was. She realized that, in all her experience with him, she had never had the chance to see his genius at work as it would work now.

He was arching his eyebrows. "I'm afraid that I don't understand, Inspector."

The inspector said impatiently, "Of course you do. This isn't going to work. I know it isn't. You're merely afraid it isn't. Mr. Boone set out to prove that you killed Harmon, and as far as I'm concerned he proved it."

He stopped, because Thelma Pond was crossing the theater with the policeman behind her. She did not look as tired as she had when Suzette last saw her. She had put on fresh make-up, and had changed to a petunia-blue dress that looked fresh and crisp and was, with her blond hair, becoming.

She came toward the stage, darting her eyes here and there, as if she were wary or suspicious. And when she saw Rodney, surrounded by detectives, she bit her lip and faltered, then came on.

The inspector said, "Miss Pond, circumstances have finally forced Mr. Barnett to tell the truth about these murders."

She glanced swiftly at Rodney and started to speak, then changed her mind and said nothing.

"He has just told us," the inspector said, "why you killed Harmon and Yvonne."

Miss Pond stared at him a moment with incredulity. All of the color suddenly left her face. "Why *I*—" she began huskily. She whirled on Rodney. "Rodney, you didn't tell them that!"

He shrugged and spread his hands in a hopeless gesture. "Thelma, it had to come out. I've done my damnedest to protect you. Foolishly, I suppose. But things have come to the point where I must protect myself."

STILL staring at him with incredulity, she said faintly, slowly, "You told them I killed Harmon and Yvonne?"

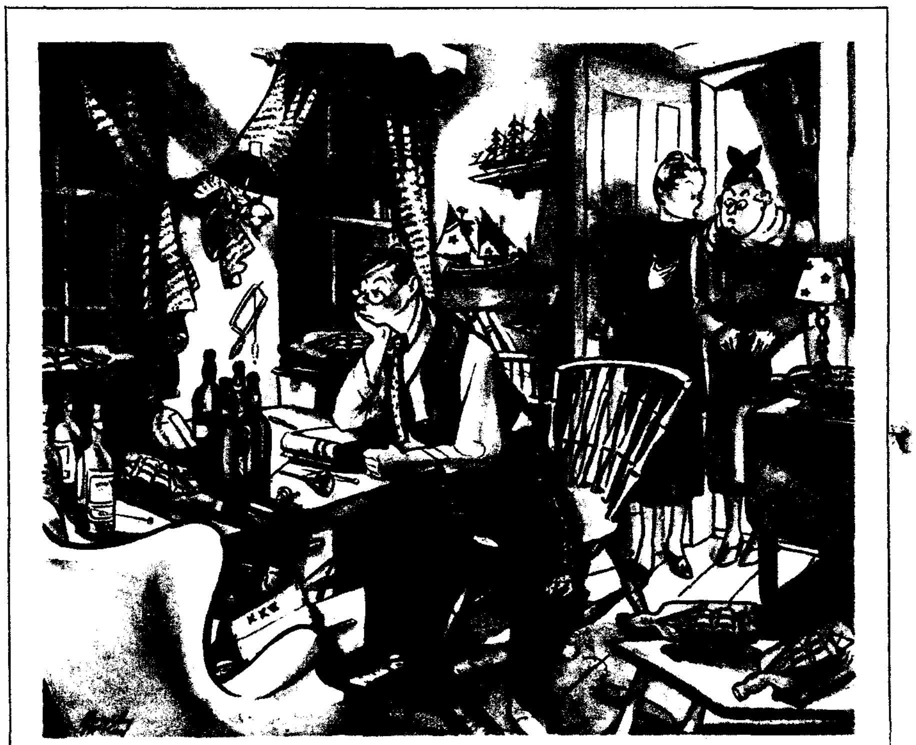
He looked unhappy. "Thelma, I promised you I wouldn't. But they tried to trick me into admitting these murders. There was nothing else I could do. I'm terribly sorry."

Miss Pond stood perfectly still, staring at him. She seemed to sag. For a moment, Suzette thought she was going to faint. There was not a trace of color in Thelma Pond's face. Her eyes were suddenly blurred and stricken.

She said, in a choking voice, "Rodney, you didn't say I killed those people?"

He wasn't looking at her now, but at something across the stage or farther away. "Thelma, I'm sorry. I had to."

Suzette left Bill. She ran and got a



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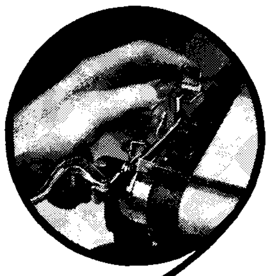

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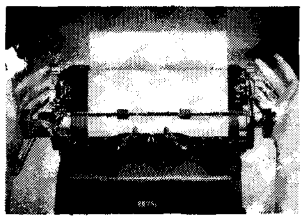

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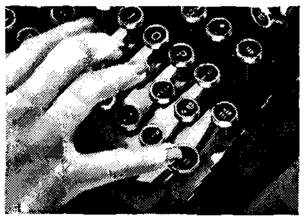

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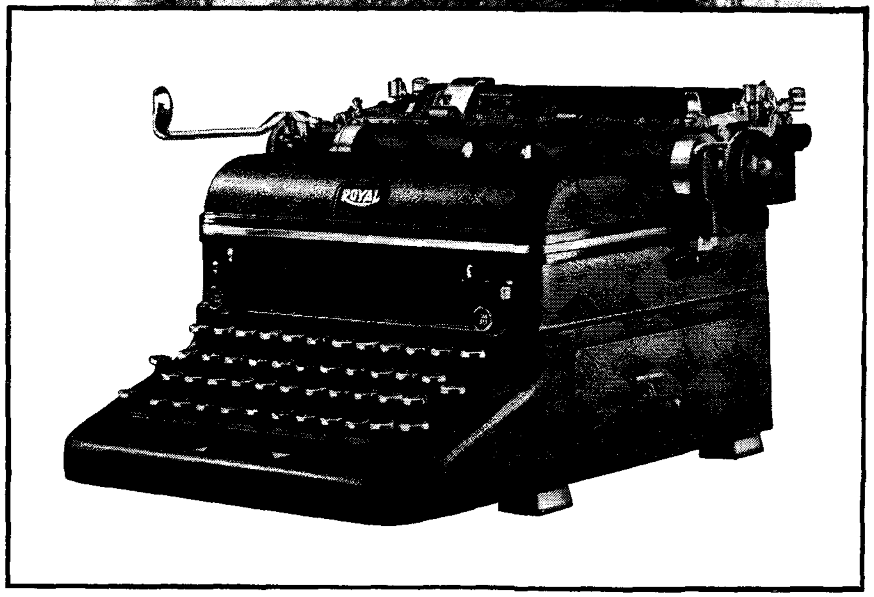

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chair for Miss Pond. She was sure the girl was going to faint.

She said gently, "Sit down."

The blond girl sat down. She put her hands to her face. Her shoulders were quivering.

Rodney said, "Thelma, I'm dreadfully sorry, but you realize that I can't accept the blame for these murders. My advice—the best thing you can do—is to admit what you've done. Did you kill that girl because you were jealous of her?"

With her hands still to her face, Thelma shook her head and shoulders.

Sergeant Dutton said impatiently: "Never mind that maid. We're talking about that valet."

"We're talking about two murders," Rodney said.

Miss Pond took her hands away and cried brokenly: "I did not kill Harmon!"

"But you admit," Rodney said swiftly, "that you killed Yvonne!"

She shook her head again. "I didn't! I don't know anything about it!"

Rodney said gently, "Thelma, it's no use. You killed her because you were jealous of Harmon."

Miss Pond cried: "I didn't kill her! I didn't!"

"Thelma," Rodney said, "I'm sorry. Unfortunately for you, there were eyewitnesses."

Suzette, watching him, wondered just how clever he was being. She was certain that he was being clever in sidetracking the murder of Harmon, for she believed that Thelma Pond, not Rodney, had killed Yvonne. She thought she saw what his plan was, but she was not certain. She thought he was bluffing about the eyewitnesses, but she was not certain of that, either.

MISS POND was staring at Rodney with uncertainty now.

"The Ferris wheel, Thelma."

The blond girl's expression remained uncertain. She bent forward a little in the chair and looked up at Rodney.

"Remember the Ferris wheel, Thelma—where it is?" Rodney said, and there was something so relentless about him that Suzette shivered. If he was bluffing, she was certain he would succeed.

"Its approximate height is that of the windows in the servants' wing, Thelma," Rodney said. "It isn't far from Yvonne's window."

If it was a bluff, it was working. The blond girl was no longer uncertain. She was terrified. She was watching Rodney as if she were fascinated.

"Two people, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hopkins, were in the top car of that wheel when you killed Yvonne, Thelma. They saw you. They saw it all. They saw you strike her with that iron, Thelma."

The blond girl dropped her head. Her mouth was open and she looked deathly ill.

She said mechanically, "They saw me?"

"They saw you."

"I didn't think anybody saw me."

"Why did you kill her?" Rodney said.

"I don't know."

Suzette realized that the blond girl hardly realized what she was saying. She had been beaten down. She was so weak she could hardly sit up.

And suddenly Suzette realized just what Rodney planned to do, and she thought: "He may get away with it. He got away with that bluff. He may get away with this."

He said, "Thelma, you killed her, didn't you, because she saw you kill Harmon?"

Thelma Pond, with her hands on her cheeks, slowly shook her head.

"No," she whispered. "No."

The inspector said, "Miss Pond, why did you kill Harmon?"

The girl in the chair groaned. She slowly lifted her head. She looked up at him and her eyes were those of a girl almost insensible.

"Harmon?" she repeated dully.

"Yes," the inspector said gently. "You admit that you killed him, too, don't you. What happened, Miss Pond?"

Miss Pond looked at him with those entranced eyes a moment longer. She shook her head a little, just as Rodney had done when Sergeant Dutton had helped him up from the floor. She placed her hands on her knees and slowly got up. She clasped her hands in front of her and looked at Sergeant Dutton, then at Rodney.

Then Suzette saw her begin to change. A quiver ran down her body. Her hands opened and began to shake, and her mouth became firm again and twisted and ugly, and her eyes became suddenly narrow and hot-looking. Color started into her face and suddenly flamed.

When the color flamed into her face, she took a step toward him. She said in a shrill voice: "Do you want to know what happened? I'll tell you what happened! I know every detail of it! He killed Harmon! That man killed him! And I know why he killed him! There's nothing I don't know about! He thought he could put the blame on me, just because he made me admit I killed Yvonne! Oh, he's so clever! But he can't do this. Oh, no, Rodney, you can't do this. I know too much!"

She was shaking. Inspector Teeple said quickly, "Miss Pond, don't you want to sit down?"

"No!" she cried. "I want to face him. I want to look him right in the eyes when I tell him and all of you why he killed Harmon. He's so clever! Trying to blame me for that, too. Well, you aren't going to get away with it, Rodney! You were clever enough to make me admit I killed Yvonne, but you aren't clever enough to do this."

Inspector Teeple, watching her flaming face, said persuasively, "Please let us have the facts, Miss Pond."

Miss Pond lifted her hands and fluttered them. "All right," she said. "I'll give you all the facts. And I won't give you anything else but hard, cold facts. You know that he had hired Harmon to spy on this man Boone."

"Yes, Miss Pond."

"You know that Harmon saw this man Boone find a box of toys in this theater, don't you? You heard about those toys, too, didn't you?—but you don't know what I know about them. Harmon tried to sell those toys to Rodney Barnett and Rodney Barnett killed him. And Yvonne was right in that shack when he shot Harmon, but Rodney didn't know she was. He didn't find it out until later."

Inspector Teeple said quickly, "How do you know this?"

THELMA POND did not answer at once. She was holding one hand tightly over her heart.

"Because I was with Rodney in the bar when a footman brought the message that Yvonne wanted to see him. And I followed him upstairs and I overheard the entire conversation. She told him she'd seen him shoot Harmon and he admitted it!" Miss Pond stopped again. She was gasping.

"And that girl asked two hundred thousand dollars for that box of toys and he agreed to give it to her, and he admitted that they would prove that this man Boone was who he claimed to be. He admitted all that. He admitted everything he's been denying all night long!"

"Immediately after that," Bill interrupted, "didn't you go up to her room to try to get those toys from her? Didn't you kill her over those toys?"

"I—I—" Miss Pond faltered.

"And didn't you get my flashlight from my room and put it there, under her bed?"

"I— Yes, Mr. Boone."

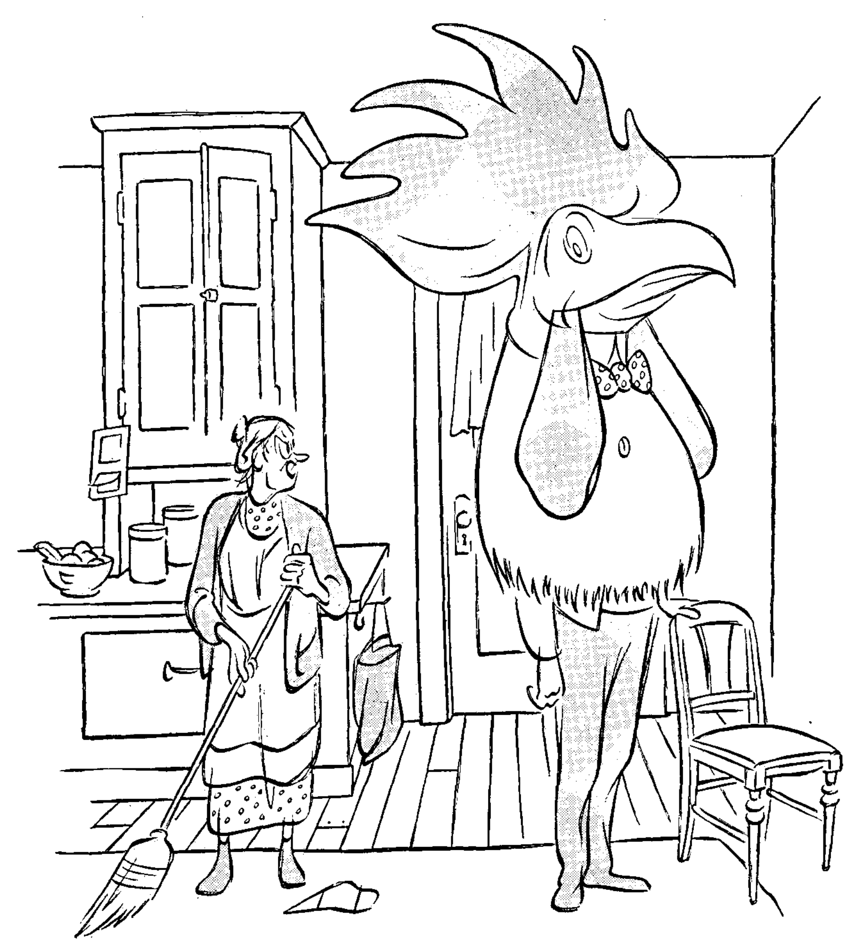
"Where are the toys now?"

"I put them in the safe in the office downstairs."

Suzette said breathlessly, "The soundproof office?"

"Yes."

"You'd just put them there when Mr. Barnett and I went in, hadn't you? And



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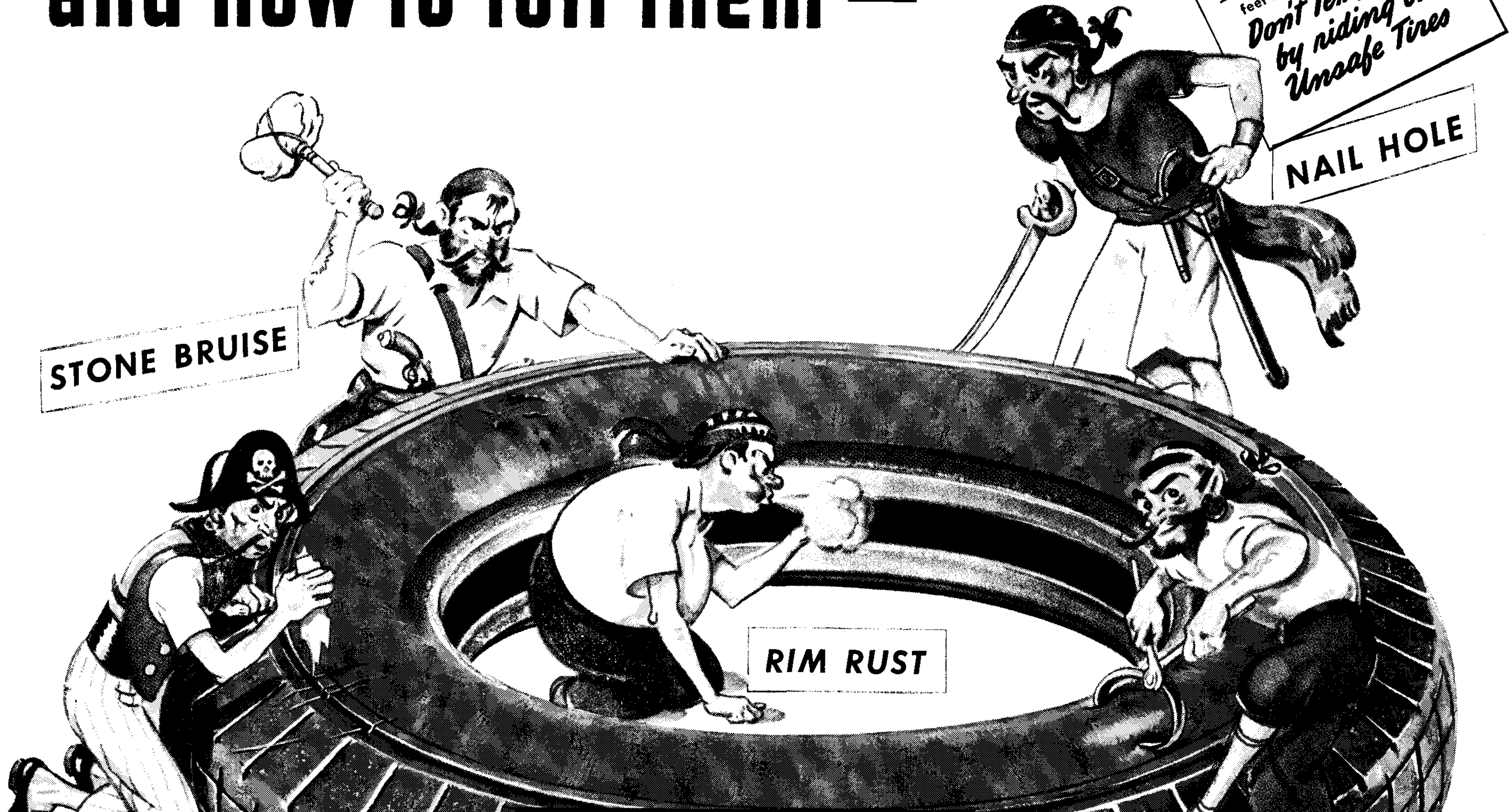

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you heard us coming and you hid in that closet?"

"Yes."

Rodney had been listening with an expression of sadness. He shook his head and said, "Thelma, I wish you weren't doing this thing. You've constructed an absolutely amazing story. But what you're saying is nothing but lies. I'm sorry you feel so vindictive. Your whole preposterous story is based on that box of toys. I know those toys are in my safe. I know because I put them there myself. When Miss Aberdeen and I went in that office, and you hid in the closet, you were there in an attempt to steal them."

Thelma Pond stared at him a moment, then, with a gasp, sat down in the chair again.

Rodney said calmly, "Inspector, I warned you that something like this might happen. This girl is clever and she's vindictive."

The inspector said, "Mr. Barnett, I'm afraid it's useless. You can't get around those toys. You denied they existed. Their very existence proves everything that Mr. Boone claimed, and they disprove everything you've claimed."

"Do they?" Rodney said quietly. "That box of toys actually has nothing to do with this case. They are absolutely valueless."

"Do you deny that Harmon came to your study this evening and tried to sell them to you?"

"Of course I deny it!" Rodney said indignantly. "He knew they were valueless. He knew the truth about them."

"The truth?" Bill said.

"The truth," Rodney repeated. "Inspector, I don't deny that they are Mr. Boone's toys. He played with them as a child. I don't doubt that, and I don't doubt that you will find that they bear his fingerprints as a child. He brought them here and placed them in that hole in the floor in an utterly ridiculous attempt at proving he is Peter Barnett, Jr. He did not get away with it, and he will not get away with it. And Miss Pond's claim that she overheard me agree to pay Yvonne a sum of money for them is just as ridiculous. Actually, those toys have nothing to do with the murder of Harmon or of Yvonne. This girl is trying desperately to escape the responsibility of Harmon's murder. She killed Harmon because she loved him and he was unfaithful to her, and she killed Yvonne because of jealousy."

MISS POND sat with her face in her hands, too exhausted to look up. Inspector Teeple, Sergeant Dutton, Mr. Winter and the policeman were looking at Rodney with doubt. Suzette, holding Bill's arm, felt his body stiffen. And she thought: "It's amazing! He's convinced them! Now! Now, I'll show him!"

"Rodney," she said, "there are a few very important points you've neglected or glossed over. First of all, there's your alibi. You haven't an alibi. I was not with you between eleven-thirty and twelve. And a servant saw you and Harmon going into your study during that time. You followed Harmon out. At that time you had in your pocket the revolver that killed Harmon. I saw you put it in your pocket when we were leaving the pistol range. Miss Pond has explained how and why you killed Harmon."

She paused because Rodney was looking at her with his familiar expression, as if he were faintly amused and sympathetic and tolerant.

Bill said: "And another point, Rodney, is that you admitted while you were on that ladder, in the presence of several witnesses, that this is the third time you and I have been here tonight."

"And all this, Rodney," Suzette said, "is enough evidence to satisfy anyone. You can't push off the blame on this girl."

Rodney smiled. "What you've said, Suzette, I admit is damaging. And there's only one thing the matter with all of it, and that is that Thelma Pond killed Harmon."

"But you see," Suzette said softly, "unfortunately for you, Rodney, she couldn't have."

She turned to Inspector Teeple. "Inspector, she couldn't possibly have killed Harmon. From eleven-thirty until after twelve Miss Pond was dancing and drinking champagne with a young man named Bruce Ditler, or Dentler. You can easily check that up. I was dancing myself all of that time, and I saw her. From eleven-thirty until twelve she did not leave the terrace."

Rodney took a step toward her. His face was suddenly white. "Suzette!"

"It's no use, Rodney."

She had never seen an expression like this one on his face before. It was an utter lack of sureness. She knew that, for the first time, Rodney saw no way out. She had withheld her information until the very last because she knew that she was not clever enough to cope with him. She had wanted to make sure that he had followed his usual plan of building an amazing and elaborate structure of lies on a frail foundation of truth, and she had wanted to wait until he was thoroughly satisfied that the structure was complete and indestructible. Then, with a slight breath, she had wanted to destroy it.

The expression in his eyes assured her that she had succeeded.

"TWO stingers," Bill said to the waiter. "And tell the bartender to put them on the electric mixer and to go easy on the crème de menthe."

When the waiter had gone, Bill looked at his watch, frowning, then at the girl who sat across from him. He bent toward her and looked at her gra[illegible]y.

Suzette was in white and she wore a small and rather amazing off-the-face hat. The brim swept up from her face like the wing of a soaring bird. Her clear sea-green eyes were glowing and serene. She was still the most fascinating, the most mysterious girl Bill had ever known.

"For exactly forty-nine hours and seventeen minutes," he said, "I've been in love with you."

"Does that constitute a record?" Suzette said demurely.

Looking at her, he supposed that his expression was fatuous, but he couldn't help that.

"When I first saw you," Bill said, "I thought you were spicy but springlike, but more spicy than springlike, and I still think so."

The way she handled her side glances, the way her brows went up when she dropped her lashes over a sidewise look, made Bill suspect that Suzette was flirting with him. He hoped she always would. It gave her an air of laughing mystery.

"Go on," she encouraged him. "It's fascinating."

"Aren't you dying to hear the latest bulletins?"

"I'm curious," Suzette admitted. "But this topic is interesting, too."

"I've spent most of the day in the district attorney's office," Bill said. "Thelma Pond is apparently reconciled to her fate. She even admits shooting at you in the garden. At the time she had the toys, and you were the only thing that stood between her and marrying Rodney."

Suzette shivered. "How is Rodney taking it?"

"Pretty hard. I really felt sorry for him. He's simply gone to pieces. He and I must have talked for three solid hours, with and without our lawyers. He made one splendid gesture. This."

Bill put his hand in his pocket and took out a folded strip of blue paper covered with the markings, in blue, purple, green and red, of rubber stamps.

Suzette cried: "Stanley's check!"

"Yes. He asked me to remind you that he'd promised this to you as a wedding present."

"Bill, that was really grand of him," said Suzette.

Bill gave it to her and said: "This really deserves a gesture."

"You mean something ceremonious?" asked Suzette.

"Unquestionably. Take a cigarette."

She took one and Bill took one. He struck a match, took the check out of her hand and lit a corner of it. He held the burning check for her to light her cigarette, then he lit his. Then he put the burning check in the ash tray and they watched it burn until it was a black crisp.

"Two other items," Bill said. "Did you read in the morning papers that Nancy and Jim Clover have disappeared and that all the reporters in New York are trying to find them?"

"Yes."

"They were married last night by the captain of a small lumber schooner and are now on their way to Labrador, where they intend to hide out until it all blows over."

"Ah, that's grand," Suzette said.

"The other item," Bill resumed, "is that box of toys. The lawyers agreed that it had proved its value because of the murders that were committed to get possession of it. My father's estate was a little more than three million dollars when Rodney grabbed it eighteen years ago, so by all the laws of God and compound interest, I'm entitled to a lot more than that. However, Rodney's estate is less than people thought—slightly over six million. So we compromised. I will get a little more than three million, and Nancy will get a little more than three million."

SUZETTE was listening to him solemnly. "Bill," she said, "even if you were worth a hundred and three million, I'd still love you. But don't let it make you stuffy."

"I won't," Bill promised.

"I know you won't," Suzette said. "Nothing will ever make you stuffy. That, my lad, is one of the secrets of your devastating charm. At the most amazing moments I shall always expect you to leap up and do something unpredictable."

"I will," Bill promised. "Do you realize there's been a serious oversight? With reporters practically marooning us, you in your apartment and me in my studio, we've hardly had a chance to see each other since we came back to town. Do you realize that I've never had the chance to kiss you?"

"But you will, Bill."

He looked at her. "Yes. I will."

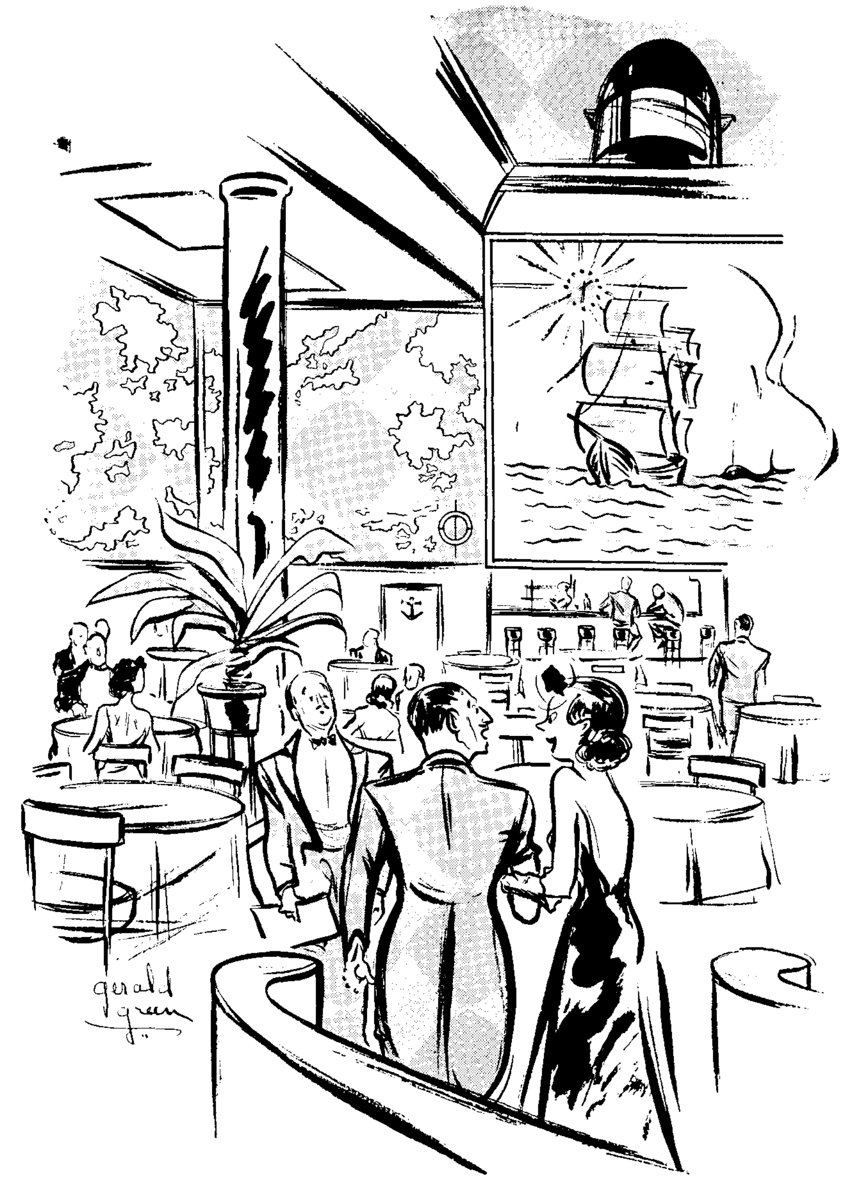
The waiter brought their cocktails. When he had gone, Suzette said, "Are we drinking this one to ships that pass in the night?"

"No," Bill said. "This one is to ships that make port."

Suzette lifted her stinger. "Ahoy," she said.

"Ahoy," Bill said.

THE END



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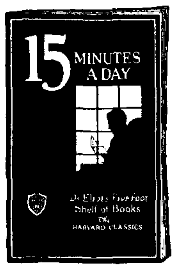

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Babe on Broadway

Continued from page 22

become so expert that her teachers talked about a possible professional future. Mr. Murray thereupon halted the lessons. Singing was more respectable and he agreed to courses at the Scranton conservatory where a Professor Alfred Pennington soon concluded that the girl was a find. Meanwhile, however, she started to get fat. Meanwhile, too, she was getting an education, of sorts, at the parochial schools and in the public high schools. But books interested the girl very little. She worked at her studies only under compulsion.

Acting in school plays absorbed her. Singing absorbed her even more and before she had turned twelve she had decided on grand opera. But Agent Bender's surprising offer to put her in a show ended grand opera for the moment, if not forever. Young Winifred was duly brought to New York because Bender knew that Wiman, Rodgers and Hart had a spot for a fat girl in their forthcoming Babes in Arms. This, it will be recalled, was the musical in which nearly all the players were adolescents and in which Mitzi Green, the one-time Hollywood child star, was the leading woman. The fat girl's part was to have been merely incidental. But Rodgers and Hart promptly changed their minds when they heard Winifred Murray sing My Man and a couple of other songs. They created a number called "Johnny One-Note" for her, and it was a smash hit in the show. She was ordered to change her name from Winifred to Wynn and the critics, writing their pieces after the opening, said a new and unusual star had risen over Broadway.

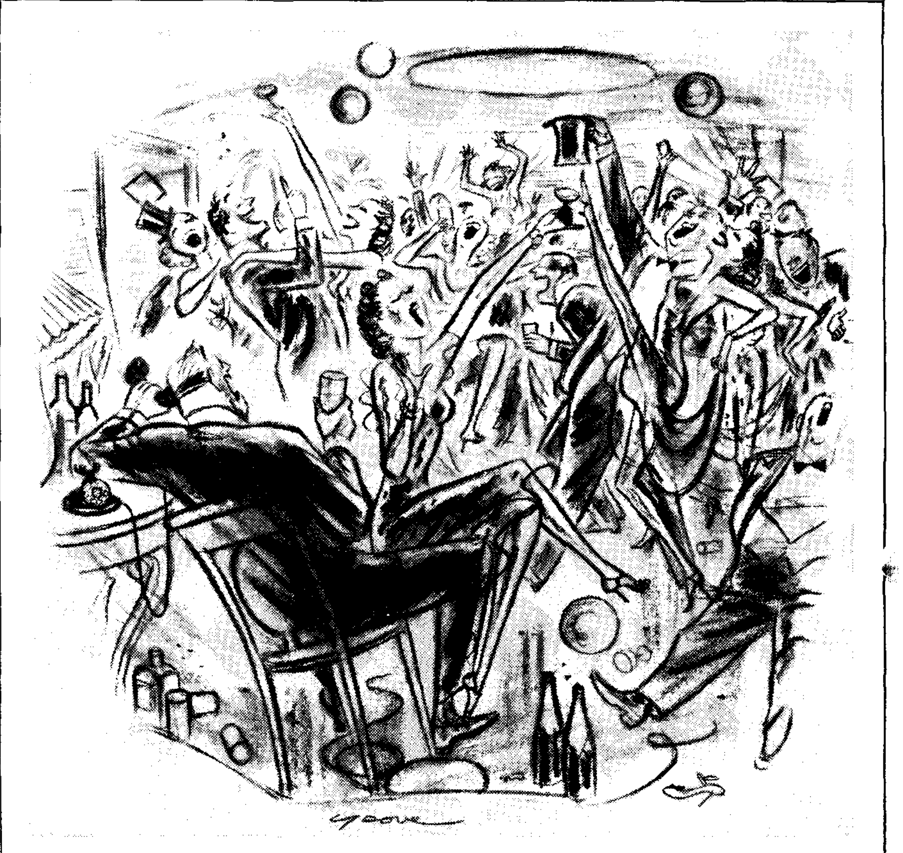
Babes in Arms ran for most of the summer of 1937. Then came a slight lull in Wynn Murray's career. She appeared on some radio programs. She made a personal appearance or two. But she was far too young to sing in night clubs and for a few dreary months it looked as though she might, after all, be forced to return to Scranton. Rodgers and Hart kept encouraging her. As soon as they could they confided to her that there would be an excellent part for her in a screwball production that George Abbott was pondering. This was to be a musical comedy based on Shakespeare's The Comedy of Errors. Rodgers and Hart were doing the music and lyrics. Again the songs were composed for her particular talents.

Wynn's role in The Boys from Syracuse is a honey. Miss Murray is on the stage most of the time. She has the best songs in The Boys from Syracuse and the majority of the laughs. Sing for Your Supper, one of the ditties, has an enchanting tune and invariably stops the show.

All of which is a great deal of fun for the girl from Scranton. She isn't really greatly depressed over being fat or over the possibility that her dreams of grand opera will never come true. Because she is only seventeen, Wynn leads a rigidly simple life. Her mother is always with her at the theater. She may stop at some restaurant for supper after the performance, but then she is driven to Jackson Heights, Long Island, where her family have taken a house. In the morning comes a riding lesson. In the afternoon, if there is no matinee, she may go to a movie with some other girls. Most of the time she works. She has tremendous energy and almost unending strength. Thus she can and often does take a singing lesson between an afternoon and an evening performance. Although Wynn Murray's formal education is still sketchy, because books bore her, she has made long strides in music since she has been in New York.

The dream of having a great voice, of abandoning musical comedy and fat-girl parts has by no means faded. Nor has her grim determination to [illegible] thin. Sometimes, though, getting thin doesn't seem so vital.

"I remember," she once confided to a friend, "that Kirsten Flagstad is kind of stout. That cheers me up."



"Hey, just a minute—shut up, willya? Is there a Reverend Peebles here—a Reverend William P. Peebles?"

LEONARD DOVE

The Terrors of Washington

Continued from page 11

mystery-shrouded bailiwick of the venerable Tennessean, Cordell Hull. Pearson, a recognized authority on foreign affairs, co-author of the book The Diplomatic Game, loves to annoy Hull's protocolists by swiping stories from beneath their dignified noses.

An alert detective might observe Pearson lunching at the Mayflower Hotel almost any day with various State Department undersecretaries, talking in low tones so that Marvin McIntyre, John L. Lewis, or other headliners near by do not overhear. Or his car might occasionally be trailed to the Maryland mansion of Assistant Secretary of State Sumner Welles. His pursuer, incidentally, would have to race seventy miles an hour to keep up. Pearson speeds his roadster (the door pockets of which are stuffed with parking tickets) so fast his wife spends the trip praying he will be arrested, so she can catch her breath. Pearson covered the Department for years for The Baltimore Sun and it may be assumed he knows underlings of whom Mr. Hull never heard. Our detective, if he were diligent, would also discover that Bob Allen is frequently seen in the Capitol talking to Senator William Borah, who used to be chairman and now is ranking member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

You Can't Beat the System

Bob Allen's technique is amusing and different. He gets most of his news by beating it out of his victim with a club. Red hair flaming, tough as a tenpin, untidy, Allen will burst into the office of some senator or Cabinet member and go straight into his "irritation act." He'll start quietly, then grow sarcastic and flare into profane slurs and accusations, beating the unhappy victim's desk and waving an exasperating finger in his face. Soon Bob has the resentful statesman in a wild barroom argument. Before long Mr. Allen hears what he wants to know and promptly stalks out muttering of dire calamities to befall the politician. Once out the door he brays a "Haw, haw, haw" that would do credit to the mules he used to ride in his soldiering days in Mexico. After an afternoon of browbeating statesmen he goes to his office and writes his share of the column.

But sometimes the statesman doesn't tell enough. By a strange coincidence a day or so later Pearson, nonchalant and friendly, drops in for a chat with the angry gentleman. A few minutes of soothing compliments and the statesman remarks, "I wish you had come to see me in the first place, not that blankety-blank Allen."

This is Drew's cue. "Yes," he whispers, "Bob is very irritating. I don't like his conduct. Don't breathe a word of it to him, but I killed the story he wrote about you."

The victim sighs with relief. Pearson has become his dearest pal, and to show his appreciation he tells the story. Strangest aspect of this grotesque monkey business is he spills the story to Drew without realizing it, and is astounded a few days later when he reads it in the paper.

The team divides its work. Generally speaking, Pearson scours the State Department (whence come their best scoops), Army, Navy, Interior, Justice, Treasury, and diplomatic corps. Allen concentrates on "the Hill," which means Senate and House, also Labor, Supreme Court, Agriculture and odds and ends like the C.I.O. and the A.F.L.

Allen's best pipe line is Postmaster General Jim Farley, who holds a fluoroscope on the insides of the New Deal and frequently tells Bob what he sees. It was Farley who tipped off the Merry Go Round that Roosevelt would carry all but three states in '36, biggest scoop the column ever had. Allen, by the way, is still driving a car he won on a $500 3-to-1 bet on that election.

Allen is also on excellent terms with John L. Lewis, who has been sitting head to jowl with liberal congressmen for the past six years. Joe Guffey, senator from Pennsylvania, for the same reason is a good friend and it was he who from the floor of the Senate demanded an investigation of the Supreme Court based on charges printed in Pearson's and Allen's book, The Nine Old Men. The speech brought the book valuable publicity. Tongue-waggers in the press gallery openly hinted Allen had "planted" Guffey's speech.

During the last Maryland primaries Pearson and Allen were on intimate terms with the White House, but for a long time before that their names were mud with the President. "Mr. Big," as they call him, sometimes approves of them, sometimes detests them. The following is an example of how they earned the temporary disfavor of Mr. Big.

The column reported the President liked Danish pastry for breakfast. The day the item appeared Harry Hopkins collared Bob Allen and said, "The President's sore at you." The same day Aubrey Williams, Hopkins' No. 1 Boy, told Allen, "Mrs. Roosevelt says the President is sore at you." Allen, baffled, asked, "What the hell is the President sore at me for?"

Later that day Mrs. Eleanor (Cissy) Patterson, publisher of The Washington Herald, was seated before the President's desk. He spoke to her of the hostility and inaccuracy of the American press.

"Why do you say the press is inaccurate?" she asked.

"Look," he replied, picking up a copy of the paper and turning to the Merry Go Round, "Pearson and Allen say I like Danish pastry! I don't! I *never* eat it!"

The origin of this nation-shaking canard was little Leon Pearson, Drew's brother, who buys pastry from the same baker who supplies the White House. Leon was wrong. The pastry was not Danish pastry but a very similar type.

Consolation and Confidences

Last year Pearson and Allen again got in bad with the Chief Executive when they reported a secret conversation between him, Secretary Morgenthau, and Secretary Ickes. The column printed verbatim a remark the President uttered about a woman collector of customs in San Juan.

Morgenthau seethed. How had this most confidential conversation leaked out? He dispatched a Secret Service agent to Pearson's home to find out.

"I can't say," Pearson told his visitor. The agent persisted, then finally shrugged and gave up. He had hardly left the house when the phone rang. It was Secretary Ickes.

"Henry Morgenthau's been on the phone saying I betrayed him," Ickes barked.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him to go to hell."

Pearson assured the Secretary of the Interior he would hurry down and pacify the Secretary of the Treasury. Henry

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was informed Harold had not betrayed him. Morgenthau relaxed. Before he knew it he was having a friendly chat—and the Merry Go Round walked out with another exclusive story.

A worried officialdom, wondering just how much they do know, has tapped their telephone lines more than once. Government detectives disguised as repairmen have snooped through Pearson's home. For the past few years both reporters have kept their amassed secret data locked in steel cabinets. Being spied upon does not alarm them—rather it amuses them to know they have the federal government biting its nails.

Enemies are counted assets by the team—they've trod on many important toes—because in an administration so fraught with inner squabbles and jealousies an unfavorable item about Mr. X will immediately produce a barrage of additional dirt.

Charles Evans Hughes has a burning dislike for the team growing from their book which dubbed him "the man on the flying trapeze." As a publicity stunt they daringly arranged to have copies sold on the steps of the court, practically on Mr. Hughes' front porch. Furious, he called Leslie Garnett, local district attorney, and demanded they be prosecuted for contempt, but Garnett sanely replied that to cite them would hand them exactly the publicity they were seeking. "I'll never forgive Garnett for 'saving' us," Allen told a friend. "Hughes would have sold a million copies for us."

You Can't Always Win

Cordell Hull has been feuding with Pearson for years. A few months ago he issued a public denunciation of Pearson (called him "a cornfield lawyer"), an almost unprecedented act for the most haughty office in government. Pearson was ragging Hull for his interpretation of the Neutrality Act.

From the casual way they taunt the great men of our day it might be assumed they have limitless power, but such is not the case, as Pearson learned to his woe. Pearson's father, Dr. Paul Martin Pearson, ex-professor, after being appointed governor of the Virgin Islands, was unseated following an investigation led by Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland. Son Drew left no stone unturned to save his father's position but failed. Pearson fought Tydings tooth and nail in the next primaries. He and Roosevelt went down to defeat together in that scrap.

Drew does most of the writing, incorporating the countless facts and ideas given him by Bob. Both are good writers. Most remarkable single fact about their column is it is written five days before publication—necessary because it is distributed by mail, not telegraph, as is most news. Despite this monumental handicap they consistently stay ahead of their rivals.

Pearson and Allen started on their career quite inadvertently in 1932. Allen was making $150 a week as head of The Christian Science Monitor bureau, Pearson the same with The Baltimore Sun. Because they "were constantly under the yoke of fixed policy" they used to plot, in the musty State Department press room, means of chronicling all the inside stuff they knew about the Hoover administration.

In 1931 their rebelliousness took the form of a book, The Washington Merry Go Round, which was brimful of gossip, anecdotes and uncomplimentary opinions of the dignitaries of the era. Bob Allen was canned from the Monitor. Next year when the sequel More Merry Go Round was published, Pearson was sacked from the Sun. The two books sold 190,000 copies.

Bounced from two sinecures, with no grocery money, they dramatically converted their adversity into a howling success—if they hadn't been fired they likely would still be obscure.

Their liberal column was popular at once in those anti-Hoover days but for two years, because of an unusual contract with United Features, their syndicator, they made negligible profits. Even today their incomes do not compare with those of writers like Westbrook Pegler ($52,000 a year) or Walter Winchell ($300,000 with radio and cinema). They split 50-50 with United and divide what's left, which averages $15,000 a year apiece. They hope for more when their contract expires.

By 1936 many of their clients thought the column too pro-Roosevelt and cancellations flowed in. Standing their ground, they predicted a Roosevelt landslide—more cancellations following. The situation became serious. They were worried. Then the votes were counted, and with them came a storm of orders.

Yet Pearson and Allen are far from 100-per cent Rooseveltism. "The New Deal," says Allen, "to me is exciting, stimulating, cockeyed, serious, funny, absurd and pathetic. I don't agree with it by a long shot. My feeling about it is it's my America, my country, me, the next guy—at its best and worst; it's not a dead hulk; it's heaving around, and whether you like it or not it's trying to do something."

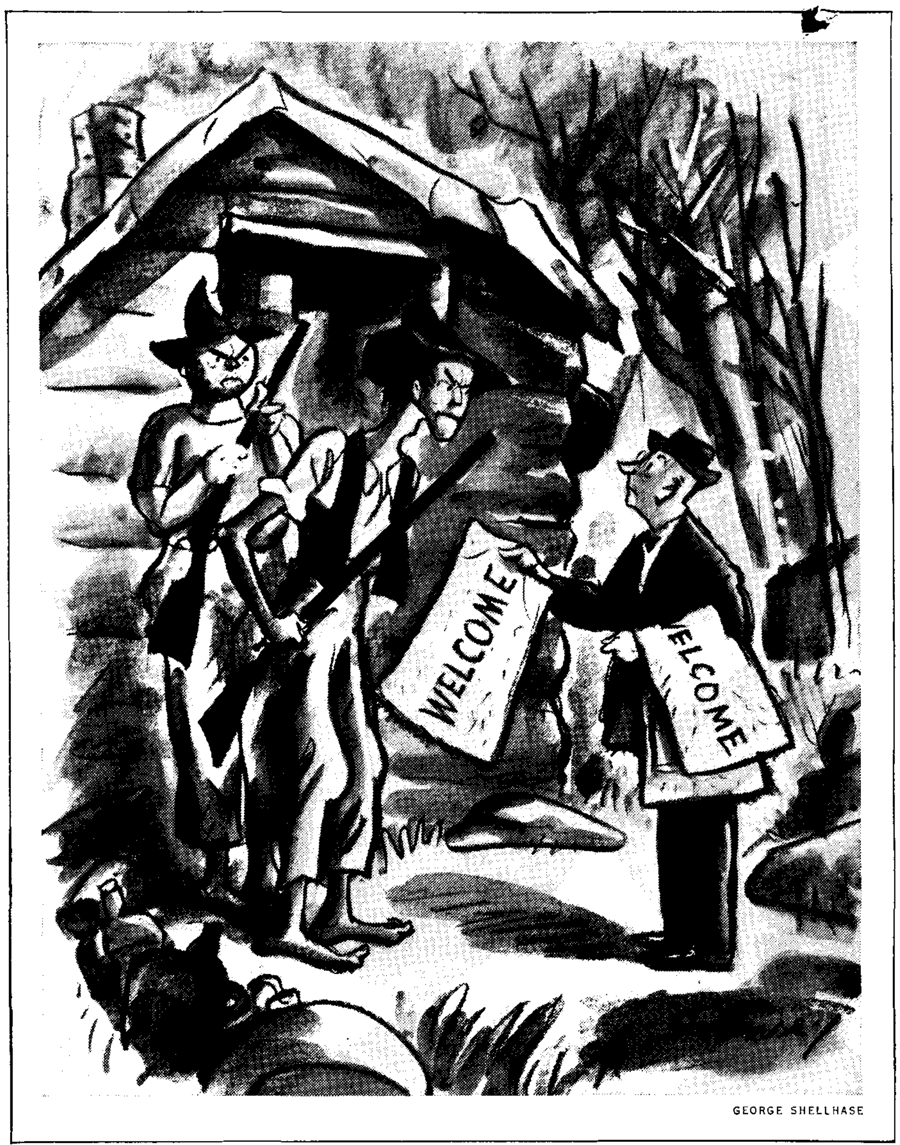
Drew's domestic life is peaceful. His wife, his garden, and the two children are his chief delights. For pets he has a cat, two clipped black French poodles, and in a pond reside four goldfish named Hull, Ickes, Morgenthau and Hughes. The cat ate Hoover, a carp. Drew's best friends are Harold J. T. Horan, Washington correspondent for Time, and Jay Williams, publisher of The Parade of Youth.

He eats scantily, worries about his thinning hair, drinks a South American brew called *yerba maté* to keep awake after midnight, doesn't smoke, takes an occasional slug of rye, refuses to buy a new typewriter, works in vulgarly loud pajamas, is an active member of the Circus Fans of America, and keeps his attic cool with a hose sprinkler on the roof. For years he wore a ratty-looking gray monk's cowl that made him look like a moth-eaten Tibetan lama, but his wife burned it—without ceremony.

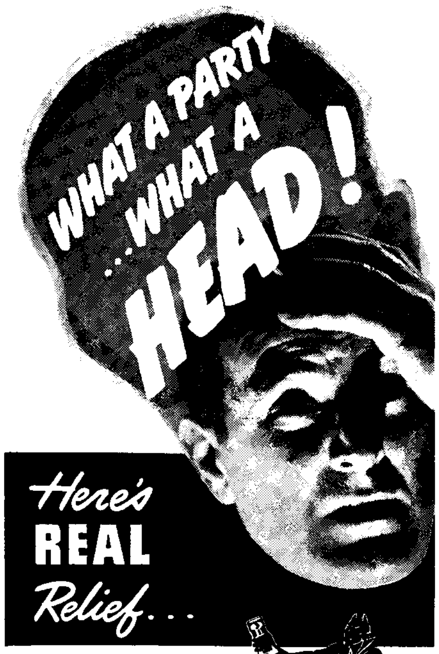
Just an Old Softie

Allen drinks prune juice for breakfast, skips lunch and dinner, then gorges at ten P.M. Every Christmas the Blunderbuss hurries to New York and buys a truckload of presents for every kid he knows. When the daughter of Thomas Stokes, ace Scripps reporter, was ill last winter of pneumonia, hard-boiled Bob spent hours in the hospital holding the little girl's hand. He has no children of his own. He smokes two packs of cigarettes a day, chews a foul gum (which even gum-addict Farley won't accept), swears incessantly, horsebacks with the officers at Fort Myer, and writes on a bare table next to the furnace in the basement.

Pearson and Allen are a perfect team. They fulfilled a distinct need in Washington journalism when they hove into the tumultuous 1930's. These two obscure rebels who fumed in the old State Department press room have revolutionized capital coverage and have been followed by many imitators. They have revealed the weaknesses, the human frailties, the inside plotting and the high purposes of the men who march across our times. Only in a democracy could they exist. To millions they daily pull back the curtain on the greatest capital in the world. Their sincerest hope is that they can help make it a better capital.



GEORGE SHELLHASE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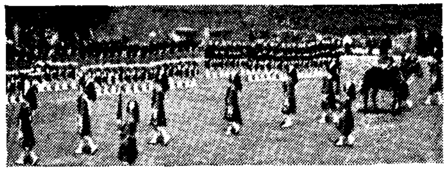

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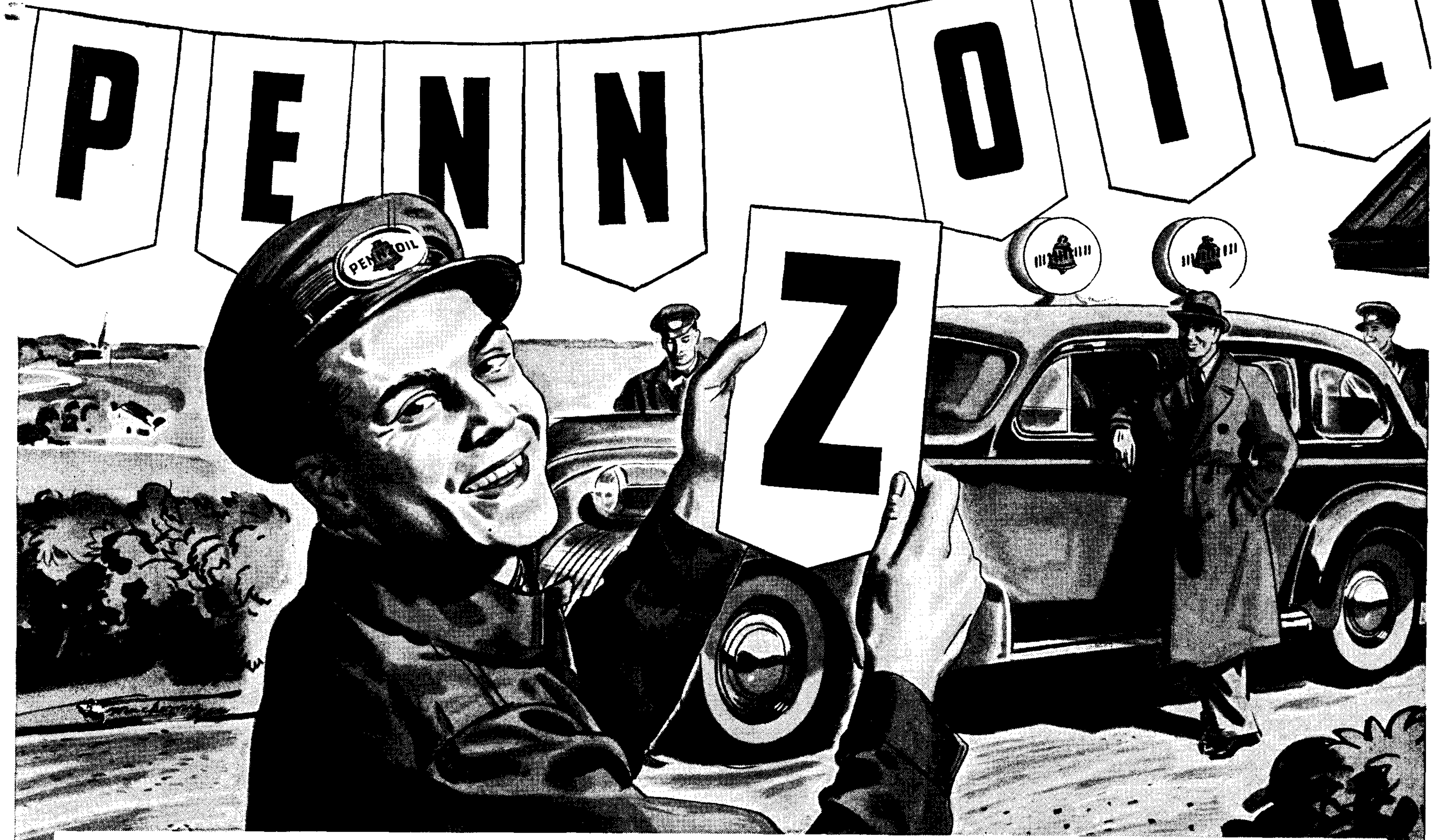

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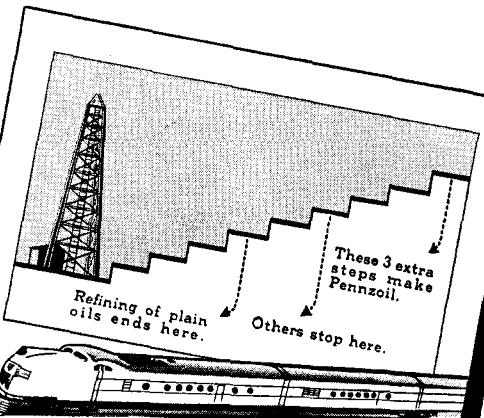
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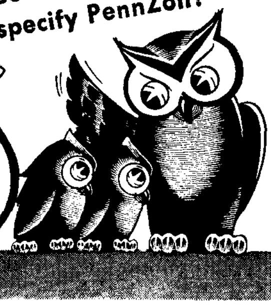

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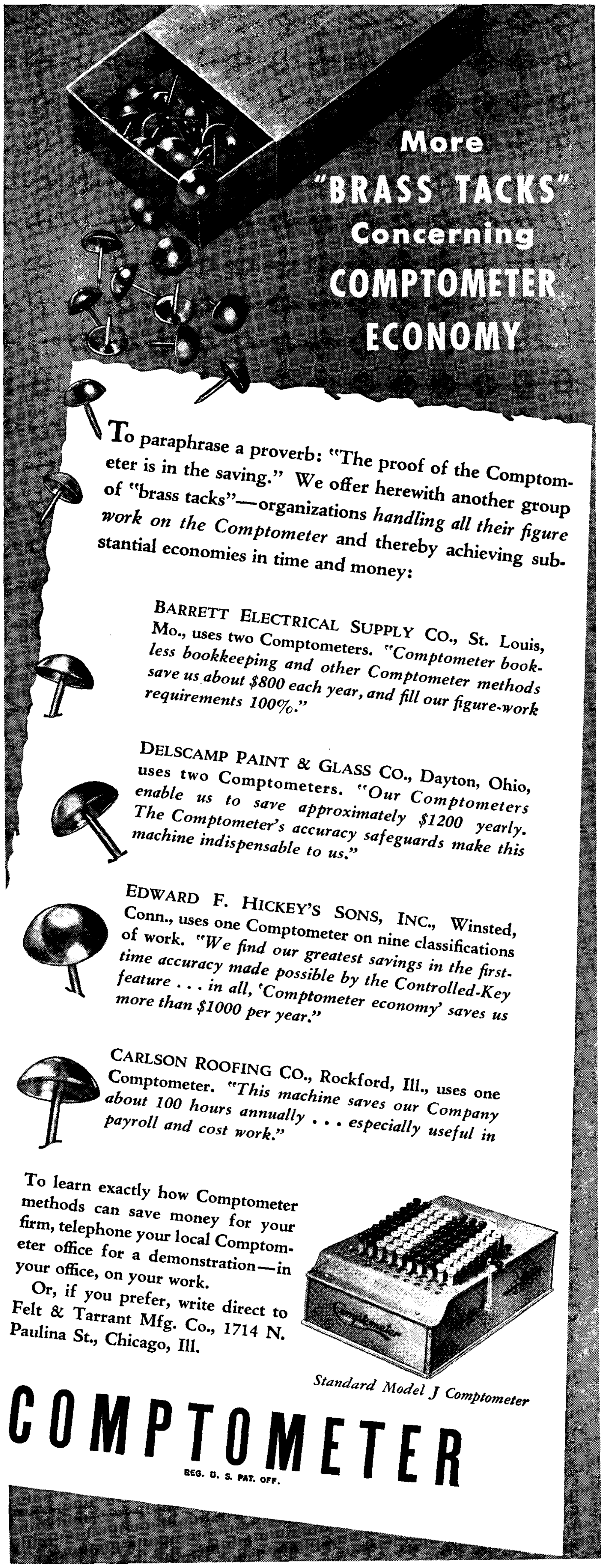

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Standard Model J Comptometer

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Flying is Fun

Continued from page 15

I think almost the most wonderful sight I ever remember is coming up from Seattle through the fog out into the clear air above and suddenly seeing the top of Mt. Rainier, covered with snow, stand out dazzling white with the sun shining full on it.

It is true that if you fly over the same ground over and over again it becomes monotonous just as it does if you take the same trips by motor or by rail, and perhaps, being a little farther away from the coming and going of human beings, which change the landscape somewhat, it seems even less interesting.

One great disadvantage is the uncertainty created by weather conditions. If it makes a tremendous difference whether you arrive exactly when you have planned to arrive, then flying is still not an entirely satisfactory mode of travel.

To most of us, however, a few hours do not matter much and there is the advantage of being cool in summer and warm in winter.

I know that to some people an airplane trip is just something to be lived through and they remain tense and uncomfortable through the entire time in the air. If that is the case other means of transportation are probably indicated, for these people will be more exhausted at the end of the journey and less able to go about their business.

Youth in the Air

One great advantage, however, is the saving of time. For instance, since my daughter has gone to live in Seattle it gives me a sense of satisfaction and comfort to know that I can get into a plane at the Newark, New Jersey, airport, as I did last September, at 8 A.M. and be in Seattle at 2 A.M. the following morning with only one change—in Chicago. Had the plane been on time I would have arrived in Seattle at 1 A.M.

This timesaving makes possible trips that otherwise could not be planned.

I have often been asked if I objected to my children flying. Most of them fly frequently, for business chiefly, but sometimes for pleasure. They are all grown and so the decision as to whether they fly is theirs and not mine.

As to our grandchildren, as long as they are young the decision lies entirely with their parents. I did, however, take my daughter's two children, with their mother's consent, on their first flight from Washington, D. C., to Newport News, Virginia, where I was to christen a ship. Eleanor proved to be a marvelous sailor. Curtis was not quite so happy but they both enjoyed the trip and have since flown with their parents.

I think more and more we are going to find the younger generation taking to the air, just as they have taken to automobiles. Some of us will have to spend some anxious hours, but then we have done that while our youngsters were out in any new form of transportation from time immemorial, I imagine.

I believe it is going to become just as natural for boys and girls to want to learn to fly as it is now for them to want to learn to drive a car. It seems to me perfectly useless for the older generation to try to stop the march of progress.

There is one thing I think we should teach our children, and that is that in a highly mechanized world one must have more self-control, better judgment, and one must be in better physical condition. There are two safeguards needed today. Young people must learn that it is not courageous to be reckless, that to take unnecessary risks shows stupidity. To use modern machinery—and airplanes are even more sensitive than automobiles—without having all one's wits about one is a needless risk.

Many of my friends who deplore the lack of success of legislated prohibition may find that the younger generation will have to impose upon itself, because of the good physical condition that the use of modern machinery requires, a stricter prohibition than we ever saw during the days of our noble experiment. But they will do it themselves; we will not do it for them!

As I look back over many flights that I have made, both short ones and long ones—from Washington, D. C., to New York City and return, to and from Warm Springs, Georgia, out to Seattle, Washington, down the California coast, back both across the Northwest and the Southwest, I can remember many experiences but I cannot say that I have ever been really frightened. I have had some bad weather. I have landed when it seemed that the ground rose right out of the fog to meet us, but I have great confidence in the pilots. I know that human beings make mistakes. I know that whatever one does there is always an element of risk but life comes to an end sometime and one must be able to go about one's business without too much concern for that moment when one passes on to the unknown.

One of the most beautiful trips I ever took was one on the Pan American line from Miami, Florida, to Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. On the whole it was smooth sailing, and the water was so clear it was fascinating to look down into it. We had a little bad weather on the way home and had to fly about the island of Haiti and finally landed there and spent the night. It was just a pleasant adventure, not very exciting, and all of us finished that trip with a sense of the wonderful service that is given to all travelers and of the increased possibilities for seeing the world that aviation has opened up to us.

Only once have I landed on an emergency field. Once or twice I have landed where I did not expect to land and waited around while the decision was made as to whether we would continue. Sometimes I have had to finish a journey by train, or by motor.

But, taken by and large, my recollections are of good weather; of beautiful scenery; of flying over clouds, which is one of the most beautiful things one can do; of cloud effects making patterns down below us; of snow and springtime when the earth is a particularly tender green; of forest fires, of storms and sunshine in quick succession. And above all, of my contacts with my fellow passengers.

Traveling with the Stars

I am not much of a movie fan, for instance, but I confess to having enjoyed boarding a plane at 3 A.M. in Salt Lake City, Utah, and watching a handsome young movie star with his usual collection of admirers. Mr. Errol Flynn proved to be a modest and attractive young man. I have traveled by air with several other Hollywood celebrities and always found them good company and entertaining co-passengers.

I do not enjoy having to get out and face a camera and sometimes welcome a group of people at every station all during the day and night, as has happened to me on one or two trips, although I realize their greetings are always out of kindness and interest and warmth of feeling. The barrage of questions and the flashing of bulbs are not always pleasant, especially at night.

Just as in any other form of travel, one's food takes on more interest because it breaks the monotony of the day, and I always enjoy meals served aloft. There used to be and still occasionally are cold box lunches, but on all the planes the steward or stewardess if there is one, if not, the co-pilot, will give you coffee, tea or cocoa, and on the big planes I frequently have had one or two hot dishes in addition.

The night sleepers are very comfortable and very much liked by many people. I happen not to care very much whether I sit up or undress and go to bed when it is only an overnight trip. There is really no doubt that even in the last few years the strides for both safety and comfort in the air have been tremendous. All instruments are more reliable today. The radio beam is a help, the pilots are more carefully trained, better rules for supervision are being developed and methods of contact and report are constantly being perfected. The service on a plane is always courteous and I am always glad to meet the pilot and co-pilot, as aviation seems to attract a fine group of young people.

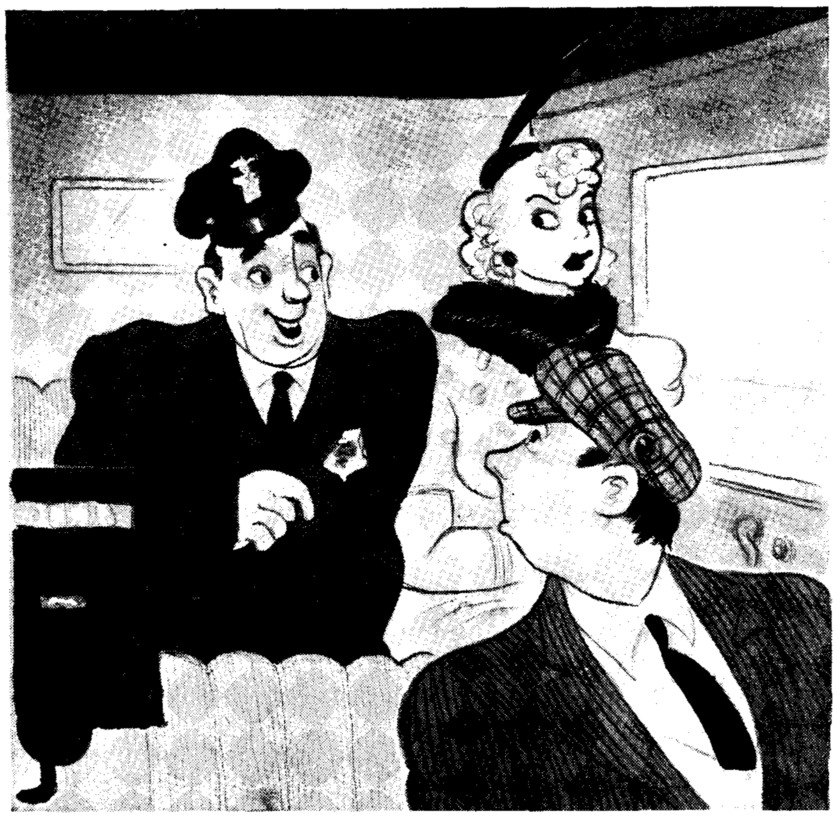
The Camaraderie of Flight

Perhaps it would be interesting to know of some of the experiences that I remember on various trips. For instance, as I was flying back across the continent on one occasion, a man no longer young got on and sat down in the seat in front of me. He removed his shoes and settled himself for a comfortable flight. Shortly he turned around and looked at me as he was looking out of his window. I smiled and he proceeded to tell me that this was his first flight but it would not be his last one; soon he added that he knew it was not a novelty for me. Then he confided that he had come out to see his son, who was growing potatoes in the southern part of the state, and now he was on his way back to visit another son in Chicago. He had expected to make the trip alone but the son whom he had been visiting had played a trick on him and stayed on the plane and had not announced until the doors of the plane were shut that he was going with his father to Chicago. I asked him where he lived and he gave me the name of a town in Pennsylvania and added that I had driven through there the year before and perhaps I would remember his house as it stood in a certain location on the way into the town. As we flew over Omaha, Nebraska, his interest in the ground increased and he confessed to me that he had a daughter who was a dietitian in one of the hospitals there and she would be watching for him as she knew he would be flying over that day.

Again, not long ago, I was flying out to the West Coast and a younger man had a seat opposite to mine. I could see that he was very pleased with himself and excited about something. Before long he leaned across the aisle and began to talk to me. I knew he recognized me, but I also knew quite well that it did not make the slightest difference who I was. He simply had to talk to someone. He told me that he had been elected to an important position in his particular industry and he felt that it was an honor not only for him but for his part of the country. He also confided in me that his wife was expecting a baby before long and he thought she would like to see me.

At the next stop he got out with his counsel, who was on the plane. When they returned, both looked extremely amused, and my neighbor passenger informed me that he had sent his wife a telegram urging her to meet him at the airport, saying I would be with him. I was a little appalled, for if the poor lady took him seriously she might have thought I was going to stay with her. He agreed that she might, but said it was more likely she would think he was drunk and would not meet the plane. We reached the airport and the wife was not there, so he concluded that she had decided he had had too much to drink.

I rather think that everyone who flies has a certain feeling of comradeship in the air, and as life in Washington rather shuts one off from casual relationships, it is pleasant to have this natural contact with other human beings and to have people remain oblivious to any formalities that might be attached to a position.



"Once around the park and then to the police station"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Telephone Tales

BY LONG DISTANCE

SAYS BOB MAGUIRE
A NOTED BUYER:

"I never worry, I never wait;
I never have to procrastinate.
I cover a multitude of firms
For quality, price and delivery terms.
I close the deal when I find the best
And I get the jump on all the rest.
This puts me in preferred position
Over slower competition.
How do I do it?" he cries emphatically,
"I use Long Distance systematically."

• • •

"And the other key men in our institution
Acclaim the telephone's contribution.
In sales and credit and traffic affairs,
It saves us all a lot of gray hairs."

Collier's

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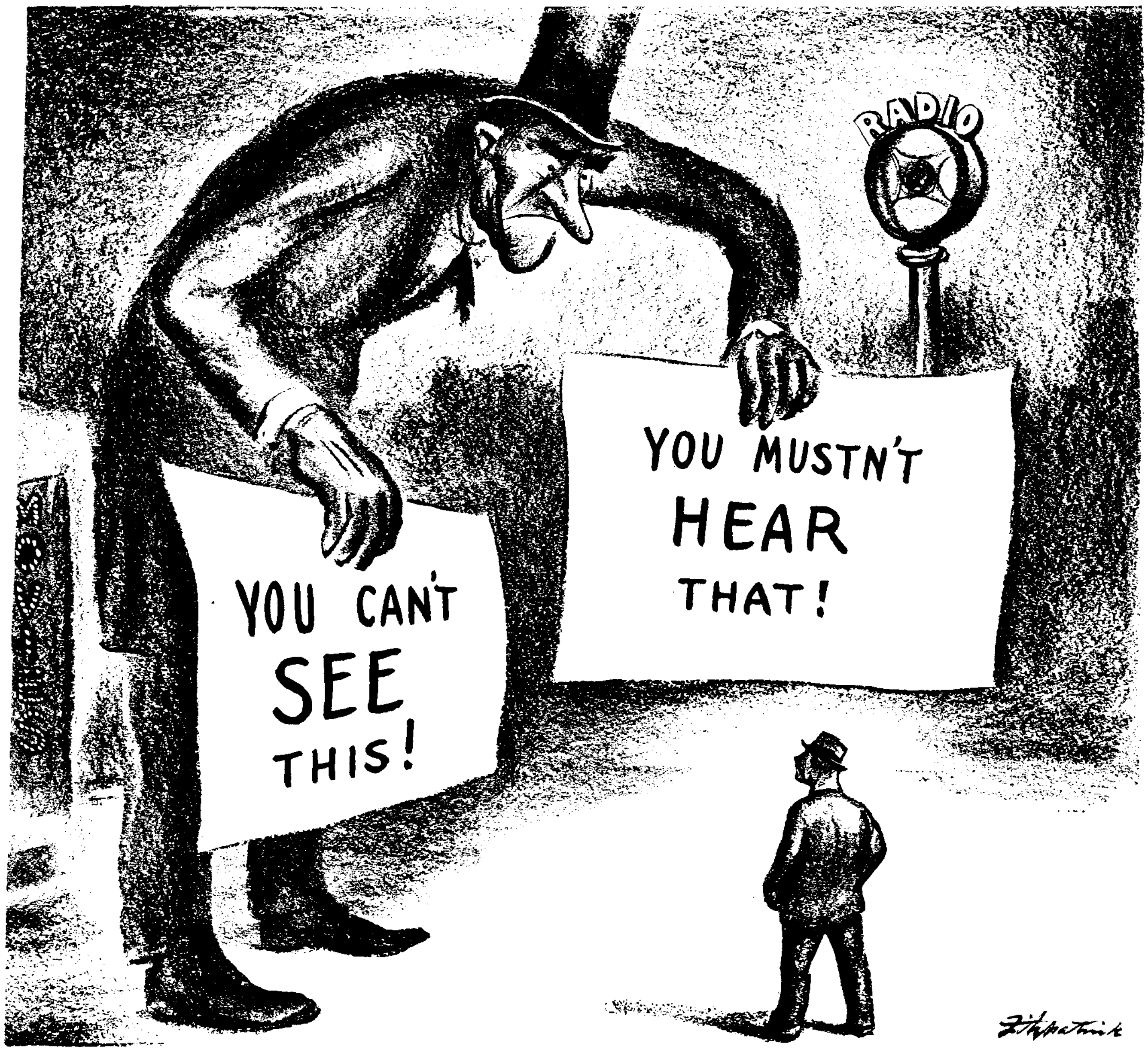
Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director


RADIO
YOU MUSTN'T HEAR THAT!
YOU CAN'T SEE THIS!
Fitzpatrick

Censorship—An Insult

WE'RE tickled to see kickbacks against censorship cut loose in various quarters. We hope they multiply rapidly. For one example—Chairman F. R. McNinch of the Federal Communications Commission, trying to increase his agency's life-and-death power over the radio, at last fails to draw the conventional "Yes, yes, Mr. McNinch," accompanied by a graceful salaam, in reply. Instead, the National Association of Broadcasters rears at least part way up on its hind legs and says, though not as chestily as it might, that government radio censorship is a dangerous thing which Americans had better resist.

For another example—the New York State movie censorship board draws a deserved but unexpected reaction to the ridiculous stop-go-stop-go acts put on by official film snippers in that state in connection with the pictures Yes, My Darling Daughter, The Puritan and Blackwells Island. President Harry Brandt of the Independent Theater Owners goes frankly and aggressively to work on a legislative drive simply to abolish the New York movie censorship.

Swell, we think; and may the tribe of battlers against censorship increase.

Our main objection to official censorship, as against listener or looker or reader censorship, is that it is an undeserved insult to the intelligence of us all. When a McNinch presumes to lay down rules regarding radio broadcasting of political debates, children's programs, liquor and cigarette advertising, etc., he is saying in effect to you as a radio listener:

"Now, my dear fellow, you are no doubt well-meaning, but you don't know what's good for you and what isn't. Your emotions are unstable and easily played on, your judgment is punk, your taste is terrible and your children are morons whom you can't control.

"Hence I, with my little FCC, will shield you from evil influences by keeping them off the air. We boys will adjust your radio programs, my little sapodilla, to your limited brain power—and you will pay us generous salaries for our services."

When official movie censors water down or ban a motion picture, they say essentially the same thing to the great American movie audience. They tell us in effect that we are dumb brutes who have no discrimination and who will go sex-mad, drink-mad, crime-mad or luxury-mad if we see life reflected too vividly or too dramatically on the screen.

Do you believe it? We do not.

We believe Americans can discriminate, can resist the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil when resistance seems expedient, and can be safely trusted to think about any idea under the sun and assess it at its true value after a reasonable time.

The great bulk of Americans, we mean. Of course there are subhumans in every country. But no way to save them from themselves by law has been discovered. Certainly officia censorship won't do it. That will only drag the radio, movie and theater arts down to moronic levels of intelligence—and will eventually kill off the now fairly prosperous industries merchandising these arts, because after a while the people will tire of witnessing or hearing the same old teething-ring hokum.

We hope more and more Americans will carry the fight more and more fiercely to official censors now functioning and to ladies and gents who would like to create and grab new censorship jobs. Votes, postcards, telegrams, chain letters—all these, properly aimed, are of great value. You might mail this Collier's editorial to your congressman or one of your senators if you sympathize with it.

The main object is for as many of us as possible to advise our lawmakers, loudly and repeatedly, that we are not apes; that we can do our own censoring at the box office, the radio dial or the newsstand; and that we will not peaceably stand for any leeching away of the Bill of Rights.

Shotgun Minds

WE LEARN of what seems to us a most interesting pet hate entertain[illegible] by one of the heads of one of the nation's big industrial concerns.

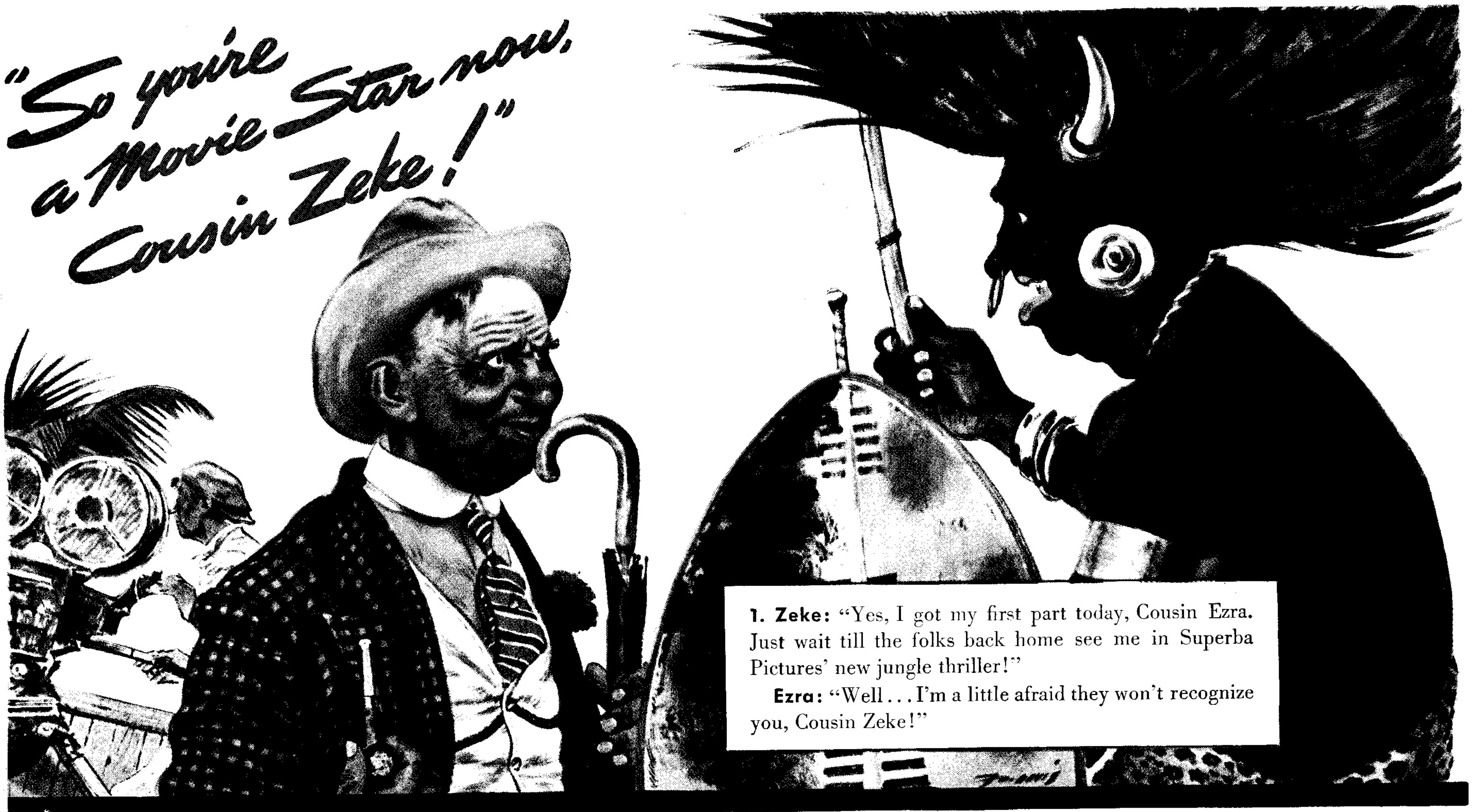
This gentleman's duties include interviewing most of the college graduates who try to land jobs with the company after commencement. What this executive hates most, it appears, is for a young man, when asked what phase of the business he prefers, to answer, "Oh, I'll do anything."

The man we're speaking of doesn't feel that this answer indicates a rough-and-ready, brave-and-bold willingness to tear into business life, take the knocks as they come, and so on. He thinks it indicates merely that the young man has floated through college without ever having become intensely interested in anything. If so, the chances are that throughout his business career, if any, his brain will work like a shotgun rather than like a rifle, and like a not very efficient shotgun at that.

He'd rather be touched for a job by a single-purposed, resolute kid, even if the kid's heart is set on nothing more exalted than driving a truck, than by a wide-eyed lad who isn't rea interested in anything but himself.

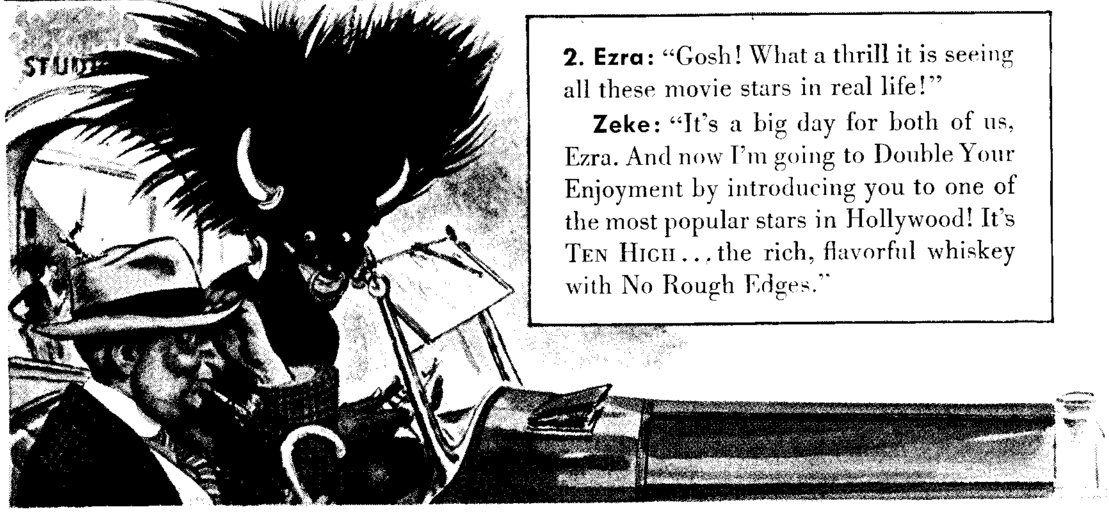
We have a notion there's something in this executive's belief. This much, at least: Purposeful people, who know what they want and intend to get it somehow, sometime, always have had a considerable edge over casual, contemplative people who rather like the world in general and would be mildly pleased to have life drop something nice in their laps some day. It is hard to believe that this ancient fact of life has been changed, even by the economic storms which have worked such fundamental changes in the last ten years.

"So you're a Movie Star now, Cousin Zeke!"



1. Zeke: "Yes, I got my first part today, Cousin Ezra. Just wait till the folks back home see me in Superba Pictures' new jungle thriller!"

Ezra: "Well . . . I'm a little afraid they won't recognize you, Cousin Zeke!"



2. Ezra: "Gosh! What a thrill it is seeing all these movie stars in real life!"

Zeke: "It's a big day for both of us, Ezra. And now I'm going to Double Your Enjoyment by introducing you to one of the most popular stars in Hollywood! It's TEN HIGH . . . the rich, flavorful whiskey with No Rough Edges."

3. Ezra: "Say! This TEN HIGH is colossal! It's super-smooth, super-tasty . . ."

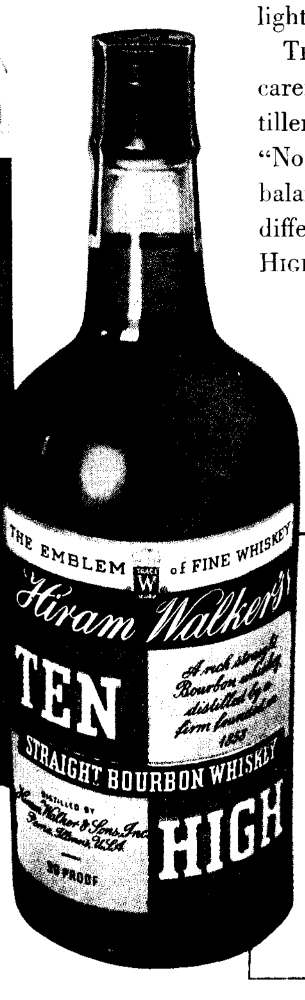
Zeke: "Whoa! Look who's gone Hollywood now! You sound like a movie trailer!"

Why *Ten High* has "No Rough Edges"

Until you taste TEN HIGH you'll find it hard to believe that any whiskey at any price can be so rich, yet be so gloriously light in body! But here's the secret:

TEN HIGH is distilled under doubly careful control in the world's largest distillery. Nothing is left to chance—so "No Rough Edges" can mar its perfectly balanced, light-bodied flavor. Check the difference yourself *today*. Ask for TEN HIGH at your favorite bar or liquor store.

It costs no more to Double Your Enjoyment of your favorite drink! 90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.


THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN HIGH
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
A rich straight Bourbon whiskey distilled by a firm founded in 1858
DISTILLED BY Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.
90 PROOF

Double your enjoyment with

TEN HIGH

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

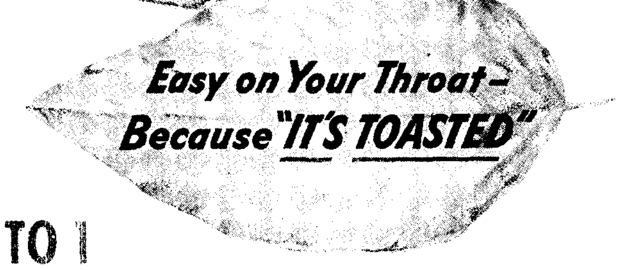
[illegible]

GEORGE LOVE, tobacco auctioneer, has seen Luckies buy the Cream of every Crop. "So Luckies," he says, "have been my favorite for 21 years." Most independent tobacco experts smoke Luckies.

Have you tried a Lucky lately?
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

Copyright 1939, The American Tobacco Company

TOBACCO crops in the last few years have been outstanding in quality. New methods, developed by the United States Government, the States, and the Universities, have helped the farmer grow finer, lighter tobacco. As *independent* experts like George Love point out to you, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Thoroughly aged and mellowed, these fine tobaccos are now ready for your enjoyment. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week, and then you'll know why


Easy on Your Throat–
Because "IT'S TOASTED"

. . . WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST–IT'S LUCKIES [illegible] TO 1